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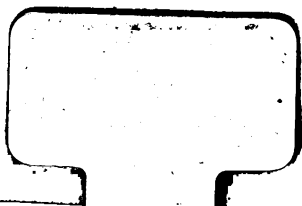
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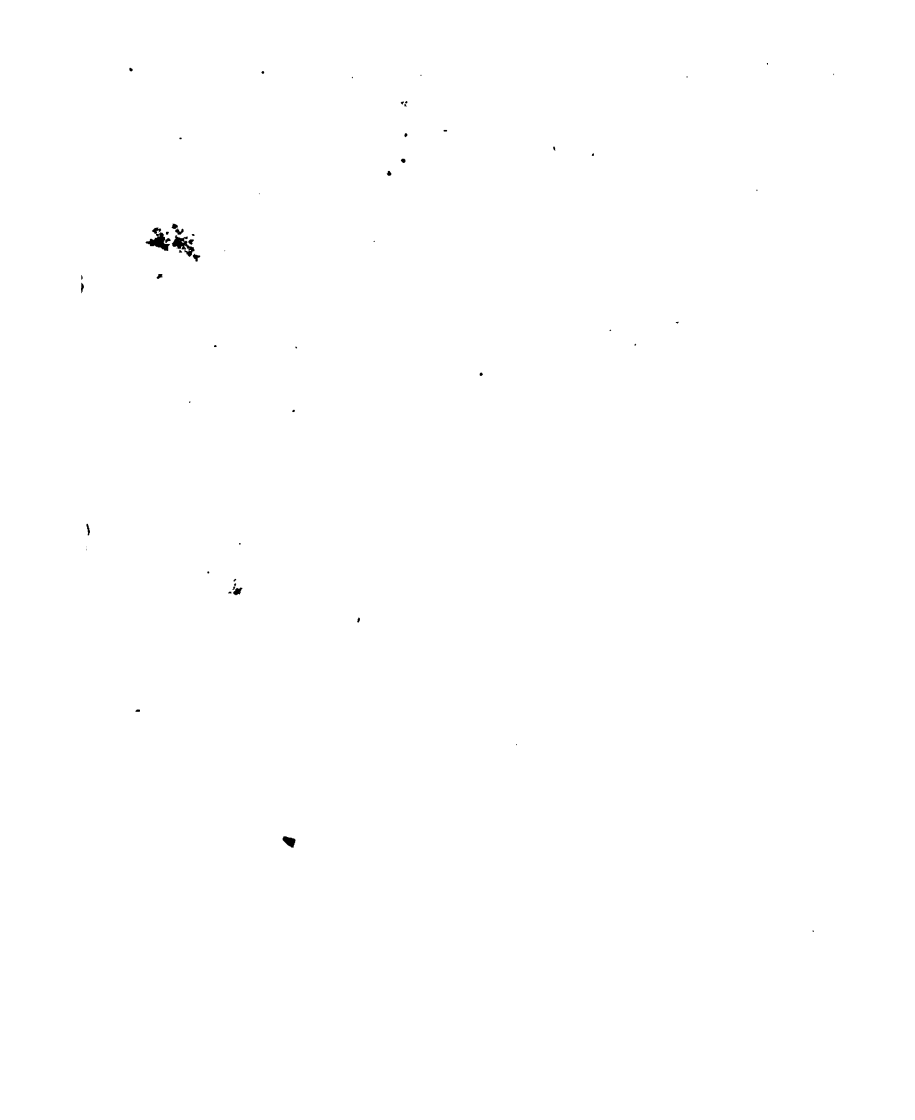
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CHEERING
WORDS.

—VOLUME XVI—

LONDON:
ROBERT BANKS, 4, CRANE COURT, FLEET STREET, E.C.
J. PAUL, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

—
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A NEW YEAR'S NOTE FOR 1859.

EIGHT years have nearly passed away since I commenced this unpretending and modest little monthly, entitled 'CHEERING WORDS.' I was in my room one night early in 1850, a silent voice spoke in my mind, '*Cheering Words for seeking souls*!' In one moment, the purpose and the plan appeared to be given me. Some may say, I was too hasty. Perhaps so. I would never attempt to justify myself. I will endeavour to leave that to ONE who understands all hearts; searches all minds; and creates in all whom HE designs to employ, the *will* and the *power* to accomplish his purpose. After eight years service in the production of this small serial—after having suffered the loss of nearly all things—after passing through such ordeals of circumstantial oppressions and discouragements as cause me most deeply every day to sigh—after Satan has roared at me until he is nearly tired—sinners have smitten—and saints have sneered—after I have all but resolved to give in, to write no more, to print no more; but to set out on a missionary tour, leaving myself in the hands of a Righteous disposer of all things, and of all persons—after a deal of self pity, self-condemnation, self-despair—here I am, preserved, and disposed—if grace and strength be given—to continue in this field of labour—if by

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any means, and in any measure I can be useful to any of my fellow-men, who like myself, are looking for a better city, that is, an heavenly one: and fully believing it to be the privilege and the grateful labour of all such favored ones to speak well of HIM who has laid down his life for us, I am more and more concerned, to teach transgressors *His ways*; to see sinners converted unto Him; and to encourage all whose hope is in the Lord alone, still to seek His face; to wait on him in all His appointed means, and to assure them that every observation I have made, and every deliverance I have realized, all go to confirm the declaration of Paul, '*God is faithful who hath called you, who also will do it.*'

*What He will do; and for whom He will do it, shall be my future aim to exhibit in the pages of 'CHEERING WORDS:—*and while I am helped to publish them, I ask my friends to circulate them far and wide. Thousands of the volumes, and back numbers, are yet in hand. I shall be glad to supply them to any who will help to scatter them. With these few words, I close this short note, saying, '*Brethren, Pray for us.*' I am your's still to serve in the gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

2, Eldon-place, Upper Grange-road, London. S.E.

"THE DAY BEFORE HER DEATH."

A LITTLE GIRL WHO LOVED JESUS.

MR. Christopher Woollacott,—the excellent pastor of Little Wild Street chapel, and the author of several little books which have much endeared his name and writings to the Christian family,—has recently issued,—(through 'the Baptist Tract Society,') a penny Pamphlet,—entitled '*Little Harriet, the Sunday School Child.*' It has a picture of dear little Hattie, in her bed-room, on her knees, in earnest

CHEERING WORDS.

prayer to God. A most affecting, and striking little memoir accompanies this picture; altogether it is such a book as should be given to children when first they begin to read. No doubt the Lord will greatly bless this little messenger to many tender minds.

Little Hattie was born in London, in 1845; in 1857, she sailed to New York; and then she became a sweet little Sunday School child; received grace; believed in Jesus; loved His name, His word, His house, and His people; and then she fell asleep in Jesus; and her happy spirit is gone to swell the blissful song,—‘*Worthy the Lamb.*’ The following paragraphs are taken from Mr. Woollacott’s memoir of this darling little Hattie.

Less than fourteen years brought this dear child to the end of her earthly pilgrimage. Her life and death declare what great things the Holy Spirit can make known even unto babes.

In the winter, after her arrival in America, she took a severe cold, which was followed by rheumatic fever. She had also a troublesome cough, attended occasionally by a slight discharge of blood. Her aunt was alarmed at this; but the medical attendant assured her that his little patient would soon be well again. And it was as he said, for as the spring advanced, Hattie was so much better, that the fears of her friends were quite removed.

But Hattie was an altered child. She was as affectionate and as cheerful as ever; but she was more thoughtful; we had almost said—more womanly. The following extracts from letters written at this time, will explain the nature and the cause of the change. She says, ‘I suppose you have heard of my illness long before this; but I am happy to tell you that I am quite well now. Dear uncle and aunt were so kind to me, that I feel as if I can never be grateful enough for all they have done. I love them dearly, and am exceedingly happy. I am very thankful to God that he has preserved my life, and my

earnest desire is, that I may be enabled to love and serve him. I often pray that he will pardon my sins, and make me his child.' From her aunt's letter, we copy the following:—
 'When Hattie first came here, she was much pleased with the little parties to which she was invited; but since her illness she has no wish to go to any of them, preferring the prayer-meetings, to which I often take her. The other day I overheard her in prayer. She did not know that any one heard her but her heavenly Father; and she prayed so simply and sweetly, that it made me weep and rejoice. Be assured that our dear Hattie is a praying child!'

One of the hymns which Hattie loved to sing, is well known to Sunday-school children:

'I think when I read that sweet story of old,

When Jesus was here among men;

How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,—

I should like to have been with them then.'

Indeed, the fact of his having received little children, was such a proof of his condescension, that the remembrance of it, always seemed to fill her with joy. But another hymn, to which perhaps she gave the preference, indicates the earnest longing of her soul. It is the following:—

'I want to be an angel,

And with the angels stand:

A crown of gold upon my head,

A harp within my hand.'

After singing it one day, she said to her aunt, 'Jesus had a crown of thorns on his head; and the thorns pierced it. His love must have been great indeed, to bear that for such a sinner as I am!'

'The last conversation we had together, was just a week before she died. The doctor had just left, and I had seen from his look, that she was very ill. It was a beautiful summer evening, and we were sitting alone by the open window. I said to her 'Hattie, do you love Jesus now?' She answered me, saying with a sweet smile, 'Yes, indeed I do.' I then asked her, if she believed the Saviour loved her. Her answer was given with evident feeling, 'I know he loves me, I feel he does: indeed, he first loved me.'

Her aunt, also, referring to Hattie, says,—'I asked her whether she thought that God was unkind, in afflicting her.

She immediately said, 'Oh, no; not unkind. Did not the Saviour suffer far more than I have done! He suffered willingly for me; and I feel that sufferings only make me love him more.' At another time, she said, 'I have been trying to think what kind of a place heaven is, and I fancy that it must be too beautiful for us to have any idea of it until we are there. But there is one thing we do know—the Saviour will be there; and that is enough for me.' I said to her just to try her, 'When you get well again, you will not care for those things as you do now.' 'Oh, aunty!' she said, almost reproachfully, 'I see the world to be so empty and vain, that nothing but the pleasures of religion can ever make me happy. I can never cease to prefer them, and I am resolved to serve the Lord.'

She never kept her bed. Her aunt says,—'On the day before her death, she followed me about the house, and would not let me leave her a moment. She seemed as if she could not love me enough. Her breath was short, and her cough was sometimes very troublesome; yet we fancied that she was better, and almost hoped that she would be spared to us a little longer. At night, when I put her to bed, she put her arms round my neck, and in her usual manner said to me—'Dear aunty, I love you very, very dearly.' She slept quietly until six o'clock in the morning; but as soon as she awoke, I observed a change, that told me Hattie was no longer mine. We sent for the doctor, but before he arrived, the dear child just breathed one gentle sigh, and the spirit left its frail tenement to become a bright gem in the crown of Jesus.'

A CHEQUE FOR £1000.

CHEERING WORDS IN THE ORPHAN HOUSES, ON ASHLEY DOWN, BRISTOL.

Mr. George Muller is one of those highly-favoured servants of the Lord in this our day; to whom has been assigned the great work of erecting and maintaining Homes for Orphan Children. We wish to call attention to this excellent enterprise: this work of faith, this labor of love; this answer to persevering prayer: and therefore, from time to time, we desire to devote a corner of a page, that our readers may be gladdened in seeing how the Lord prospers the work of those who seek to do good in his thrice holy name.

At the outset of the NINETEENTH REPORT, we have the following cheerful item. Others, we hope to give :

Sept. 18. I had returned home from the newly-built house, for 400 more Orphans, when I found a cheque for One Thousand Pounds from a brother in the Lord, who desires to spend the whole of his large income for the Lord, laying up no treasure on earth, and spending very little upon his own necessities. He writes : " Desiring that our heavenly Father will guide me, as a steward of his bounty ; and, after seeking his direction, I conclude it is good and profitable to invest a little in the Orphan Houses. Will you please to put the inclosed sum towards the Building-Fund." I make the following remarks in connexion with this donation :

1. When I felt led to enlarge the Orphan-work, so that a thousand, instead of 800 Orphans, might be provided for, I had no natural prospect whatever, that I should obtain the means. But while I had no *natural* prospects of accomplishing what I desired, I had faith in God, and was assured that he would help me through all the difficulties. Accordingly, he sent me one donation after the other, and by large and small sums encouraged me yet further and further to look to him. This donor, at that time, had not the ability, however willing he might have been, to help me to such an extent ; but God knew at that time already, that he would give him the means, and make him one of the many helpers to carry out my plans, made after much prayer, concerning this enlargement.

2. The donor sent this donation, as he writes, after prayer ; and after prayer concludes it is " good and profitable to invest a little in the Orphan Houses." Even as to our way of spending our money, we should not be led by mere feeling, much less be influenced by its becoming known, and our thus getting some esteem from our fellow-men ; nor should we do things, because others do them ; but, as the steward of God, we should contribute the much or the little we have to give, in the way in which we are led after prayer ; doing always what we do to God and not to man.

3. The donor writes he considers it " profitable to invest a little in the Orphan Houses." Do all the readers understand the meaning of this ? The donor has not received any interest from me, nor will he have any from me on this £1000 ; and yet I doubt not, this investment will be profitable to him. In such cases I have found that the Lord, even here in this life, has taken notice of such deeds, and given ample repayment, often tenfold, twentyfold, yea, in not a few instan-

ees, even a hundredfold, according to that word: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."—Luke vi. 38. "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."—2 Cor. ix. 6. But while even as to this life, we shall not be losers by acting faithfully as the Lord's stewards, yet what shall we say when looking at the Day of Christ, when even the cup of cold water, given to a disciple in the name of a disciple, shall be rewarded. Were it more habitually before our minds, how brief this present life is in comparison with eternity, and how bright and glorious, and unspeakably precious the blessings which await the believer in the day of Christ; how gladly should we seek habitually to spend and be spent for him. Let the believer only realize the vanity of earthly things, and the preciousness of heavenly treasures, and he will seek to live for eternity, and, among other things, will be delighted to lay up treasure in heaven. It may not be that the money is given to an Orphan-Establishment, nor even to Missionary objects; but in some way or other such a one will consider it an honour and a privilege to be allowed of the Lord to use his means for him.

'SIX DAYS SPIRITUAL ENJOYMENT OF HEAVENLY VISIONS.'

—Mr. Isaac Mc. Carthy, the original Baptist Missionary in Ireland, and the planter of several churches, has recently been six clear days in a trance; during which time he had holy and happy visions of things concerning the progress of the gospel of Christ. It is published in a separate pamphlet by G. S. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster-row; and is expressive of the happy condition of an aged servant of Christ, when in the waters of Jordan. Mr. Mc. Carthy is now over 70; and, at Bristol is waiting for the Lord to call him home. The Lord, by the prophet Joel, speaking of the last times, says, '*your old men shall dream dreams; your young men shall see visions.*' Both parts of the prophecy are literally fulfilled in our days.

The pamphlet descriptive of Mr. Mc. Carthy's trance—is highly interesting; and is a faithful testimony illustrative of that precious word—'*even to your old age I am he,*' &c.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

LETTER XI.

Παν πρᾶγμα δύο ἔχει λαβὰς.—ΕΡΙΟΤ.

UNAQUEQUE RES DUAS HABET ANSAS.

MY DEAR SIR—If you will have more of my life, you must go with me through an episode in it; for that subsequently led me to the road which conducted me to the place I now occupy.

You say, 'he who lives long, and gives an account of himself, has many strange things to relate;' and, hence, you conclude that, there are stranger things in my history than have yet been told. And you are strengthened in this conclusion, by the wide interval between the years '32 and '59; and by, what you are pleased to call the 'wider distinction in social position.'

Having arrived at this conclusion, you beg me to proceed; assuring me that what is already written is 'neither uninteresting nor useless.'

I can assure you, my dear sir, that without such encouragement, my inclination was to write no more. For many things may be thought of, as John Bunyan says of temptations, which produce thankful reflections to ourselves, that are not the most pleasant things to put down for the perusal of others. Yet, if I must give you another letter, I shall do it with the feeling that, 'out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.' Judges xiv. 14.

At the end of the year 1832, I was again in Canterbury. I had had enough of travel and experience to fit me for undertaking any work in the trade which I followed; and now many openings invited me to settle near my parents, and among my friends, which I had no longer an idea or wish to disregard. I determined to remain in Canterbury, and become an unostentatious workman and scholar. I had tools and books, and youth and health, and an increasing experience of favor with God and man, when an event occurred which removed me for ever from Canterbury,
'And cast me helpless on the wild.'

I was returning from my labour one Saturday evening, when I stopped at a window in Northgate Street, to read a large placard addressed to the

'FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE CITY.'

It was the first address of a third and new candidate for the representation of Canterbury in Parliament. Two others had been long in the field, and the nomination was to take place on the following Monday. The address was a strange mixture of politics and religion; of corruption exposed, and truth propounded; but the very strangeness was fascinating, as the following Monday proved, when those gentlemen who had long been known, and had canvassed the electors, had to demand a pole against the overwhelming show of hands held up for the stranger—who proclaimed himself



‘SIR WILLIAM PERCY HONEYWOOD COURTENAY.’

Rumour had for some time been busy with a stranger, sojourning at the 'Rose Inn;' but she had announced him as one of the rich Rothschilds, with a benevolence that yearned at every cry of distress, and barrels of gold, which relieved every necessity.

On the nomination day, this stranger presented himself at the balcony of the 'Rose,' and at the Guildhall, dressed in oriental costume of, literally, 'crimson, green and gold;' with a star on his breast; a Damascus sword at his side; a profusion of black graceful locks and beard; an eagle's eyes, and the tongue of Demosthenes.

Courtenay was the favourite; and alone, and in plumpers, nearly reached the numbers which the old members attained only by a coalition, and a splitting of votes, recorded pursuant to previous promises. This result created a great sensation. Every body talked of Courtenay; and I do confess, though no politician, I dreamed of him.

Many things combined to gain him popularity. His noble demeanour; his eloquent harangues; his deference to the Word of God; his reputed munificence; his mysterious appearance; and his repeated declaration that, he had now just returned from Eastern climes, to claim that to which his birth entitled him; from which he had been exiled by prejudice and intrigue; and to which he was sure to arrive, if, on the floor of the House of Commons, he might proclaim his wrongs.

He still continued at the 'Rose;' where, among the numbers who sought favours at his hands, some fishermen's wives, from Whitstable, waited on him, with the sad tale that their husbands had been mistaken for smugglers; and on a certain day, would be examined at Chatham; and they besought him to go and watch the proceedings for these men, and to speak for them as opportunity presented itself. It appears that he did this, and more,—for such was the effect of his appearance before the bench, that the examination was adjourned for a week, when greater legal talents was secured for the prosecution; and the issue of that second meeting was a CHARGE OF PERJURY AGAINST COURTENAY!!

Courtenay was arrested on this charge. The case was heard, and he was committed; bail being refused. A writ of *certiorari* was applied for by his friends; and by the *Habeas Corpus Act* he was removed to the jurisdiction of the King's Bench, and bail taken for his appearance, to answer the charge at Maidstone at the summer assizes.

But what shall I say of his reception in Canterbury, on his return

from London? Cicero's relation of his return to Rome, brings Courtenay's to Canterbury, vividly before my eyes. As Cicero exclaimed: 'A Brundisio usque Roman agmen perpetuum totius Italiae viderem.' So Courtenay might have said, '*From Boughton unto Canterbury, I saw a perpetual accumulation of the entire country.*'

As Cicero speaks of his arrival, 'Quid effusiones hominum ex oppidis? quid concursum ex agris patrum familias cum conjugibus ac liberis?' So might Courtenay of the '*POURING FORTH OF men from the towns, and THE CONCOURSE of fathers of families, with their wives and children.*' As Cicero boasted 'Roma me ita recepit; ut non modo omnium generum, setatum, ordinum, omnes viri ac mulieres, omnis fortunæ ac loci; sed etiam mœnia ipsa videntur, ac tecta urbis, ac templa lætari.' So might Courtenay, '*Canterbury so received me, that not only, all men and women of all kinds, ages, orders, of every fortune and place; but, even the very walls, and the roofs of the city, and the temples themselves, appeared to rejoice.*'

But here ends the parallel between these two men in the several cities at which they arrived. For on the following days, instead of meeting, as the senate did, to decree honors to Cicero, the Mayor and Magistrates were convened to hear a charge of swindling against Courtenay! And Courtenay was committed on that charge to the city gaol, and consigned to the stone cells of Westgate!!

Poor Courtenay was confined in this dungeon for some days, until satisfactory bail was accepted. During those days, he was visited only by the magistrate's order; yet he was called on by many and among others by myself. Up to this time I had scarcely seen him; I had never spoken to him; and, shall I prostitute the word by saying, I should not have seen him now, but by an event in providence?

On the second or third day of his incarceration, I met my brother Robert, who had taken so warm an interest in Courtenay's case as to procure an order of admission to the prisoner. Robert regretted his inability to avail himself of the opportunity, and offered me the order, and urged me to visit Courtenay, and speak a word of consolation to him.

I went, and met certainly a remarkable man. Full of gentle dignity; full of gracious sayings; full of open manliness; and yet his situation there—in a naked room, seated on the side of a naked bed-settle; a captive uncombed; clothed in soiled cashmere garments,—gave you the idea of him of whom it is said, 'in his humiliation

his judgment was taken away ;' or, the opposite one, of the lion deprived of his teeth and his claws.

With regard to the charge of perjury, his soul seemed to revolt with astonishment from it.

'I accused of perjury! SOONER MIGHT MOUNT LEBANON MOVE DOWN THE MEDITERRANEAN THAN SUCH A THING COULD BE!'

With regard to the charge of swindling, he said, 'God takes the wise in their own craftiness! he has suffered me to appear to fall, that those who are not true in heart may fall indeed. Poor Tom is disappointed, and the few bills he may have officiously paid for me, have been made the occasion of this charge by those whom the truth has made my enemies. But, my child, they know not what they do; nor, how gladly I would fold them to my heart and seek their peace.'

I offered my services. And in my next letter, I may tell you where, and in what manner my services were required, and how they were rendered to this extraordinary man, to whom subsequently Baron Parke said, 'It is evident you have deceived your friends or yourself—PERHAPS BOTH.'

O words of heavenly wisdom—'WATCH and PRAY!'

O heavenly minded man, who truly does as he says, (Hab ii. 1,) 'I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved.'

Our very sympathies may ruin us! Imperceptably they sometimes lead us to a precipice and plunge us into difficulties that no human arm can extricate us from! And yet this gush of sympathy with suffering is not to be condemned. The passion is good, though it frequently blinds us to the danger! wisdom is wanted to direct sympathy, and under the guidance of wisdom we must be thankful through all circumstances that we have a heart that can feel for another.

Jesus was touched with sympathy! his sympathy would have ruined him, but for that wisdom which ordered his way, and that strength which overcame the enemy. Yet to appearance he was the defeated one; the ruined one; the undone victim of his sympathy, with man! he overcame in dying! he conquered by stooping! out of weakness he was made strong, and overcame the strong man armed!

If he vouchsafe wisdom to us in our sympathies, we shall be ever kind, like him, and like him overcome. The devil often in these things thinks evil against us, while God means them for good, as it came to pass with

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

THE BAPTISM OF YOUNG THEODOSIA;
OR
FAITH TRIUMPHING OVER FEELING.

ACROSS the Atlantic, in a popular part of America, there has been published a work entitled '*Theodosia, the Heroine of Faith*,' which has excited the attention of the whole Christian community; and we believe if a cheap edition of it could be given to the British Churches, they would receive it not only with universal pleasure; but with considerable profit and comfort.

A young lady,—named Theodosia Earnest,—who had given her heart and hand to a young gentleman named Percy,—was one day walking out with her brother, and happened to see a Baptist minister baptizing some adult believers in a river. The Scriptures read,—the address given, and the scenes witnessed, so arrested Theodosia's mind, that she had no peace until in like manner she followed her LORD. Her beloved Percy, and her fond mother, both opposed her in desiring to be baptised. Long controversies and consultations ensued; at length, she fully resolved to forsake all, and to obey the Saviour. Mr. Percy threatened to break his vows, if she did; and her mother was by no means pleased with her decision. This was a critical juncture. We here take up the narrative; and hope to give our readers one of the strongest illustrations of the power of a living faith in a sanctified spirit and life as perhaps any that can be produced in the annals of modern times. The scenes which follow are striking,—they are grand in simplicity, in godly sincerity; and in holy earnestness to do the will of Him who died the just for the unjust, that he might bring sinners unto glory. We are highly honoured in being permitted to bring a history so faithful and so delightful before the eyes of our readers. We trust they will all feel it to be their great privilege to circulate, and spread in every direction, this Christ-extolling tale. We simply begin this month, with Theodosia, just as she is approaching the determination to be baptised. Her historian says:

W^e left Theodosia in that most distressful condition, in which

duty, struggling with inclination, distracts and rends the mind, with agonizing efforts to decide one way or the other.

With her, this was not a slight or momentary strife. It was the terrible agony of one who struggles for his life. Dearer to her than life was Mr. Percy's love; it was her first love; it was her only love; it was a pure and holy love; it had been sanctioned by her mother's fond approval; it had been sanctified by her formal espousals; the day had been set for the consummation of their happiness; she had fully given up her whole heart to it; it was the great controlling, soul-absorbing passion of her being; all the hopes of life were centered here. To tear such love from out the heart, was to rend the heart itself. Yet she felt it must be done; and God gave her strength to do it. All day long, as we said, she had crouched at her mother's side, or followed her like a shadow. She seemed to feel that something terrible impended her, and that she was safer in her mother's presence. Not one word was spoken by either of them on the one subject which occupied the minds of both. Mrs. Ernest observed, that as the day advanced, her daughter's face became more natural in its expression. The lines of agony began to disappear. The eyes no longer looked so strange and restless; nor did they turn to her, as in the morning, with that beseeching gaze of agony, which almost broke her heart. But still, she noticed that her lips often moved, though she uttered no word; and when she spoke to her about the business of the household, it was some time before answered, and then slowly, and often in such a way as to show that she had not fully comprehended her meaning. Her mind was evidently far away.

About three o'clock she laid down her worsted, and taking up the Testament which lay upon her work-table, turned to the fourteenth chapter of Luke, and read: 'If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple; and whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple. For which of you intending to build a tower sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it, lest haply after he hath laid the foundation and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man

began to build, but was not able to finish. Or what king going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able, with ten thousand, to meet him that cometh against him, with twenty thousand? or else, while yet the other is a great way off, he sendeth an ambassage, and desireth conditions of peace. So likewise whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.

'Mother,' said she, looking up, and speaking as though her mother had known what she was reading, 'you will not make it necessary for me to forsake *you* too?'

'Why, what do you mean, my daughter?'

'Jesus says here, that if I do not forsake all for him, I cannot be his disciple.'

'Yes, my child, but that has nothing to do with baptism. It means that you must give up all to be religious.'

To be religious, mother, is to *obey Jesus Christ*. 'If ye love me,' he says, 'keep my commandments.' One of the plainest and most positive of those commandments is, 'Believe and be baptised.' Baptism is commanded as much as faith. It makes, indeed, a part of the *same command*. I trust I have believed; but I have never *been baptised*. Even if the sprinkling which I received in my childhood had been baptism, *it was no act of mine*. I have not obeyed: *I—must—do—it!* She pronounced these last four words slowly, with a slight pause between each of them, as though it cost her heart a pang to speak it, and yet it must be said.

Well, my child, if you must you must.

But, mother, you will not forbid me? You will not make it needful to disobey you as well as to—— But she could not finish the sentence, and left her mother to guess her meaning.

No, my dear child, I will not *absolutely forbid* you. You know what I think about these things. Baptism is not essential to salvation, and I had much rather you would remain were you are. I cannot bear to see you sacrifice all your prospects in life for a mere whim, for I don't see but what one baptism is just as good as another. And if you were not in such distress, I would certainly oppose you, but I see it would be no good; and though it will mortify and distress me, I will not forbid you. And if you

are determined to do it at all hazards, and it will relieve you of a single pang, I will give you my consent."

Thank you mother! you do not know what a load you have taken off my heart. And she buried her face in her mother's lap, and wept aloud for several minutes. Then she arose, wiped her eyes, and went into her own room, and closed the door.

(More next month.)

THE CHRISTIAN'S "LIFE-PRESERVER."

'Call upon me in the day of trouble.'

Sweet words! how full of love and grace,
 Pointing the weary to a place,
 Where youth and life may vent its grief;
 And hearts oppressed may find relief.
 'Tis there the wounded find a balm;
 And lonely ones are safe from harm;
 'Tis where, the widow oft repairs,
 And finds relief from pressing cares;
 'Tis where, no human barrier's reared,
 Where no denial need be feared;
 'Tis where the timid courage find,
 And leave the worst of fears behind;
 'Tis where the offender bows his head,
 When tears of conscious guilt are shed;
 'Tis where the penitent may go,
 Nor fear repulse, or anger know;
 'Tis where the wanderer oft returns,
 When after home his spirit yearns;
 And, 'tis where bounding joys arise,
 When blood the power of guilt defies;
 'Tis where the peer and peasant meet,
 And saints unknown each others greet;
 'Tis where I hope the reader goes,
 'Tis that, through grace, the writer knows;
 Let both unite, and now repair
 And try again the power of PRAYER.

Whittlesea, December 9th, 1858.

D. A.

*** The Volume of "Cheering Words" for 1858, may now be had, bound in fancy covers, price 8d.



Death in Victory !

“ He will swallow up death in victory.”—Isaiah xxv. 8.

THE vehement language which is employed in the Bible concerning Death, teaches me three things :—1, that death, in itself, is *very dreadful*. 2nd, that to swallow up death, was the greatest, the hardest, the most wonderful part of the Redeemer's work. 3rd, that he hath so completely, so entirely, so eternally accomplished this, that the saints, when brought into the place where death, hell, and the grave, would for ever crush, and conquer them, carrying them down into misery and woe, that instead of this, they joyfully, triumphantly, adoringly, and confidently sing, ‘ *Oh, death ! where is thy sting ? Oh grave ! where is thy victory ?* ’ Oh, what a good thing, death itself—the greatest curse—is turned into a blessing ; and all this, because JESUS CHRIST could say, as he did, and the precious saints of God shall know the truth of that seven-fold saying, with which he ushered in the great commission he gave unto the beloved disciple, John, when in the Isle of Patmos, and which John was to write, and being written, preserved, and handed down to us, we are to read, and hear, and keep, the words of that prophecy, the blessing being thereunto promised. What then were the words ? They are these.

VOL. IX.—No. 93.

Price One Halfpenny. Packet (containing 10 copies) 4d.

1.—“I am Alpha and Omega.” That is, the highest and the lowest: Jesus was, and is, and ever will be, the Highest in the glory kingdom; in the gospel kingdom; and in the hearts of his own devoted saints; and down to the lowest he went, when on Him laid the curse, and over his precious soul did roll the waves of wrath divine. . Oh! glorious Complex! God and MAN!

2.—“The First and the Last.” As God, he first thought of, and began to rescue us from death and hell; and as “the Judge of all the earth,”—He will divide the sinners from the saints; and close up the awful scene.

3.—“The Beginning and the Ending.” His Spirit begins, his Spirit will end, the work of grace in every ransomed soul; and then he will present them to Himself.

4.—“I am am He that liveth!” The streams of life from his eternal Godhead did at first proceed: and still, in heaven and in the church below, they never cease to rise and run. His life was four streams—Performing; Obeying; Suffering; Glorifying.

5.—“And was dead.” When Jesus died, the moon fled from the farthest point of heaven to clothe and cover the sun; and there was the darkness of death indeed; the veil was rent; the earth trembled; the rocks were split; the graves opened; the heavens in sacred silence sat

When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

6.—“Behold, I am alive for evermore!”

7.—“And have the keys of hell and of death.” His resurrection and eternal existence: his entire dominion; and universal sway; with all his promises, his purposes, and his power, secure to thee, believer, all that the covenant of grace did give. Oh! think of these things.

C. W. B.

PRAYER AND PERSEVERANCE PREVAILING

OR,

THE BAKER BURNT OUT OF HIS BAKHOUSE,
By the Burning Love of his Christian Brother.

THE letter from whence the following fact is derived has been read with the most thrilling feelings of sympathy and gratitude. The circumstance is of very recent occurrence. It took place in one of our large English towns. We withhold all names; but we hope the preacher referred to, will yet stand in great usefulness, and honor. He has preached in London; and in many parts: and several churches have sought to obtain him as their pastor; but he labours so under the feeling of unfitness, that like Jonah, he runs to Tarshish, in order to flee from the ministry. Nevertheless, many hope the Lord will set him on the walls of Zion in great power. Our correspondent says:

DEAR BROTHER—I am not asleep: my heart, soul, and strength are all alive, and at work for the Lord: "*inasmuch as ye do it unto one of my little ones ye do it unto me,*" saith our Elder Brother; and I cannot help believing him, because he answers my prayers, and blesses my handy work. The Lord is greatly blessing the young man's ministry; he is growing in the kingdom of grace; and in the knowledge of the mind and will of the Holy Ghost, towards the flock of slaughter; the people flock to hear; and are greatly blessed through him. Last Sunday, Mr. ——— asked me to get a supply to fill his pulpit. I told him I should get the young man. He said, *I shall be glad if you can get him.* I went to the young man, and told him all baptist pulpits had been closed against him; but now the Lord opened one; and I hoped he would so view it; and come and stand like a man for God. One of the deacons was with me. The young man said, "In the evening of the day he would, and on the week night, but could not leave his baking on the Sunday morning." The deacon answered, "*then we will not*

have you at all: it is no good to have a man in the pulpit who is living in sin; working in the morning of the day, and preaching in the evening of the day." I said, "Stop, brother! consider this! the young man does not profess to be called to get his living by preaching; nor does he say, the Lord has called him to the ministry; but he is quite sure he has called him to bake, to get his living; and to give up baking Sundays he could not get them to come Mondays; and until God stops his baking he has not faith to shut the door." We left the young man that night with a denial. I visited him the next day with authority from the Lord; I told him I had fallen prostrate before the Lord to make him willing, and thought I had an answer: but I said—I am in a great straight seeing he denied to preach. I asked him who gave him customers to bring dinners, who gave him the trade? I said, "your Lord and Master; and will you not work one day for him in his vineyard? Will you not try to comfort his poor flock?" He burst into sobbing; left me; ran up stairs. I left his house, telling his wife, I feared I should hear his house was burnt to the ground. I came home; my wife cried bitterly; she said "I will go: you write to him; and let us fall down on our knees before the Lord: and I will take in the letter, and money to pay for the spoil of one day's baking." She went off; she saw him: he said, "you are come, with hard words from the Lord." She said, "if you cannot trust your Lord, I have brought you a sovereign to pay a man, for loss of your baking; and you dare not refuse to go where the Lord has called you: here are the sheep without a shepherd, and they will be scattered; and you can feed them with the flesh and blood of God, for the Lord has committed it into your charge as an instrument. You come; and stand for God!" He said, "I will; but I will not touch, nor cause to be permitted for you to leave one penny." He came and preached to a full house; the Lord so filled the house with his glory, that he said he never had such a time from the Lord before; the people said, they never was so blessed; one and all; and they came round me ready to eat me up, with broken hearts, and thankfulness; blessing and praising the Lord. In the evening, it was the same; not one but was full of love and praise. The

young preacher said, it was a Lord's-day, indeed, to his own soul; and he calls me his father David; he says he will never refuse me any more; the Wednesday evening was the same; and last Sunday evening he preached to a great congregation; and the people said, "call him to the pulpit!" They called him for six months, and he denied them; I think they will make a desperate trial to get him, you never saw such an uproar after a man; and I believe there will be a great change here.

[This is something like Moses and Jeremiah fearing to go: but the will of the Lord must be done: and of this interesting narrative we shall have much more to say. ED.]

"I INTEND TO BE BAPTISED TO-MORROW!"

OR,

THEODOSIA'S RELIGIOUS RESOLVE.

LAST month we introduced this American young Christian lady to the notice of our readers. By ties the most powerful she was wedded to the fashionable mode of administering the ordinances of the sanctuary. Her affections were rivetted to her mother and to Mr. Percy, her intended partner for life. But when she saw—when she believed—the baptism of believers, by immersion, to be the Saviour's will and way; when she resolved to follow him in that path, then separations the most painful threatened her. We saw, last month, her mother passively agreed *not* to hinder her; but her beloved Percy poured contempt upon the Baptists; and determined to break his vows, if she determined to be decided. She received his letter to that effect; she received her mother's passive reply. She retires to her chamber. The writer of her history says—

Shall we invisibly follow her there; see her on her bended knees pour out her soul to God; hear her cry for help with those inartic-

ulate groanings which the Apostle speaks of? see the resolve take form and substance in her heart; see her arise with that same strange calmness which we observed after she had prayed the day she came up from witnessing the baptism in the river; see her open her little writing-desk, and select a sheet of paper; take her pen and write, 'My Dear Mr. Percy;' then pause, lay down her pen, cover her face with her hands, pressing upon her eye-balls, as if to shut out some terrible vision, while a strong convulsive shudder quivers through her frame? It is past; she uncovers her face; looks up beseechingly to heaven; composes herself; takes up the pen, and writes as follows:

'I received yours on Friday evening. To say that its contents gave me very great pain, would but feebly express the truth. I was not only distressed, but most grievously disappointed; for I had supposed you were as sincere and earnest in your desire to know and do your whole duty in regard to this subject, as I was myself. Your letter undeceived me. I do not complain of it. I am thankful for your expressions of interest in my welfare, and of affection for myself. I will not deny that I had no higher ambition, so far as this world is concerned, than to secure your approbation. But I cannot, *even to please you*, venture to disobey my Saviour. I intend to be baptized to-morrow. I am aware, after what you have said, that by doing so, I shall not only 'mortify and distress' you, but I shall renounce all claim to your love. When you return, therefore, I shall be to you but as one dead. I pray you so to consider me, it will be better for us both. And if you will spare me further pain, I do entreat you never to solicit a renewal of our engagement. It will not give you as much pain to read this as it does me to write it; but I have weighed it well. I say every word deliberately, though sorrowfully. I will not cease to pray for you. And will you not sometimes pray for her who *was* your

'THEODOSIA'

This letter she folded, enclosed, sealed, and directed to Mr. Percy's lodging place, and called the old servant, Aunt Chloe, and directed her to take and leave it there.

This done, she returned to her mother, with something almost like a smile of joy upon her face. The peace of God was in her

heart; and if she was not *happy*, she was no longer wretched. With a low, but calm and almost cheerful voice, she told her mother what she had done, and asked her to make suitable preparation for her baptism. At night, she sent a line to uncle Jones, requesting him, if he could, to be present, and another to Mr. Courtney, announcing her intention to ask for baptism. She spent most of the time in her own room, alone, until the hour of rest, and then slept sweetly till morning. When she awoke, her first thought was expressed in the language of the Psalmist—‘I laid me down and slept; and I awoke again, for the Lord preserved me.’ She felt now that she was, in a peculiar sense, in the care of God. She had given all, and had obtained all. She had given up self, and obtained Jesus in all his fulness, and God in all his boundless power and love. Jesus was *her* Saviour; God was *her* God. Yes, the mighty Maker of the worlds, the omnipotent Ruler of the universe, was not only her *God*, but her *Father*. She felt this morning that she might ask what she would. And yet such was the overwhelming conviction in her heart, that her loving Saviour, and her kind Father, knew so infinitely better than herself what she most needed, and what would be really best, that she could only pray, ‘Thy will be done. I leave it all with thee. Do what thou seest best. Give joy or sorrow; give comfort or affliction; give life or death. Thou knowest best; thou doest all things well. I trust myself; my soul and body; my happiness here and hereafter; all I am—all I have; all I feared, all I hoped for; I give all up to thee. Thou only art my portion now; and I am thine—all thine! *I delight* to do thy will, oh, my Beloved! I have now no other love but thee, my Saviour, my Father, my Friend.—Thou art my all—Jesus is mine, and I am his. What can I want beside? Blessed Saviour, may I never leave thee! May I never grieve thee any more! Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Yes, I love thee, and I will keep all thy commandments. Show me thy ways. Thou shalt guide me by thy councils, and afterwards receive me into thy glory. Yes, me—even me, poor, lost, rebellious sinner that I am. Thou wilt love me freely. Thou wilt save me through thine own infinite mercy. Mercy, all mercy! Not for

works of righteousness which we have done, but of his own mercy, he saves us. Jesus, I thank thee! Oh, make me love thee more."

With such incoherent ejaculations of trust, and praise, and prayer, she rose, and prepared for church.

The above extract is from the American edition of "*Theodosia Ernest*." The narrative is faithful and true; and delightfully illustrative of a living faith invested with a knowledge of the truth; and a burning love to HIM who said, "If ye love me keep my commandments." We are certainly most desperately in love with Theodosia's Christian zeal, decision, and Godly deportment, and feel anxious to throw this beautiful portrait of a pure practical Gospel faith and obedience by tens of thousands among our truth-despising Churches. Readers of CHEERING WORDS, do help us! Who can tell what may be done?

(More next month.)

MR. SPURGEON'S FREE GRACE SERMON;

AND HIS AMERICAN TOUR.

MR CHEERING-WORDS! I wish to be informed why you have not for some time noticed our beloved Mr. Spurgeon's sermons as you once did? Is it because you fear he has been riding a free-will horse too far? Or is it because there has been nothing of late worthy your notice? If either of these causes have bid you retire from your review of his ministry, I specially entreat you to read most carefully his sermon, entitled "FREE GRACE!" I think it will stir up your heart again; and compel you to give a few "CHEERING WORDS" from the most popular pulpit in all this world.

If you are like an old minister from the country, who, after hearing Mr. Spurgeon the other morning, was asked how he had heard him? Answered—"there are some things about him I cannot understand—he is not discriminating enough for me!" if this

be your case, Mr. Editor, let me implore you to notice *one thing*. Whatever deficiencies or extravagancies there may be in some of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, there is one element of immense value in them—that is, a testimony boiling hot out of his own great heart descriptive of the amazing grace of God which brought salvation to his own soul—and which has, by its constant and continued flowings, raised him to that high position he now occupies in the kingdom of Christ. Oh, dear Sir, do pray, that from this high pinnacle, he may never fall.

This leads me to observe that a rumour is running through the hosts of his friends, that *America*, and *not* England, will be the ultimate fixed scene of his labours. I ask you, my neighbour, friend, and Christian brother, to announce with much emphasis, that nothing is further from my esteemed pastor's mind. He will go to America this coming spring. He believes God calls him there. But he will return,—the heavens permitting—and build his tabernacle, and there devote to his Master and to the chosen tribes of Israel, all the powers of his consecrated mind; and all the years of his divinely appointed life on the earth.

Take from the sermon referred to, the following extract as a sample of the way in which Mr. Spurgeon so frequently speaks of himself; and believe me, your friend and brother,

A LISTENER AND A LEARNER IN ZION.

In No. 283, of "*The New Park Street Pulpit*," Mr. Spurgeon says,

"When meditating upon this text yesterday, the effect it had upon me was one of transport and joy, Oh! I thought, upon what other condition could I have been saved? And I looked back upon my past estate; I saw myself piously trained and educated, but revolting against all that. I saw a mother's tears shed over me in vain, and a father's admonition lost upon me, and yet I found myself saved by grace, and I could only say, 'Lord, I bless thee that it is by grace, for if it had been by merit I had never been saved.' If thou hadst waited till there was something good in me, thou wouldst have waited till I sank into the hopeless per-

dition of hell, for good in me there never would have been, unless thou hadst first put it there. And then I thought immediately, 'Oh! how I could go and preach that to the poor sinner!' Ah! let me try if I cannot. O sinner! you say you dare not come to Christ because you have nothing to recommend you. He does not want anything to recommend you; he will not save you, if you have anything to recommend you, for he says, 'Not for your sakes do I this.' Go to Christ with earrings in your ears, and jewels upon you; wash your face, and array yourself with gold and silver, and go before him and say, 'Lord, save me; I have washed myself and clothed myself; save me!' 'Get you gone! Not for your sakes will I do this.' Go to him again, and say, 'Lord, I have put a rope about my neck, and sackcloth about my lions; see how repentant I am, see how I feel my need; now save me!' 'No,' saith he, 'I would not save you on account of your flaunting robes, and now I will not save you because of your rags; I will save you for nothing about you; if I do save you, it will be from something in my heart, not from anything you feel. Get ye gone!' But if to-day you go to Christ, and say, 'Lord Jesus, there is no reason in the world why I should be saved—there is one in heaven; Lord, I cannot urge any plea, I deserve to be lost, I have no excuse to make for all my sins, no apology to offer; Lord, I deserve it, and there is nothing in me why I should be saved, for if thou wouldst save me I should make but a poor Christian, after all; I fear that my future works will be no honour to thee—I wish they could be, but thy grace must make them good, else they will be still bad. But, Lord, though I have nothing to bring, and nothing to say for myself, I do say this: I have heard that thou hast come into the world to save sinners—O Lord, save me!

'I the chief of sinners am.'

I confess I do not feel this as I ought, I do not mourn over it as I ought; I have no repentance to recommend me; nay, Lord, I have no faith to recommend me either, for I do not believe thy promises as I ought; but oh! I cling to this text. Lord, thou hast said thou wilt not do it for my sake. I thank thee thou hast said that. Thou couldst not do it for my sake, for I have no rea-

son why thou shouldst. Lord, I claim thy gracious promise. 'Be merciful to me, a sinner.' Ah! you good people, this doctrine does not suit some of you; it is too humbling, is it not? You that have kept your churches regularly, and been to meetings so piously, you that never broke the Sabbath, or never swore an oath, or did anything wrong, this does not suit you. You say it will do very well to preach to harlots, and drunkards and swearers, but it will not suit such good people as we are. Ah! well, this is your text—'I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' You are 'whole,'—you are; you 'need not a physician, but they that are sick.' Go your way. Christ came not to save such as you are. You think you can save yourselves. Do it, and perish in the doing of it. But I feel that the same gospel that suits a harlot suits me, and that that free grace which saved Saul of Tarsus must save me, else I am never saved. Come, let us all go together. We are all guilty—some more, some less, but all hopelessly guilty. Let us go together to the footstool of his mercy, and though we dare not look up, let us lie there in the dust, and sigh out again, 'Lord have mercy upon us, for Jesus died.'

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.'

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

LETTER XII.

ἡ γὰρ Ἀπορροή τοῖς ἀνθρώποις Σπλγξ ἐστίν.

NAM AMENTIA SPHINX EST HOMINIBUS.

—*Tabula Cebetis.*

THE end of Courtenay is a matter of sad history, of history written in blood! But at the time I met him, and during my acquaintance with him, he seemed a harmless man; a man without money, and under clouds from which those who felt for him, hoped he would come forth as the clear shining sun after rain.

It is of my acquaintance with him then that I have to write, and I shall write but little more than is necessary to connect my own history.

It might be a stroke of economical policy, or, it might be, as I always understood that, one of his sureties wishing to be clear of his bond, Courtenay, on his discharge from Westgate Gaol found it convenient to accept an asylum with widow Grundy, in Northgate.

I believe it was almost as soon as he reached the widow's house, that I was requested to call upon him, and when I did so, he begged me to undertake the superintendence of a small weekly paper, called "The British Lion," which he had commenced a few weeks before.

I undertook this work, and in the discharge of it, I remember going to him in the night for matter to finish an article of the paper which was to appear the next morning. When he was aroused from his deep repose, and informed of the need, he asked me to give him his desk. Then having arranged that on his knees, and having the paper ready, he desired to know the last word of the subject on which he had been writing, and had left unfinished, then he continued it till he thought he had written enough; when ceasing, as without a "regard or concern," he was suddenly wrapped as before in sleep.

Courtenay had been a close inmate of the widow's for a fortnight; then at the invitation of my commiserating mother in our house another fortnight; at the close of which period, he removed one Saturday night to a spot in Boughton, which he named Paradise, and took up his residence with a family that seemed made up of happy spirits.

It was soon after this remove, that the "British Lion" ceased to roar. Courtenay not being visible, the gentleman, on whose premises the types and press had been placed, one morning padlocked the door and claimed the property. He said Courtenay had given the whole to him, and he had sold the plant. This gentleman was *then* a young swell, a Coach-builder and an Alderman's son, but —

In the paradisaical spot at Boughton, Courtenay did not long

remain. It was soon determined, I know not by whose will, that he and I should travel into Devonshire to inspect, if not to take possession of, the estate of Powderham.

Great secrecy always attended our movements; and therefore late one evening, we set out from Paradise across the fields to Faverham, where we found a coach awaiting us, which conveyed us from that place, and on the road as far as Sittingbourne; whence the mail, that I used to watch trotting into London, trotted us up.

It has often been a marvel, how Courtenay moved about, and went through so much without a banker. No one could ever learn where the money came from which must have been expended. Courtenay had friends! Not great and mighty in wealth or influence, but in attachment. They had in their simplicity, nailed their colors to the mast of a ship which they believed had been too much weather beaten, and they endeavoured to get this ship into harbour; and they did it with disinterested benevolence to a fellow-creature.

I will only take my brother Robert as a sample of the rest. He, like many, defended the honour of Courtenay, and spent his money to clear his fame. Soon after I undertook the management of "The British Lion," the Barrack master of the place applied to me for the repayment of £10 which he said had been lent by him to Courtenay on the morning, the fatal morning, he set off for Chatham. My brother heard of this demand, and urged me to pay it; and he gave me the ten golden sovereigns to do it. Courtenay while I knew him, never borrowed money, and I never knew him to be the possessor of a penny.

Sir William and I went into Devonshire by one of the splendid packets from London. One day, over the dinner table, a gentleman voyager aspersed the character of Lord Courtenay and Sir William took up the matter, and silenced the detractor with all the warmth of a defender of his father. He afterwards said to me, "I am his son, my child, I can tell you that!"

This was the thing we wished him to prove; and therefore though I was delighted with Exeter, and our walk through Daw-

lish and Teignmouth to Torquay; I was more delighted with the ride back to Star Cross one misty morning by the mail, because then I was preparing myself for the great event of the journey, A VISIT TO POWDERHAM CASTLE.

It is so long since, and my thoughts were so occupied by the presence and pretensions of my strange companion that I meditated too little upon the beauty of the scenery then to interest you with any description of it now:

We passed through the village and through the Lodge gate, without meeting any obstructions. We reached the mansion, which looked down upon the outstretched scenery, and we stood and gazed up at the mansion. After a while, Courtenay said, "I shall never enter that place, but as its acknowledged heir."

Will you not enter it now?

No! But you shall!

And then, ringing the bell, he desired the matron who answered it to show me the house,
Show this gentleman the Castle.

Yes, Sir.

I questioned the lady as to the person outside. She was reserved, but said, she had seen him there once before. We passed through the hall and the picture gallery, and some rooms, and then, with a less sanguine spirit, I rejoined the unknown with whom I was associated. We then strolled through the park, went to the elevated part of it, looked out from the Belvidere, and saw the steamer that was to convey us back to London in the Topsham harbour, we took the nearest way to it, and soon after steamed thence in it to the city of the world.

The time now for the great trials was drawing near. The one at Canterbury on the swindling charge came first, and Courtney was there. The grand Jury threw out the bill, and the hopes of his friends ran high, that every other charge would prove as shadowy. Three weeks later Courtenay surrendered himself to take his trial on the charge of perjury.

The evidence for the prosecution proved, that tubs were picked up on such a day by the Revenue Cutter, and that these tubs were

thrown out of a "hovelling" boat called the *Robin Hood*, off the Kent Coast, near Dover.

The evidence given by the prisoner during the examination, was that, he being at Dover on the day named, saw these tubs "bobbing up and down," and that they did not come out of the *Robin Hood*.

The evidence of the Vicar of Boughton, the Rev. Mr. Wright, was that on the day, and at the time of the capture, when the prisoner swore he was on the coast at Dover, prisoner was in reality in his church. He noticed his presence there particularly, and particularly noticed that it was Sexagesima Sunday.

The evidence of this witness decided the case, sustained the charge of perjury, and Courtenay was convicted.

The learned judge seemed desirous that the prisoner should feel the sentence.

"In cases of perjury, (said he,) the law gives to the court a great latitude, i.e. from three months imprisonment, to seven years transportation and three months imprisonment. In this case it will be inflicted to the extent of the law. The sentence of the Court on you, William Courtenay, is—that you be imprisoned three months in the County Gaol of Maidstone, and that at the expiration of that period you be transported to some penal settlement at His Majesty's pleasure, for the term of seven years.

"And do not think (continued the Judge,) that abroad you will be able to do as some foolishly imagine. You will have to labor, in gangs of felons on the roads in chains, and subject to severe punishment on the least infraction of the stringent rules." It is not necessary to say how great a wound this was to the minds of many then, which time, and circumstances, and mercies have healed now. Nor is it necessary to write much more of Courtenay; it was reported in the papers that he evinced a resignation that was worthy of a better fate, and I can testify that I always found him resigned. I visited him frequently, at Maidstone. He was allowed to wear his own clothes. His hair or beard were not touched, and he was supplied from Paradise with all he required. At the expiration of the three months, he was not transported, but he

was removed to Barming Heath Asylum, where the same privileges were allowed him, and the same family ministered to him.

In that Asylum I last saw Courtenay, October 1833, when on my way to begin life afresh in London. I had parted with my books, my tools, and my interest in the country, and I entered London as one that had escaped from the enchanted ground, having lost all but life, and some hope that even this would work together for good. When I arrived in London, I addressed a letter to those warm friends at Paradise, and friends so dear to me, in which I gave my reasons for believing that Courtenay was laboring under delusions. The answer I received was that Courtenay alone could convince them my statements were true. Four years later, when he had become again an inmate of their house, and friendship such as theirs required a slight reciprocity in the way of confidence, he convinced them by leaving that peaceful roof, and entering upon that lawless course, which with some small exceptions, has been truthfully set forth in 'Chambers' Miscellany,' under the title 'Religious Impostures,' where Courtenay's last days and tragic end may be read under the name of John Nicholls Thom.

I have thus waded through this morass most unpleasantly indeed, and most unprofitably to you I am sure; yet it was necessary, as I said, if I wrote at all, and now by my sympathy with a wild man, I was uprooted and thrown into London at twenty five years of age, more destitute than when I entered it at twenty; but still though I deserved only the rod, God supported.

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

A new edition of that most remarkable discourse by Mr. B. B. Wale, (Minister of Providence Chapel, London-street, Reading,) entitled, "THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES," is now publishing by G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row; and may be had of all booksellers.

Mr. Bloomfield's new work, entitled, "A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT," may be had in the same way.

Letters to Theophilus; by Mr. James Wells. The first volume may now be had of Mr. Holmes, 76, St. Paul's Church Yard.

Published every month. 2d. THE EARTHEN VESSEL.—32 pages.

The Volume of CHEERING WORDS for 1854, is now ready, and may be had of the Booksellers, in fancy covers, price 8d.

The Life of THOMAS GUY is now ready. Price 2d.

The Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit, containing the Sunday Morning Sermons preached by Mr. Wells, may now be had in weekly numbers and in monthly parts, of any bookseller in the known world. These announcements will be 'Cheering Words' to thousands.



“DO YOU KNOW JESUS?”

OR,

DR. TYNG'S ACCOUNT OF THE FEARFUL AFFLICTION

YET

Happy Death of His Son.

THE Book Society, Paternoster Row, has issued a nice little Volume, called, *The Child of Prayer*. It presents to our view a young minister—full of zeal, love, and labour, suddenly taken down from his work into the grave. We shall draw a few lines from it. Our first is Dr. Tyng's introductory address, in which you may behold a venerable father's heart bleeding over the corpse of a son beloved with all the spiritual, natural, and ministerial affection that it is possible for one man to have to another. Look, Christian reader, into these extracts as we shall gather them out; and you will see how strong, how all-sufficient the Grace of God is:—and you may find some evidence whereby to judge of the answer you must give to the question at the head of this paper, “Do you know Jesus?”

Dr. Tyng, of New York, (“ah!” you say, “an American, is he?” Yes! he is an American, and we hope a man of God too; but that we leave for subsequent papers to decide; if such a question can here be decided. Dr. Tyng,) says:

The 18th day of April, 1858, was the appointed anniversary of the Sunday Schools of St. George's Church, in New York, and this

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passage of Scripture had been selected by me, as the topic for my address to the multitude of children gathered on that day. I wished to bring before them the general subject of the privilege of prayer for children, and the great blessedness of being a child of prayer, little imagining what an illustration I was to have of the whole important theme, before that appointed day should come.

But God was pleased to arrest my work on that occasion, by summoning me to the bed-side of my dear first-born son, suddenly withdrawn from all his earthly work, to testify for God in his last conflict in the flesh. The nature of the suffering which had laid him aside, I shall refer to subsequently. But the Sabbath which I had hoped thus joyfully to pass with the gathered children of my flock, was passed in the ministrations of paternal love to my suffering child. There was I to witness the blessedness of which I had desired to speak, and to learn, as I had never before known, what it was to give a darling son, so precious and so desired, wholly unto the Lord. Blessed be my gracious God, that He has enabled me, in the fulness of his grace, to make the free-will offering, and to bear in peace and thankfulness, what I should hardly have ventured to hope in anticipation I could bear at all.

The succeeding Sabbath, the 25th of April, I had long before engaged to pass with my son in the ministry, for his own church in Philadelphia; and I was looking forward to this day of communion with him among his people, with all the delight with which his visits and my presence with him were ever anticipated. How little could I imagine that on that very day I was to stand in his place, to preach in commemoration of his own departure! My loved one gone, and his father's desolated heart trying to speak of him to a gathered multitude who loved and venerated him! Little could I have dared to hope that I could perform a task like that. Yet there I was, and God did carry me through the overwhelming duty, and did not suffer me to sink crushed beneath the load. Both morning and evening I was permitted to stand and speak for Christ, and to speak of my dear boy, with a heart bleeding with sorrow, and yet rejoicing with gratitude. I felt the divine call sounding within my heart, and God gave me grace to obey it. I seemed to hear His voice speaking to me from the moment I heard of the

sorrow he had endured, as to Ezekiel, xiv: 16: 'Son of man, behold I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke; yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep; neither shall thy tears run down. Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead; bind the tire of thy head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet; and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men.' In reply to this solemn word of dispensation and duty, my poor heart was permitted to take hold of the blessed word of the same Lord, Psalm lxxi. 16—18: 'I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of thine only. O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works. Now also when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not, until I have showed Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power to every one that is to come.' These two passages of Holy Scripture have been unceasingly in my mind in their connexion, the one to admonish, the other to encourage me, in all the succeeding hours from the arrival of the first intelligence. God be praised for the power and blessedness of His Holy Word. Thus have I been strengthened in the day of my trial.

Thus, briefly, we introduce this love-unfolding tale of life and death, so illustrative of the hymn which begins,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

You will see this more fully next month.

"I AM YOUR FATHER! YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER!"

When such words as these are spoken by the Lord himself into the heart of a poor seeking sinner, then they are 'CHEERING WORDS' indeed. The mental, the spiritual, and the moral, effects produced by the living words of God as spoken into the mind by a Divine power, are beyond all description. An illustration of this fact is given by the Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*—the Rev. D. A. Doudney, in reviewing that weighty and most blessed book, written by James Grant Esq., entitled

'**GOD IS LOVE!**' This work (published in London by Darton and Co.) has proved a source of very great comfort to many of the Lord's people. The following is a most precious testimony indeed. The extract is from a letter, published in *The Gospel Magazine*, relating a deeply touching incident caused by the perusal of '**GOD IS LOVE.**' The writer (a lady) says—

"Your review of the book, '**GOD IS LOVE; or, Glimpses of the Father's Infinite Affection for His People,**' brings a circumstance to my mind that may prove useful to relate, as a word of encouragement to the author in his work and labour of love, and to your Christian readers, in furthering its circulation. I was cast into company last month with an aged lady, who, taking up a book that lay on her table, said, 'this is the *third* copy I have bought of this book, and I mean to recommend it to everybody. It is called, '**GOD IS LOVE.**' On being asked why she liked it, she said, 'Because it explained to me why I love God. It opened up to me that God elected me, because he loved me, and that is the reason I love him. I never saw this so plainly till I read that book. Now,' continued the old lady, 'that may seem a great thing to get out of the book; but I have got something better still.' To know what was better than that, excited the question directly, 'What more did you get?' 'I was deeply interested in the book,' she said, 'but for all I am an old woman, eighty-four, and have been what the world calls decidedly pious for many years, and I really do hope honestly seeking Jesus, yet I could never look up to God and say, My Father! I often wondered would God let me die in this state; and many, many prayers have I put up to God about this very thing. But one day, while I was reading this book, I came to the words, '**My Heavenly Father;**' and as I read them a light seemed to dart into my mind, and with it such a lovely, such a beautiful feeling; it seemed to say, '**I am your Father—your heavenly Father.**' I put down the book. I fell upon my knees; I felt as if I could weep my life away with joy and gladness, and all I could say, over and over again, was, '**My heavenly Father—my own dear Father.**'"

[A companion volume to '**God is Love,**' by the same author, entitled: **THE COMFORTER,** is now just issued. We shall call attention to it soon.—Ed.]

ANOTHER PRODIGAL BROUGHT HOME;

OR,

ALFRED ASHBY IN ONE OF THE DUNGEONS OF LONDON.

It was in the dark days of November last, that we gave Alfred Ashby's account of '*The Rescue*' of a poor degraded husband, father, and fellow-mortal from one of the most miserable conditions into which sin, and ungodliness can guide us. We promised to follow Alfred up in his Missionary tour through the dens of our great metropolis: and shall notice one more, at least, of his singular exploits among the abandoned and profligate people—thousands of whom are swept away by the cold hand of death, without one ray of Gospel light; perhaps without one single heart breaking cry to God for mercy. We rejoice to know that a new and neat edition of '*The Two Lights*'—the volume from whence our extracts have been made, has been issued; we are equally pleased to be able to inform our readers that Alfred's perseverance in a good way and work has been crowned with success. He is now one of our most popular writers; and a minister as respectable as any of that section of which he forms a noble and most intelligent part.

To go with "CHEERING WORDS" into the abodes of sin and sorrow—and to be able to speak kindly, and charitably to the poor, the halt, and the maimed which we meet in our way, is, certainly, a species of benevolence as pure and as praiseworthy as anything that one man can exercise toward another. With this conviction, and believing that very few of the best of our race ever charitably consider the condition of their poor despised neighbours we willingly exhibit every instance of practical and effectual benevolence which comes under our notice.

Look well at Alfred's manner of procedure: then "GO AND DO LIKEWISE." The writer of "*The Two Lights*"—says—

We cannot enter into the details of Alfred's four years' experience in his benevolent work—for during that time he remained in it—but one or two additional facts will, doubtless, prove interesting. On one occasion, when he had been about six months exploring the dark regions to which he wished to carry the light of revelation, he entered a low lodging-house—one of these dens of impurity, and meeting-places of thieves, already alluded to. Between thirty and forty persons, of both sexes were present, all comparatively young, with the exception of a hoary-headed transgressor, whose oaths and blasphemy was awful to hear. Some were lying on the cold, damp floor, asleep; some were drinking and smoking; one or two youngsters were fighting in a dark corner, and several were pinching, hitting, and provoking the old man, that they might enjoy the pleasure of hearing his awful curses. One or two of them knew Alfred, and remembered two or three little acts of kindness which he had done for them. They recognised him, and in their peculiar language—a slang which he really had to learn, as the missionary has to learn the language of the country he desires to benefit—told who he was, and the object of his visit. When they heard that he had come to read the Bible, there was a shout of uproarious merriment.

All sorts of indescribable noises were made. Braying, cock-crowing, the cackling of geese, and the sounds of other animals, would have convinced a blind man that one had led him into a farm yard. Accustomed to such scenes, Alfred stood quietly, waiting an opportunity of saying something which might arrest their attention. When the first act of mimicry had closed, he said,

'You seem very merry, my lads! I like to see people happy. But come now, is it *real*!'

'Tis!' cried two or three voices.

'Taint!' shouted the great majority—'taint, 'taint!'

'Tis! 'tis!' violently responded the first speakers.

Here there was some danger of a battle between them to decide the question, whether their seeming happiness was real or counterfeit.

'Hark, my lads!' cried Alfred, 'if you fight you'll spoil your fun. I would rather hear another concert of donkeys, cooks, and geese, than see a fight between brothers. Now let me decide this.'

'No parson here!' shouted the old man, with a terrific imprecation.

'I'm not a parson,' said Ashby; but I want to decide this'—

'Toss for it?' suggested one.

"No, not that way, my young friend. Let us 'divide the house.' Those who say its real, go to the right, and those who say it isn't, take the left." By this manœuvre Ashby hoped to keep them quiet for a minute or two, and to gain their attention to the great object of his visit. No sooner had he proposed the thing than, with a tumultuous shout, the 'house divided.' Five only went to the right; the rest—excepting two poor girls, who managed to sleep side by side all the time, and the old man—who would not stir from his position, but kept staring at the strange visitor, and muttering to himself—took the left.

'Now,' said Alfred, 'it appears, by the great majority, that your mirth was not very sincere. I thought as much; but then, of course, as I might be mistaken, I wanted you to speak for yourselves. There are five of you, I see, really happy. You five don't want to change your present way of life, don't want to better yourselves.' There was a whisper among the five. 'Hold master, please!' cried one of them. 'If you come it so, we alter our verdict. The jury are agreed. Guilty!' As he uttered the last word the poor fellows all crossed the room to the left side. The old man moved not from his place, but his mutterings increased in rapidity, and a half-suppressed oath occasionally escaped his lips.

In our April number we shall see the Prodigal brought home.

"THE OBEDIENCE OF LOVE!"

OR,

THEODOSIA ERNEST FOLLOWING CHRIST.

On page 28, last month, we saw *The Heroine of Faith* in her retirement with her God; and we heard her pleading at the Mercy Seat, before she went forth in a loving obedience to put on Christ, in the Ordinance of Baptism. We have told our readers, of the

reading of her heart in her giving up the earthly idol of her affections, because he despised the New Testament Test. of a Gospel obedience:—We have opened up the tender and trying scenes through which she passed with her venerated mother:—We shall now just furnish one other slight view of her movements—it is her going forth—forsaking *all*; and forsaking *every one*; and cleaving aloe unto Jesus—to the Truth—to His Obedient Church—and honestly and really “*demying herself*,” taking up the Cross; and venturing only upon HIM *who is the Lamb of God*: and of whose disciples John spake, when he said—“*These are they which follow the Lamb WHITHersoever HE GOETH*!”

Now, then, let us say three things; and then we pause to observe the patient endurance of Theodosia:—

First—we know some will throw contempt upon this narrative—as Mr. Percy (Theodosia's espoused one) did upon the ordinance of Baptism. We pity them.

Secondly—this narrative is a sterling and genuine record of facts; and is one of a most sacred and sublime character: we certainly, altogether, never read one more pure or more precious.

Thirdly—in bringing this thrilling narrative across the Atlantic, and from a high-priced American work, (the price of the two volumes being twelve shillings,) down into the half-penny numbers of CHERRING WORDS, we are certainly rendering service to those dear saints of our God that never could otherwise see it. We ask our friends, therefore, to aid our circulation. Take a packet of these CHERRING WORDS when you travel or walk, and give them away: good will be done.

Turn now, to the 28th page of last number; and then read as follows:—

“It was strange how the news had got abroad, yet it had spread like wild-fire through the town, that Miss Theodosia Ernest would that morning apply for baptism. At an early hour the school-house was crowded to its utmost capacity and before the services commenced, even the windows and the doors, and every place was occupied from which one could hope to catch a glimpse at what was going on within, or hear a word of what was said.

The church bells began to ring. Mrs. Earnest had all the morning been distracted between affection for her lovely child which

prompted her to go the school house, and pride which urged her to go and sit in her own pew as though nothing had happened. Curiosity to see and hear what Theodosia would do and say, and what sort of people these Baptists were, joined with affection in pleading for the school-house—and a sort of definite dread of what Mr. Johnson might say came to the help of pride. And, it may be, there was something like a mistaken sense of religious duty which spake on that side also. However this may be, the first few strokes of the costly and solemn-sounding bell which had been accustomed to call her to church seemed suddenly to decide her.

I want you to understand, Theodosia," said she, "that though I do not forbid, yet I do not altogether approve of what you are about to do, and I cannot sanction any such proceedings by my presence. I don't know what Mr. Johnson would think of me, if I should forsake our dear church to wander about after these new comers." This was a new disappointment to the sensitive child. She greatly relied on her mother's presence to sustain her in the untold scenes through which she was about to pass. She had also hoped that uncle Jones would call and go with her, but he had not come, and she was *alone*. Yet she was *not alone*, for she looked up as her mother was speaking, and in her heart said again, 'Not my will, but thine be done!'—And the Spirit replied, 'Fear not, for I am with thee; and be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' 'When my father and my mother forsake me the Lord will take me up.' I do not say that she felt no natural misgivings, no modest shrinking from going alone into a house filled with strangers, with the consciousness that every eye was on her, and every heart full of curiosity to see how she would look, what she would do, and what she would say; but she thought much less of this than my reader would naturally suppose. The peace of God was in her heart, and it gave to her mind and her manner a quiet yet determined calmness, and a collectedness of thought and perfect self-possession which was surprising even to herself.

She set out therefore, *alone*; for Edwin had not returned from Sabbath-School. Two or three times the mother turned and looked after her as she went, and wished she *could* consistently, and without displeasing Mr. Johnson, have gone with the dear child.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON:

LETTER XIII.

“Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand,
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.”

MY DEAR SIR—Now I shall feel more at liberty in continuing these letters. The dark mountains are past, and a fairer field opens before me as I retrace the steps of my youth.

What a glorious thing is youth! with all its buoyancy and aspirations, with all its energy and determination, with all its prospects of usefulness and happiness. It is like a giant running his race, waxing stronger and stronger, as the course still onward and upward brightens, as the steeper heights are gained. But how different, when you feel youth forsaking you, and the race not begun! To see time leaving you, and leaving you in a wilderness; and not only leaving you there, but leaving you pierced through with many sorrows, and constrained to justify his severest deed. “Oh, Time, Time! 'tis fit that thou shouldst strike thy murderer to the heart!” I saw all this, and I trembled, but I could not despair. I tried to bring all my trouble over me again, but it was not to be found; rather my spirit would leap up to God in the words of a hymn, which we used to sing in our prayer meetings at King Street Chapel, in earlier days,

“From Thee, the overflowing spring,
My soul shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.”

For years, I did feel the influence of my folly in consorting with a spirit that was not according to God's spirit, but seldom could I feel otherwise than that God was a rock and his work was perfect; (Deut. xxxii. 4.) and that, what God had done for me, was done for ever. (Eccles. iii. 14.) For generally, if I tried to despond, the vision and the mercy of Kennington fields, would present

themselves radiant, and blissful, so that though "remembering mine affliction, and my misery, the wormwood and the gall; my soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled within me. Thus I re-call to my mind, therefore have I hope." Lam. iii. 18, 21. I say the transactions of that memorable morning were ever present when trouble was near, and therefore I had hope.

"How high a privilege 'tis to know,
Our sins are all forgiven,
To bear about this pledge below,
This special grant of heaven."

It would be lying against my right, if I told you anything less than this supported me; and it would be keeping back the truth, if I did not declare that the gifts of that morning, were the jewels which Little-faith had and which even bold thieves could not rob him of.

But, now you wish to know how I got on in things pertaining to this life. Well, you shall know this also. I took lodgings at No. 8, St. George's Road, near the Elephant and Castle, and there, I remained fourteen months. I look at that house as I pass it, always with grateful emotions. How low I sunk there, and how graciously I was raised up, are themes which still demand and afford songs in the house of my pilgrimage. I had come to London this time to find a settlement for life; and I had determined to take the first thing, and anything I could obtain, and work at it for that purpose.

It was the hop season, and my friend in the Borough was busy, and I was appointed by him, an under-warehouse clerk. My business was to receive orders at the counting house, and at the warehouses, to get hops sampled, pressed, and weighed out or in, and render an account of these matters to the chiefs.

It was a new and pleasant thing to me, and I should have enjoyed a permanency in the trade well enough; but as spring came on, business fell off, and my supernumerary services were not required.

I was then unemployed for some time. I answered advertisements, and sometimes had my expectations raised; but otherwise, the result was nothing.

I was just now speaking in admiration of youth. Were I to attempt to descant on friendship, I should exceed myself.

‘Friendship, I owe thee much!’

There never was a day that I had not a friend! In all my rambles, and wanderings, some friendly spirit has ever been springing up, in places the most unlikely, yet welcome, and as pleasant as the gourd to Jonah. I have often wondered at the goodness of God, in this particular; for I have observed it constantly, and found it uniformly in action; so that I acknowledge no other power than his, in bringing it to pass.

“Friendship is the sweetener of life,
And solder of society.”

And God, who welds hearts together, dissolves the union, that man may not trust in man; but he causes the hearts of others to flow together; that man may trust in him at all times, and ever find him a refuge near; and man a ministering spirit, with a message of mercy.

Well then, though I have often been destitute, in this particular, I never was desolate. About this time, my friend Nathan Jones, whom I mentioned in Letter viii.; proposed that I should enter the Borough Road Normal School, to graduate for a school-master.

I cannot forget passing by, and gazing upon the building of that institution, the first summer I spent in London, in 1828. I wondered what kind of Students were nurtured there, and for what parts of the world; and my ideas were winged more by the word ‘Foreign’ than that of ‘British,’ as I read in the wire window-blind its designation,

‘BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY.’

So that when it was suggested that I should become a student there, my thoughts ran upon languages which I did not even know the names of; and in my ignorance and sloth, I clung to my country and my tongue, and as if there had been a lion in the way, respectfully declined the honor.

It was all well. Adversity is a hard school, but fools can learn in no other. Another friend procured me work at my trade in

Drury Lane, in the autumn of 1834. Here I was soon flattered with the prospects of being made foreman of the works ; a having a settled post and good wages. There was however a temptation, and a snare with these things, which made me anxious, which made me hesitate. I was particularly uneasy one Sunday, which I was passing as usual at Clamberwell, with this prospect.

It was impressed on my mind, that I ought to halt rather than proceed in this business. I was filled with this idea, and shaken with an agitation in my stomach the following morning, as I resumed my work in Drury Lane. That morning, the gas pipes were disinterred ; and as I stood over them, I was soon inflated to a painful degree with the mephitic odours. The next minute from my mouth, as water from a town pump, came with a rush the purple flood. I asked for warm water, and as I attempted to drink it, another rush of crimson blood threw it back. Hot brandy and water was then administered, and still the stream flowed on. I recollect the terror of the by-standers, who hurried me to a druggist's shop at the corner of the street ; the anxiety of the apothecary, who himself hurried for a coach, as soon as he had enquired and learned the distance of my lodgings. True, before he went he gave me some castor oil and peppermint, telling me that would stop the hemorrhage, but when he came back and found his surgery dilapidated ; his face was whiter than the ceiling, he was afraid I should die on his hands ; and he himself went with me, ordering the coachman to drive to Middlesex Hospital, where he said a board of Physicians was then in session. The result was, I was soon placed in a bed in Pepp's ward, and a card in front of the bedstead, intimated my ailment arose from 'inhaling Carburetted Hydrogen Gas.'

Thus was I cared for, receiving every attention ; and God's blessing so prospered the means used, that on Wednesday I begged to be discharged. On the following morning, I was well enough to express my gratitude to the board, for the benefits there received ; and at noon I left the hospital, and walked to my friend, George Pond's house, in the Strand, and from thence in the evening to No. 8, St. George's Road, having been absent from home four days.

Independant. of my debilitated state. I thought the suspension

of my labours by so alarming an accident, a sufficient warning to leave that employment; and having been unsuccessful in every endeavour to obtain anything else, I, in December, listened with great attention, when my dear friend, Mr. Jones, seriously proposed that I should now enter the School Institution.

Mr. Nathan Jones had in the kindest manner enlisted the interest of an influential gentleman, who introduced me to the school room, where I had an opportunity of ascertaining the nature and mode of education there imparted.

Under the direction of my friends, I drew up an application to the Committee for admission to the school. Mr. Nathan Jones and his friends first signed it, then Mr. I. Beeman, and several of his friends, and now also, a vote of thanks from the committee, Superintendant and Teachers of my Sunday School at King Street Chapel, which had been spontaneously accorded, and sent after me when I first left Canterbury, was a valuable testimonial. I was introduced to committee of the British and Foreign School Society, and was examined by William Allen, of Plough Court, and was admitted. On the sixth of January, 1835, I went into residence, and began the curriculum of a British Teacher of that day.

I immediately felt that I was in my proper sphere, and with much thankfulness, I applied myself assiduously to my labors in the school by day and continuously to my studies to qualify myself to those labors.

Not more than six weeks had elapsed, when one evening I was summoned to the presence of Mr. Henry Dann, the Secretary. He asked me if I could take charge of a school. I replied in the affirmative.

But could you manage a school of two or three hundred boys?

Yes, Sir!

Do you think you could reduce a dis-organized school of that number to order?

I should have no hesitation in trying to do so.

Very well. We wish you to take charge of such a school. It is a very important one. The master has been for some time ill, and the school needs much tact, energy, and prudence. I think you may be entrusted with it, and to-morrow morning you must go to

the North London British School, Clerkenwell, and do your best, and I wish you success. You will return here every evening."

I conducted that school to the satisfaction of all parties. After some weeks passed there, I was thought worthy to be sent to Ly-mington, in Hampshire, to organise a school on the British system, while the master sent up from that place, spent three months at the training institution in the Borough Road. I returned from Ly-mington with high testimonials, only to await now an opening for a good school for myself.

This school system had been grasped by me at once, and my mind opened to instruction and in imparting it to others, I progressed rapidly myself; and that which was true in my case, I afterwards realised in my monitors, and indeed, here is the secret and efficiency of Moriforial system, a system which I have never seen surpassed.

It was towards the close of the month of July that the Secretary, who came from Nottingham where his father at that time was Coroner, told me I had been appointed to a school in that important town.

'It was a new school opened only at the beginning of that year by a very talented teacher; it was in a prosperous condition, and watched over by an earnest Committee. The health of the present teacher was not good, and he was now only awaiting the arrival of his successor to vacate his post. I had been selected after much consideration, and he believed the expectations of the friends of the school would not be disappointed.'

I left the Borough Road School for Nottingham by coach on the morning of the 3rd of August, 1835. On that day, the Committee of that noble Institution sent forth with many tokens of its regard as a certificated enunciator of its principles, and a demonstrator of its system,

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

THE BAPTISM OF THEODOSIA ERNEST IN AMERICA;
AND THE BAPTISM OF EDWARD SAMUEL A CONVERTED ISRAELITE;
IN LONDON.

The above powerful paper (illustrative of facts the most intelligent and interesting,) is given in the **EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD** for March, 1857, price 2d. London: Partridge & Co., 84, Paternoster Row. Robert Banks and Co., 182, Dover Road, S. E.

A MOTHER'S CHEERING THOUGHTS

OVER THE GRAVE OF HER INFANT CHILD.

The race is run, the spirit has fled,
My babe is numbered with the dead;
Yet though on earth she's now no more,
She is not lost, but gone before.

My darling babe has passed away,
Up to the realms of endless day;
Her stay with us on earth is o'er,
She is not lost, but gone before.

A little while she lingered here;
Her presence did her parents cheer;
Then Jordan's flood she crossed o'er,
She is not dead, but gone before.

With Jesus now she is at rest,
Folded for ever to his breast;
Sorrow and pain she'll know no more,
She is not lost, but gone before.

In yonder glorious realms of light,
Methinks I see her spirit bright;
Before the throne the Lamb adore,
She is not lost, but gone before.

With Seraphim, and Cherubim,
Sweetly she joins the solemn hymn;
Her God and Saviour to adore,
She is not lost, but gone before.

Best be the Saviour, who did give
His life, that little ones might live;
And praise his name for evermore,
They are not lost, but gone before.

The blow to us indeed is great,
We feel as if our hearts would break;
Yet though we see our child no more,
She is not lost, but gone before.

Oh, may we meekly bow to Thee,
Who hath in thy all-wise decree,
Blighted our hopes for evermore,
In one not lost, but gone before.

Keen are the pangs, oh, Lord, we feel,
Yet Jesus, thou, our wounds can heal,
And bid us weep for one, no more,
Who is not lost, but gone before.

Bid us now by faith to rise,
And view beyond the azure skies

The blood-washed throng, who all
adore
The Lamb, with her that's gone before.

From her mother's arms thou call'dst
away,
Up to the realms of endless day,
To dwell with thee for evermore,
My child, she is but gone before.

One sabbath morn she went to rest;
With saints and angels now she's
blest:

Has reach'd in peace the blissful shore,
She is not lost, but gone before.

Then join my soul and sing the love,
That took from thee thy harmless
dove;

Sent angels from yon radiant shore
To take her home, she's gone before.

And now she's numbered with the
dead,

Up to her native skies she's fled;
The cross for her the Saviour bore,
She is not lost, but gone before.

Low in the dust her body lies,
Yet at the last great day shall rise;
Her dust the Saviour watches o'er,
She is not lost, but gone before.

Soon, my babe, I hope to meet,
And cast my crown at Jesus' feet;
Oh! may I reach yon heavenly shore,
And find thou art but gone before.

Ah! very soon and we must die!
But, if the Saviour then is nigh,
He'll lead us safely Jordan o'er,
To meet the ransomed gone before.

Oh! prepare us, dearest Lord!
Wash us in thy precious blood!
And, at last, when time is o'er,
Receive us Lord, to part no more.

Then we'll shout, the Lord victorious!

Hallelujah! thou art glorious!
Join in praise the heavenly host!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

London, February, 1859.

K. HOLLS.



The Prodigal Brought Home ;

OR,

ALFRED ASHBY IN ONE OF THE DUNGEONS OF
LONDON.

ON page 43, we looked at, and listened to, Alfred Ashby, while he began to call up the attention of his audience (in one of the dungeon lodging houses of London) to something higher and happier than the mere degrading and soul-destroying pursuits of a wretched vagrant's life. It is not long since we found Alfred endeavouring to condole a poor woman, whose only son—William Jones—had turned out wickedly, and had run from home. In this dungeon, where Alfred is now surrounded, by a herd of abandoned characters, he finds, and takes home, poor William Jones. See how he does it. After he had gained their attention, he said :

"I want to read to you a very curious story which I am sure you will like to hear. It will only take about ten minutes, and I suppose none of you are particularly engaged at present. All who wish me to read the story, hold up their right hands." It was done. All were held up.

"Very well," said Alfred, "seeing you have agreed, I rely upon your honor that you will not interrupt me during reading, but I shall be happy to answer any question you may put to me afterwards."

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He then opened his pocket Bible, and read very slowly and distinctly the inimitable parable of the Prodigal Son. They were all attentive while he read. Afterwards, several questions, some of them not a little singular, were put to him. By a few sensible and kind remarks he tried to answer their questions—asked if any of them who had parents living, wished to return to them, or if any would go to a Ragged School, or work for their bread if employment could be procured? Various answers were given to these questions. One said,

“Why, sir, we are all thieves. Who will employ us?”

“I know you are, my poor fellows,” said Ashby, “And a sinful and miserable life it is. But, surely, you wish to reform, and I know there are kind gentlemen who would give you employment, if you would only promise to work, and live honestly.”

Some of them said they would, affirming their sincerity with an oath.

Hearing this, Ashby said, “But there is one difficulty which I can’t remove. You can though, if you like.”

They asked what that was. “Why,” he replied, “the gentlemen who might try to find employment for you won’t believe you in your sincerity if you swear to it. They will take your plain word, but not your oath.”

This remark had a strange effect upon them. They whispered to one another, and seemed under the influence of a new idea. Alfred glanced towards the old man, and saw that the remark agitated him deeply, obviously increasing the torrent of his imprecations. That he might give them time to think over this gentle, and, therefore, powerful rebuke, he remained silent for a short time, and then said—“Now I want you all to do like that poor fellow in the story I have read to you, to return to your Father—to return, I mean, to your heavenly Father, the merciful and gracious God. Will you?” There was no reply; but there was deep silence.

“By-the-bye,” said Ashby, “some time ago I lodged with a worthy couple, the father and mother of one boy. They were plain, honest, hard-working people. They were very fond of their only son, and they toiled hard in the hope of giving him a better education than they got when they were young. But he had left

them, and gone they knew not where. His poor mother was very sad about it. I had no employment myself at the time—indeed, I was very poor, and should sometimes have wanted bread but for her kindness. How happy she would be to see her son—her prodigal son—again! I cannot reward her for her kindness, but I should be very glad to find him and bring him home to her. Perhaps some of you can help me in this matter.” They all readily agreed to this, and of course asked the name of the lad. Ashby feared that his name would be of little value by way of leading to discovery, as each of them, doubtless, had a number of names, and, perhaps, none of them the right one.

Nevertheless, he could but try, and he said, “do any of you know a lad of the name of William Jones?” This name seemed strange to them all; but as Ashby mentioned it, he rapidly glanced at those lads present who were apparently about the age of the youth in question. But the look was fruitless. He might be among them, and yet shew no sign. The dexterity with which such persons can assume different appearances, and conceal by their countenance the real feelings of their minds, is astonishing. They are adepts in hypocrisy, so much so, that even the police are sometimes baffled in their efforts to identify them. Still, Alfred thought he saw a slight change of colour on the face of one of the lads, when he described the grief of the mother; and, when he named the wanderer, that lad dropped, as if unconsciously, a short pipe he had in his hand. All this, however, might be nothing of consequence. The Scripture Reader bade his strange audience farewell, saying, that he would make inquiry for something in the shape of honest labour for any of them who might be willing to accept it, and that he would return to them in three days. Winding his way through the dark and dangerous courts towards the public thoroughfare, and just when he had caught sight of it, some one touched his arm. Looking round, he saw a young man, who said, hastily,

“Please, sir, will you speak a word to me?”

“Certainly,” said Alfred. “What is it?”

“Are you sure that William Jones’s parents would take him in if he ventured to go back?”

“Quite sure,” replied Ashby, startled, and still more so from the

fact that he recognized in the speaker the lad who had dropped the tobacco-pipe. "But what makes you ask? Do you know him?"

"Yes, I do sir, too well. I am William Jones."

"Strange! Well, this is a great pleasure to me, and if you will return home it will be a still greater joy to your parents."

"I will, if you go with me, and if they promise to say nothing of the past."

"I will go with you, and I undertake to make that promise in their name." On the following evening there sat together, in the house where Alfred had lodged for several months, the father, the mother, the returned prodigal, and the Scripture Reader. An evening of unusual happiness was closed by Alfred's reading the fifteenth chapter of Luke's gospel, and offering earnest prayer. Alfred knelt, the parents knelt, and, last of all, the restored one knelt also—and he has often knelt since, for he is "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

THE BAPTIST PREACHER.

THE NARRATIVE OF THEODOSIA ERNEST,

CONTINUED.

WALKING by herself—alone, yet not alone,—we left the Heroine of faith, last month, going, for the first time, to the poor little Baptist Chapel. We shall now just take a peep at her, as she listens to the preacher. A new character is introduced this month, in the person of Mr. Courtney. Of him we shall have much to say, when time and space permit. Theodosia arrives at the Chapel. Her historian says:

Mr. Courtney had taken it for granted that uncle Jones or some of the family would accompany her, and when he saw her coming by herself, he hastened to meet her, and conducted her to a seat.

The preacher was not the same who had been there before, but a stranger who had providentially been sent to fill his place. He was a man about forty years of age, rather below than above the ordinary size; his complexion dark, his hair slightly silvered with

grey, and the top of his head almost bald.—His eyes, and indeed the whole expression of his face were somewhat peculiar. He seemed to have been long in feeble health, and his face was marked with lines of suffering. Its habitual expression was one of *sad and sorrowful resignation*. The casual observer saw in it no evidence of lofty genius, or of even extraordinary talent—and yet he was an extraordinary man. Though he had but slight acquaintance with the technicalities of logic, he was a clear and powerful reasoner. Though he knew little of the scholastic theories of theology, he was wonderfully familiar with the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles. Though he professed no acquaintance with the metaphysical subtleties of mental philosophy, he knew full well how to convince the understanding and move upon the hearts of his hearers. He was not familiar with the ancient classics, yet his style was pure and strong, and not entirely void of elegance. His tones and gestures were not formed by any rules of oratory, yet he was sometimes very eloquent.—When he first rose, there was a slight rusticity in his manner, and something in his dress which for a single moment struck Theodosia unpleasantly—but there was, also, such an air of trusting meekness, that this impression was removed almost as soon as made. His text was John xv. 14—“Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.” And the main object of his sermon was to shew the vast difference which springs from hope, or grows up from fear, and the willing and *true* obedience of the Gospel which is produced by *love*. It was a deep, heart-searching discourse, and must have left on every attentive hearer’s mind the sad conviction that genuine Gospel obedience is much more rare than is commonly imagined.—We cannot follow him through all his argument; but we may not omit one portion of it. “The obedience of *love*,” said he, “makes no division of Christ’s commandments into essential and non-essential. ‘Ye are my friends if ye do *whatsoever* I command you,’ whether *you* think it important or not. We know that we love him when we have respect unto *all* his commandments. The obedience of *hope* says, how much *must I do* to be permitted to enter heaven? The obedience of *fear* asks, what may I omit to do, and yet escape from hell? The obedience of *love* simply enquires, ‘Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?’ It does not ask, what *must I* do, but what *can I* do to

show my love to Jesus? It does not ask how far I *can venture to disobey*, and keep my hope of heaven? How far off can I follow Jesus, and yet not be disowned of him? Oh, never, never! He who will obey Christ no farther than he may fancy is *essential to salvation*, has never obeyed him at all. Love of self, not love of Christ, is his controlling motive. He is striving not to *please* his Saviour, but to secure his *own personal happiness*. Love teaches a different way. Love *delights* to do his will. Love delights to do *all* his will. Love never asks, what is *essential to salvation*, but what did Jesus Christ *command*? Love never asks, how little may I do, but how much can I do? If he commands, that is reason enough. He is no loving child who will obey his father only in those things which he must do, or be disowned and disinherited. He is no loving child who will do all he dares to grieve a doting parent whom he believes will pardon all, and love him though he grieves him. He who truly loves him will obey his slightest desires as well as his most peremptory commands. He who truly loves will study to know all his will, and in his very heart delight to do it—not to avoid disinheritance—not to secure his estate—not to enjoy his fathers bounty, either present or prospective—but simply because the father wishes, asks it, or commands it.

(More to come.)

SONNET

Christ is our hope! and tho' we oft times groan
 Beneath the pressures of this mortal vest;
 Yet shall these pent-in souls ere long find rest :—
 Soon shall we stand before yon awful throne
 Of Earth's Dread Judge, firm and unmov'd; no frown
 Will pierce our hearts :—secure we stand in one,
 Who in his mind look'd through the map of time,
 And saw us wallowing in the depths of crime :
 He in his love (too vast to be express'd !)
 Did pity; (for he knew God's strict behest.)
 Yea offer'd to redeem from such a state
 Us for himself, and bear the ponderous weight
 Of our deserts: nor did he fail;—on Calvary's Tree
 He paid the price in death! and rising set us free. PARVUS.

A CHEERING SIGHT.

BAPTISING AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

ON Wednesday evening, the second of March, 1859, many hundreds of persons were to be seen flocking into that sacred place in the Borough Road, where Mr. James Wells preaches the Gospel to thousands of people. On the evening in question, he baptized forty-five persons; and in the following extract, which we give from the address he delivered on that occasion, it would appear, that the whole forty-five were penitent believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. The address having been published, the following extract is from a printed copy. In the early part of that address, Mr. Wells said—

“You will find in all the Scriptures, if we take the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles, you will find in all these that the persons baptized were partakers of the Holy Ghost: that they were real Christians. Take for instance, in the first place Matthew iii. there “They were Baptized in Jordan, confessing their sins;” they knew what they were as sinners. If you ask, to what extent they knew what they were as sinners? the answer is that at this ordinance sets forth the death and resurrection of Christ, and therefore the substitutional work of Christ, for he died not for himself, the Messiah was not cut off for himself, he was cut off for sinners; therefore, when it is said, “they were confessing their sins,” the meaning is, that they were sensible of their need of that which is indicated by this ordinance; they were sensible of their need of a substitute; and that substitute is the Lord Jesus Christ; “He bare our sins in his own body on the tree.” That is one feature of the character. And every one of the candidates coming forward this evening, have given proof that they do feel their need of the Lord Jesus Christ; and that they do see forgiveness in the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ; and if they see no more than this, if they feel no more than this, if they are brought thus far, and only thus far, on the heavenly road, they are in the right path, in that way in which by degrees there will yet be unfolded to them the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of God, that passeth knowledge. And you

will find that in the same chapter, where those who were baptized, were baptized confessing their sins; in that same chapter, it is indicated that the same persons were the children of Abraham spiritually, that they were persons of the same faith, and brought into the bond of the same immutable covenant. I will appeal to the candidates, as well as to the assembly at large, upon this point; and there is not one out of the forty-five candidates now before us, who has not been brought to receive, in the love of it too, the testimony of God's immutable covenant: "He swore by himself, because he could swear by no greater,"—they are therefore brought into the bond of the same covenant as was Abraham; and therefore, are the children of Abraham. Therefore the first feature of the character of those who have any right to be baptized, is that conviction of sin, that brings them down to the Saviour's feet, brings them into the bond of God's covenant. But then to be brought thus to the Saviour's feet, and to be brought to receive the truth of God's immutable covenant in the love of it, and to be beyond doubt or fear, assured of interest in it, are two distinct things.

Surely, under the heavens, no scene could be more delightful! There we were gathered together, so densely crowded, that not another could get in. There stood the honored pastor of the church—the minister of the place, with his deacons, and elders, and candidates around him. Thousands of glassy eye-balls were rolling over the different features of the service; while the preacher poured out a stream of hot and holy truth, illustrative of the good beginnings and gradual growings of the grace of God. Our thirsty souls would ever pray that all who did that night put on the Lord Jesus Christ, by baptism, may never be permitted to cast a shade upon the beauties of that glorious scene.

"THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST."

By T. W. MEDHURST, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

I HAVE just witnessed the preciousness of Jesus' blood, as realized in the experience of one of Zion's children. Being sent for to visit a young woman very ill with consumption, I went and found her very low in body, but peaceful and happy in soul;

taking her by the hand, I said, "My dear sister, you seem very ill in body; how is it with your soul?" Never shall I forget her joyous expression of countenance, as she replied, "happy, happy." "Where is your happiness found?" "In the precious blood of Christ!" "How long have you felt its preciousness?" "About two years; but more particularly after hearing you preach, Sir!" I then said, "did you merit this blood?" She answered, "Oh, no, I wandered far, very far from God, but he sent his own Son after me, who brought my soul out of darkness."

Calling on our sister two days after, I said, "I am sorry I could not come to see you before, but I have been prevented." "Ah," she replied, "man often disappoints, but God never, he is always faithful, and ever present." Referring to her father, who had excused himself from visiting her, by pleading inability to meet the expenses of travelling, she said, "If he had asked God for the money, I am sure he would have given it to him; but never mind, my heavenly Father is present with me, I need not want any one else, he is all in all." Some time after this visit, Satan was permitted to assault her soul with violent temptations, concerning which she remarked, "Satan is a coward, he knew I was weak, and so took the advantage; but the Spirit enabled me to withstand, it was hard work at the time, but 'tis over now, thanks be unto God." I said, "Are you afraid of death?" She replied, "No," death has no terror since my Jesus died, I long to depart and be with him."

Dear reader, what know you of that "precious blood," the power of which our dear sister so fully realized? Have you felt its preciousness to your soul? If you have, be encouraged, for you shall ever find its efficacy the same, its virtue is inexhaustible, its reality is ever sure; it was shed for all the chosen, and all the chosen shall participate in its security, and blessedness; to impart peace, purge the conscience, enlighten the understanding, repulse the adversary, and smooth the dying pillow. Rejoice, for heaven awaits you, and all the blood-washed company! Victory is certain! for Jesus our Covenant Head, has conquered, and through him, we shall be more than conquerors. To those who see no beauty in Christ, I would quote the words of the Psalmist, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations who forget God."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

LETTER XIV.

“ My God, I would not wish to see
My fate with curious eyes ;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.”

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been thankful, and am thankful, that I can say with the Apostle, ‘ I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.’ (2 Tim. i. 12.) Yet I am not unconcerned about, nor unconscious of, tokens for good. I have just received a letter from a gentleman at an educational establishment in Bonn, on the Rhine, whom I left at the Borough Road School, when I set out for Nottingham. That gentleman gave me a good report of Nottingham, and caused me to feel that in going thither, I was going to a home. And I was so convinced of this, that I was not dismayed by adverse tokens, such as

1st. The carriage that bore me that morning from the Borough to the City, came suddenly to a stand, by its wheel flying off, when I was thrown from the box, but without injury.

2nd. As I travelled that day on the top of the stage coach, I was seized with cramps in my stomach, which threatened to cut short my journey.

3rd. Instead of being welcomed by the master whom I was to replace in the school, no other appearance could have been less welcome to him.

I have often entered Nottingham since, and looked upon the lights which then marked the approach to that flourishing town ; and I again think of the hope which animated me, when a timid little stranger, I reached it in 1835 ; and again, I thank God from the ground of my heart for his marvellous loving-kindness to that little stranger.

I stopped that night, where the coach stopped, at the May Pole Inn ; and the next morning, after breakfast, having looked over the fine Market Place, and enquired the way to Canal Street, I came in sight of the School about 10.30 a.m.

In "Orange's History of Nottingham," published in 1840, this notice of that school occurs: 'British School, Canal Street, is a large spacious building, capable of containing 500 scholars, and erected principally through the benevolent exertions of William Roworth, Esq., Mayor, and is supported by voluntary contributions. The cost of the erection was £1,478. 17s. of which \$550 was defrayed by Government. The lower room which is entered at the east end by two doors is appropriated to the boys. Mr. John _____, Master.'

I entered that morning by the north door of the two 'at the east end,' and the intruder's eye soon met the quick restless enquiring one of the active teacher. I said, 'I was there to succeed him, and from what I had heard, I presumed that intelligence was agreeable to him. But while I spoke so, I could see I had never been the cause of so much pain to any one before.'

The fact was, he was a clever teacher; the school had opened prosperously, he had been successful in organizing the numbers and training the monitors; the results had drawn forth commendation, and the little man was not strong enough to be temperate in this particular. He had a large share of the love of approbation in his composition, and to have full draughts of this, he had resigned three months before I came.

It was mortifying to him that the resignation had been accepted. He had hoped it would have drawn forth protestations; that the Committee would have intreated him to consider the consequences, and avert the destruction of the school by withdrawing it. But there was a saving clause in the acceptance, upon which he had reposed, until I appeared that morning: viz. 'that he be at liberty to leave the school as soon as a proper successor be obtained.' Now he thought no 'proper successor' could be found; that the Committee in London would say so, and the Committee in Nottingham maintain its dignity, and the master too by silence on the subject. Alas, for him! He was dealing with men of business, they worked while he dreamed, and now he was without an excuse, and without a school. I comprehended all this without his confession, and then hastened to present my credentials in the proper quarter, and being received, was informed that I had been expect-

ed the night before. It was at a "Friend's" house, the Secretary of the schools, and there I was told I might remain until I could obtain suitable lodgings, and there I remained a month, and the "Friends" there were a comfort to me, and have been friends to this day.

The master had been sheltered in that house, and fed at that "Friend's" table all the months he had been in Nottingham, and therefore *there* I met him that day at noon; and before the week was out, it was arranged that I should take possession of the school on Monday.

Now bearing in mind what I have stated, you will not be surprised to hear that in leaving the place the *quondam* master evinced much reluctance. He deferred his departure from day to day, and from week to week, coming frequently into the school 'to sing one more hymn, and to take another farewell;' and this to the entire unsettling of the sufficiently unsettled minds of the scholars. And when at length he did so, I found from parents, that his visits had been paid to them also, assuring them that "his absence would be but a short one, and that though his system required some relaxation, he should have no rest until he returned." The result was, all my endeavours in the school were unsatisfactory. Insubordination was rife within, and the punishment it elicited, was the subject of loud complaint without, so that my continuance there was a burden almost too heavy for me to bear. It was the day of adversity, but I was not permitted to faint. I was on a rough sea, wind and tide against me, but there was no back door of escape, and only by perseverance, could I hope for safety. Though on one side I was thrust at sore, on the other I was supported and encouraged, and triumphed. Difficulties there, as they often do, became stepping stones to distinction.

In the Summer of 1836, it was announced that Lieutenant Fabian, the travelling agent and Inspector for the British School Society, had arrived and would visit my school.

When the generally-dreaded man entered the school with its supporters, a glance would have told you that he was disposed to exact much, and not be amiable if a fault could be detected.

A monitor was to exhibit the order of the school, by putting the boys through the various drill exercises then practised.

Next,—A class was selected by him to be examined in spelling, with etymologies, prefixes, postfixes and illustrations.

Third,—A reading class in Scripture, as a starting point to test their biblical knowledge.

Fourthly,—Slate and mental arithmetic were rigorously enquired into.

Fifth,—Geometry and mathematical science.

Sixth,—Geographical and astronomical questions were put, and

Lastly,—Selecting boys he orders one to draw a map of England; another, the map of Palestine; and another the map of Europe. These boys immediately fall to on the stone floor, and without copy, sketch with chalk correctly and quickly their respective maps, with the distinguished features and places of each, to the increasing astonishment of those collected around them.

I hope some remarks in these letters may supply suggestive hints to edification. I will try to apply this about maps as a practical one in your children's education. It is a fine attainment to be able in any place, and be ready at any time, to delineate a country. It is easily attained by children, and as readily drawn as a word is written. Both are gained in the same way: by repeated efforts until they become natural and easy. This is the method.

Hang up your map. Arrange your pupils in a semi-circle, in front of it, with slates and pencils. Direct their attention to the western outline, and let them practise on it until they can draw it without a copy. Then the northern boundary; then the eastern, lastly, the southern. Afterwards take the rivers, next the mountains, then the cities, the scenes distinguished by great events, and so on, as progress is made.

The imitative power is soon developed in children; the hand assists the eye, and the united effort makes the impression on the brain the deeper. And where there are several children standing at the same time, imitating the same figure, an innocent emulation is awakened, and a perseverance is engendered which will issue in comparative perfection.

But to return. From that day of inspection, I had the confidence of the Committee, and unrestricted control of the school. The Bible was read daily from the desk; comments given, lessons drawn, exhortations pressed home, and applications made. And

these things by the blessing of God superseded the necessity of any corporal punishment, when once authority had been established.

In that school was seen the power of moral influence. It was ruled by love. That school was a mighty blessing to the neighbourhood, and to me also. I have met with many of my pupils since under pleasing circumstances. I will give a few instances.

In the year 1847, I was standing with a friend at the Melton station. Our attention was drawn to a young man working the telegraph, to which he had been summoned by the tinkling of a bell.

We drew near to watch the movements of this new mode of communication. We ventured some questions, addressed to the intelligent youth. He answered them with so much modesty and judgment that I was charmed. I asked him 'Whence he came?'

'From Nottingham.'

'What school did you go to there?'

'Canal street school, sir.'

'May I ask your name?'

'William Marriott.'

It was my little mental calculator of that day referred to above, and the chief of a large class that would have done honour to any school.

At a subsequent date, on making an enquiry at the Archdeacon's office, the Clerk addressed me by name. On expressing a desire to know how he had an advantage of me which I did not possess with regard to him, he told me he was a scholar in Canal Street School. Ah! And he was the boy of all others most ready in Scriptural Knowledge, and my best monitor in that department on that same day.

I once received into that school a big youth, introduced by a note from a gentleman, who commended him especially to my notice on account of his deplorable condition. He had fallen from a roof while acting as slater's labourer; he had lost one leg, and nearly, or quite one eye; he was without father, and his mother was poor. When a child, his education had not been cared much for, and now nearing manhood he was unfitted for labour.

I encouraged the big boy, and kindled hope in his bosom. I placed him by himself, and in every way assisted his ready effort,

now directed to an object. I had told him, with hope struggling against hope, that he should be a school-master. He laboured hard, he gathered knowledge, he was punctual, he became a great help to me in the government of the school. He felt his power; and his necessities and desires made him anxious to do something for himself. He became a source of anxiety to me, because I knew not how to fulfil the hope I myself had raised, and which he had now qualified himself to expect.

About this time a gentleman applied to me for a senior monitor to open and organize, and carry on, a little school, on the British system at Beeston, until they could obtain a master, willing to come on the small salary they could give. Here was a fine opening for my *protégé*! But there were difficulties and objections which tossed us up and down on the sickening waves of uncertainty. At length, when nearly all hope had been resigned, Mr. ——— came one Tuesday morning, and it was then arranged that on the following Monday, T——— should open the school at Beeston, if he could come dressed as a master. Ah, that was the difficulty then. His clothes were so worn, greased, and unsightly that it grieved me to contemplate him in them.

As I paced the school, praying for some way to serve the lad, and fulfil my word; as my spirit sank within me, a gentleman who had never visited the school in my time, entered, and looked around. He was a gentle spirit, commissioned on an errand of mercy. T——— was on duty in a distant part of the school; his voice was now and then heard commanding "silence," otherwise he looked like a sparrow alone.

"If we may compare great things by small."

The wealthy banker said, "Who is that young man?"

I mentioned the circumstances under which he came, and his diligence; not adverting to the peculiarity of his situation at that moment. Before Mr. Henry Smith, for it was he, left the school, he said, "I should like to do something for that young man. . . . I should like to give him a suit of clothes."

You may be sure I was thankful.

The tailor was sent, the clothes came, the Beeston school was opened. T——— grew in knowledge and favour; and when last I

saw him, and heard of him, he was a flourishing National School-master, married and respected. He has been in that same school now sixteen years.

I tell you this, my dear Sir, as I have told you many similar things, to the intent that we may again realize the fact, "The Lord preserveth the strangers; He relieveth the fatherless and the widow." Psalm cxlvi. 9. And because I know the tender mercies of the Lord are a pleasant theme to you, as they are ever a grateful and a pleasant one to

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NO. II.

On Monday, March 7th, 1859, we held a pleasant meeting in Zion Chapel, Anne Street, Plaistow. There was a crowded audience. I was requested to preside. In the midst of the crowd, I was perched behind a table, and stuck upon a stool in order that all might see, as well as hear me. That cheerful and pleasant brother in the gospel, J. E. Cracknell, opened the meeting by pouring forth a fervent prayer for the heavenly blessing. The present minister, Mr. Hardwicke, gave a long and truthful address upon Love; then brother Cracknell reviewed the history of this cause. He began it in a cottage, by reading, praying, and speaking. The Lord added unto them; they had now a nice chapel; and all things appeared to indicate that the name of the city still is, "*The Lord is there!*" John Stammers, and his good wife Priscilla, with their excellent Superintendent, friend Staines, bear the office of elders and deacons well; and the hope is entertained that a good gospel church may yet flourish in Plaistow Marsh. It is one of the sweetest pleasures on earth, to see the gospel kingdom spreading its delightful influence in the dark parts of the earth. A young man, of the name of Watts, also addressed the meeting; and appeared full of an evangelical spirit. He belongs to Mr. Bowles's Church at Poplar; and bids fair to make a good VILLAGE PREACHER.

There is a place, not far from Aldersbott Camp, called Hungary Hill; on this Mount stands Bethel Chapel; in that chapel, Thomas Drake preaches the Gospel of Christ. He was a publican, and a sinner; but, the amazing grace of God effectually called, changed, convinced, and converted him to God. He now stands as a bold and successful VILLAGE PREACHER; as a devoted Pastor; and a real friend to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. We hope the work of grace, as wrought in his soul, will some day be given in full. Such miracles of mercy should not be hidden.



The Village Preacher's Notes.

'The Lord hath comforted His people: He hath redeemed Jerusalem.' Isaiah lii. 9.

The last note I made in CHEERING WORDS, was of the meeting in Plaistow Marsh: I will now take a brief review of some of the little visits I have made since; and of some of the words I have heard, as fulfilling in measure that delightful prophecy, '*the Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all nations; and all the earth shall see the salvation of our God.*'

The sixteenth of March, I journeyed to that sweet village, called *Down* in Kent. The good minister, my honest, humble, and most tender-hearted brother *Carter*, met me with his poney and chaise, and drove me to *Hope Cottage*; the residence of himself, his excellent spouse, and devoted daughter. *Down* stands on a nice little hill; it is a pretty place: the old Church, and its many hundred-year old Yew-tree presents a scene of antiquity and rural beauty rarely equalled. In that village stands the Baptist Chapel, where for many years brother *Carter*, has preached the Gospel in purity, in patience, and with many tears and prayers. He has never been what is termed 'a popular man:' he has not always been what some would call a prosperous man; but every one in the parish, (and all round the neighbourhood) knows '*Master Carter is a Good Man!*' He has walked uprightly before the people, by God's grace, for a long period; as a minister, and as a Christian, he is most

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deservedly esteemed. It is cheering in this careless world, now and then to find a man whose *life*—in its main course—is a witness to the truth of the gospel he preaches and professes. I went to his chapel: I have been there before: it was filled with a most attentive audience: and we spent an evening in preaching that gospel which is ordained of heaven to be the power of God unto salvation. Reader! forsake not the house of prayer:—despise not the gospel of Christ: never persecute the followers of the Lamb. They are the excellent of the earth.

Another small spot, wherein are found a few believers who have, for years, fought manfully for the truth as it is in Christ, is Wooburn Green, in Buckinghamshire. This little place is a valley, almost surrounded by hills; giving it the appearance of a bason. The Green is a fine open space; around it stand the villas, the cottages, the paper mills, the inns, the shops; and two or three places of worship. In the aristocratic corner you may see 'EBBENZER BAPTIST CHAPEL:' as unique a building as you could wish to find. CORNELIUS SLIM was once the devoted pastor of the church. The last settled minister was WILLIAM WILSON; as sincere a Christian as you are like to meet in these days. But one day William thought his work was done at Wooburn; and some good people at Riseley wished him to come and preach the gospel to them: so William and his worthy wife removed; and very happy we hope, they are; but the widowed church at Wooburn is left for a while. We had a refreshing season there at the last quarterly meeting in March. On Easter Monday, our esteemed brother, Edward Samuel, preached there, and immersed in water, a sister in the Lord. John Linsey, of Trowbridge, is about to take his stand there for a month; and if the Lord will make use of him to feed the living; and to awaken the dead; it will be a joyful revival for Wooburn. Happy as man can be, this side of heaven, have I been many times among the people there. My old friends, the deacon, Howard and his wife—have, for years, borne the ark of the covenant upon their shoulders. They will not lose their reward. Travelling early one morning to Chatham, where, in Enon Chapel, I spoke twice on March 27th, I had these words upon my mind—'*And great shall be the peace of thy children.*' I put myself close up in the corner of a carriage; and there I mused silently on the words,

looking first, into the term '*Children*;' their heavenly birth; their experimental training; their obedience to the faith; and their relationship to *Christ*, their elder brother; and their everlasting Friend. Secondly, at the *Peace* which shall be given them, when all the cares and sorrows of time shall be left behind. It was a blessed day, and the friends were kind to

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

[If the "Village Preacher's Notes" are useful, I can give plenty more—ED.]

SPRING.

'So lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come,' &c.
Canticles ii. 11, 12.

See the tender green blade shooting through the rich soil;
It shall recompence the husbandman's toil.
But my desolate soul seems to grow only reeds,
Or brambles, or thistles, or cankerous weeds.

So the orchards with newly formed blossoms abound,
Odoriferous perfumes exhaling around.
Ah! where are my blossoms? shall they always be found
To be blighted—to perish, and fall to the ground?

Hark! hark to the linnæ—the skylark—the thrush;
Their mellifluous notes, how they put to the blush
My poor unmelodious efforts to raise
To the God of my mercies an anthem of praise.

But listen again—'tis my Saviour I hear;
"Poor disconsolate soul, bid adieu to thy fear;
My heart's blood has bought thee, I share all thy pains;
I will bring thee at last to the rest that remains.

Rochampton Street, Pimlico.

P.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

LETTER XV.

"Now, as on rising ground I stand,
Reviewing what is past,
I see that love and wisdom planned,
My path from first to last."

MARCH 9th, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR—It is twenty-one years this day, since my beloved mother's death, and sweet is her memory still!

"Forget her! No! Can life's short years,
The deep impression wear away?
She still before my mind appears
Abroad, at home, by night, by day."

But I shall not speak of her henceforth, for nearer and nearer comes the moment when mother and son shall, without fear of removal and without a veil between, re-unite

"To bless the sacred name,
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb."

From the time of my mother's decease, I have looked up more than before. I have been more a stranger upon earth since her removal from it. God was pleased by that stroke, to snap cords which bound me down. I have been since, like a bird on the wing; weary-winged at times, but still, with youth renewed like the eagles, I mount up with wings as eagles, and my eyes behold afar off.

Before I quit the subject, which this day recalls most forcibly, I shall afford myself the pleasure of transcribing my mother's last letter to me, and probably the last she ever penned. I saw her soon after the receipt of this letter for the last time on earth, and from that day, I have desired in any way to see her again, but the sight is deferred until *we* together bow before the throne as the *redeemed* from among men, and obtain joy and gladness as the *ransomed* of the Lord:

"Canterbury, February 8th, 1838."

TO MY BELOVED SON JOHN AND HIS DEAR EMMA.—Through the goodness of the Lord, I have made the attempt to write a few lines, to say, I received your dear letter, which I have so ardently longed

for, that I might but see your hand writing, and read of your welfare once more.

"All came safe to hand this morning. Words are too weak to speak forth the feelings to all my friends, both in London, yourself and my dear children at home, who have shewn all tenderness and affection to me.

"I am told this day, that Charles has written you, informing you how ill I am. Now I hope he has not made out worse than I am. It is very evident to me, the Lord is taking down my tabernacle on earth, but whether it is to stand for a short time longer, is only known to the Lord, who has the keys of death and hell. Oh, that I may be found in him! And the manner and the time be the Lord's! We thank you for remembering us in your prayers, and oh, that the Lord will enable you to pray for my soul's happy deliverance.

"My dear children, I may never write to you more, but, hear me now! Nothing ever gave me a greater pleasure than to hear of my children walking in the truth; and I never repent of any thing so much than that, I have not honoured my God more, and lived up to my great privileges. But bless his holy name, he has never left me totally to myself, and he has been my constant provider. Now my dear John, farewell for the present; perhaps I may sometime write again; for sometimes I flatter myself I shall live a little longer. I am so happy to hear you are so comfortable with your Emma. That is as it should be. May your happiness increase more and more.

"My dear daughter—I cannot close this letter without one line of love and affection to you, and to bless the Lord for the union of feeling and affection between you and my dear son. May you be very long happy, enjoying the blessing of the Lord to rest on all your pursuits, both spiritual and temporal, and enjoying uninterrupted happiness between yourselves, is the prayer of your affectionate mother,
K.'

"All send their love."

From this letter, my dear sir, you learn that I was a 'Benedict' before my mother died. I was married at St. Peter's Church, Nottingham, October 3rd, 1837. In the providence of God, I was led to enter into that state with a 'prudent wife.' (Prov. xix. 14.) She has been the mother of all my children. She has been the sharer of my subsequent wanderings, and she is the partaker of (such as they are,) my present honors.

My mother's prayer has been granted. The blessing of the Lord has rested on all our pursuits, and we to this day enjoy uninterrupted happiness.

My pursuits at the time of my marriage were school and literary studies. The Greek and Hebrew languages were intensely cultivated by me at that time. I will tell you how I was induced to attempt Greek:

Before I left London, I had purchased 'Oswald's Etymological Dictionary.' That book shows the roots of our derived words in the character of the original language from whence they are derived, and there I first acquired the knowledge of some Greek letters, as I taught my boys the source of such words as Geography, Chronology, Astronomy and Botany. But as I looked upon the alphabet, there were many of the "Capitals" which 'puzzled' me. Then some of the small letters had two or three forms, and some of these even altered their shape, as they were medial or final. Thus, I continued to look from time to time, hesitating to do what I knew must be done, before I could overcome these difficulties. About that time, I, one fine spring afternoon, was walking with my earliest Nottingham friends, J. K. D. and G. P. in the Trent meadows, purpled with their indigenous crocuses all bathed in sunlight, and myself then as joyous as nature was. Mr. D. was speaking of books, and asked our friend P. what book at that time occupied his reading hours? Mr. P. replied, he was reading *The Epistles of John in Greek*. I immediately drew back with terror to hide my confusion. I was dumb with fear, lest they should speak to me of Greek. How completely ashamed was I of my procrastinating habits. I had wasted opportunities, which, if improved would have enabled me to have joined in their conversation with pleasure. I was actually ill; and as soon as I could I withdrew from the company of my friends, and, as I was a bachelor, hastened to my lodgings in Houndsgate. I had bought before that day 'Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon to the New Testament.' The Grammar is bound up with the Lexicon, and there I turned to the alphabet and faced it this time with resolution. I copied the alphabet, and I did it again and again, until I could do it without the book, as in my last letter, I said my boys drew their maps from habit and memory.

After this victory over myself, I entered upon the well known

Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ Λόγος. John i. 1.

and began to learn the declension of Nouns.

From the first real effort, I was repaid with pleasure surpassing the labor, in the power to trace an English word derived from Greek to its source, and to understand its component parts in their original form, as economy from οἶκος, a house and νόμος a law; economy. The regulation of a house.

But much more was to be done, and now I look back with thankfulness that God brought me into acquaintance with a Christian lady, named Mary Chambers; one able to lead me, and whom I was willing to follow. This lady was blind, but very learned in the classics and mathematics, and one who enjoyed her treasures most, when others would participate thereof.

With Miss Chambers, then, I read the Epistle to the Hebrews, which she knew *memoritor*, and which she kept in memory by repetition. The first chapter I have never forgotten. We went through that chapter, until I could enjoy the euphoniousness of the language, where scarcely a word of it was understood.

The sweet, earnest voice of Miss Chambers still rings in my ears, as I think of the care which she manifested in teaching me the principal parts of the verbs as they presented themselves in our first lesson.

ΠΟΛΥΤΜΕΡΩΣ καὶ πολυτρόπως ὠάλει ὁ Θεὸς λαλήσας κ.τ.λ. Heb. i. 1. λαλήσας (having spoken) is called the 1st aorist participle. It is formed from

Present.	Contracted,	1st Future.
λαλεω	λαλῶ	λαλήσω

The 1st Aorist Indicative is formed from the 1st Future, by changing the ω (o mega) into α (alpha) and prefixing the augment ε (epsilon): thus 1st. Future λαλήσω, changed to λαλήσα, then prefix the augment ε and you have ελακῆσα. Now run through the moods to the participle:

Ist. aor. Indicative. Imper. Optative. Subj. Infinitive. Participle.
ελαλήσα. λαλήσον. λαλήσαιμι. λαλήσω. λαλήσῃς. λαλήσῃ.
There you have the word!

As soon as I understood the use and beauty of this method, I thirsted for a larger enjoyment still of this mellifluous tongue as it is said of Cato the elder, "Cato major Græcas literas senex didicit, quas avidè arripuit quasi diuturnam sitim explere cupiens."

And the Grammar and Lexicon accompanied my readings. I might with pleasure to myself, continue my recollections of progress, but that is not my object. What I have mentioned is done in grateful memory of friends whom God gave, and that I may encourage others to taste the pleasures which the Greek Testament affords: with this word of caution. 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' Prayer and labour must go together, diligence in business with fervent prayer. 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God.' Jas. i. 5. Then whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' Eccles. ix. 10.

"Bene orasse est bene studuisse."

I had purposed to enter upon another subject in this letter, but I will close with a literary mite thrown into the treasury, from which I have drawn so much.

I have put the Greek Prepositions as they govern the cases of nouns into easy rhyme with the hope of assisting your young people in this important part of speech; and I think it will be profitable to illustrate each word according to its limited or extended range by instances, but this interesting labor, I will leave for those who desire to profit by my hint.

ὃ δὲ ἔχω, τοῦτό σοι διδωμι. Acts iii. 6.

The prepositions in the Greek language are only eighteen, and are divided into three classes.

The first class governs one case

'Αντί, ἀπό, ἐκ, and πρό,

Govern the genitive you know.

'Εν and σύν the dative rule,

Εἰς, or εἰ, the fourth controul.

The second class governs two cases.

Διά, κατά, ὑπέρ, each

The second and fourth cases reach;

'Ανά to the fourth and third

Is an authoritative word.

The third class governs Three cases.

Μετά, παρά, πρὸς, ὑπέρ,
'Ἀμφί, περί, ἐπί, do
For three cases power receive,
Genit. Dat. Accusative.
τῷ θεῷ δοξά

FROM THE CARPENTER'S SON.

EBENEZER ERSKINE AND HIS CHILD.

'Upon the 7th day of December, 1720, my dear, sweet, and pleasant child, Isabel Erskine, died of the small-pox. I remember that a day or two before the child fell sick, she was in my closet. She and I being alone, I took her on my knee and dandled her, and she was very fond of me, took me round the neck and kissed me; which engaged my heart very much. But my love and affection to the child filled me with a strong desire to have Christ formed in her soul, and thereupon I began to commend Christ to her. The Lord helped me to speak of Christ to her in such words as were suitable to her capacity, to which she seemed very attentive. Particularly, I told her, I remember, that she would die, and that it would be better to die and go to heaven where Christ is, and where she would meet with her dear mother, than to be here; at which words the dear child gave a broad look in my face, as if she had been taken with the thing. I bless the Lord, who put it in my heart and mouth to converse with her at that time. I hope the Lord entered into her heart with what I said to her. She died pleasantly, without any visible pang or throes; her soul, I hope, being carried by angels into Abraham's bosom.

'I take it kindly that the Lord comes to my family to gather lilies, wherewith to garnish the upper sanctuary, 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.' And oh! it sometimes affords me a pleasing prospect to think that I have so much *plenistia* in heaven before me, and that when I enter the gates of glory, I shall not only be welcomed by the whole general assembly of saints and angels, but wife and my four pleasant babes will, in a particular manner, welcome me to the regions of glory, and I shall join in the hallelujahs of the higher house which shall never have an end.'

GRACE TRIUMPHANT,
 A MEMORIAL TO THE
 CONVERSION AND DEATH OF JANE PITTS,
*A Character well known in the Towns of Plymouth, Dock, and
 Stonehouse.*

O'er heaven's gate, a motto stands engrav'd,—
 'Let sin alone be damn'd, but sinners sav'd';
 And o'er the gate of hell's dark dismal cave,
 'Jesus the purchase of his blood will have:'

WHERE Tamer's torrent to the ocean ran,
 There liv'd a wretch who feared not God nor man:—
 Whose worthless name in life's fair volume stood,
 Mark'd as a trophy of redeeming blood.
 Of human kind, the very curse and scum;
 Hopeless in this, and in that world to come.
 With God himself, an open war she wag'd,
 Nor heaven nor hell a single thought engag'd.
 Deaf as the adder to the charming sounds
 Of mercy, through a Saviour' bleeding wounds;
 And blind to wisdom as th' incarnate mole,
 She stumbled on, and sinned without control:
 When night's dim mantle veil'd the cheerful sun,
 And man from toil to his repose was gone,
 Throughout the town methinks I see her rove,
 As if by hell's infernal legions drove:
 And oft invoke heaven's dreadful ire to fall,
 With horrid cry "Damnation on her soul."
 Or with intoxicating vapours dead,
 Her limbs are o'er the filthy kennel spread,
 Without one friendly hand or pitying eye,
 Till he the good Samaritan came by,
 Bound up her bleeding wounds, his love to shew,
 And o'er the wretch his spotless mantle threw;
 Said, with a look of love the most divine,
 'This day I bid thee live, for thou art mine.'
 O love! beyond the Seraph's piercing eye,
 Where heights are lost and depths unfathom'd lie!
 And length, and breadth, alike are known no more;
 A sea without a brim, a bottom, bank, or shore.

Ye advocates for human merit, try
 If ought like this the grace of God could buy ;
 And blush to think that such a thought from hell,
 Should for a moment in your bosom dwell.
 Say, was it chance, or God's unerring skill.
 His everlasting councils to fulfil,
 That caused her feet to that dear spot to move,
 Where friends should pass, who spoke of Jesu's love ;
 That sound, though soft, was louder heard by far,
 Within her soul, than all the din of war ;
 And did at once her heart to pieces knock,
 Though harder than the adamant rock ;
 Then was an heart of living flesh bestow'd,
 The first new covenant promise made by God.
 Now down her cheeks in tears of sorrow roll
 The deep contritions of her wounded soul :
 Those very eyes, that once abused their sight,
 Did now to heaven lift up their wat'ry light :
 And that same tongue, that once blasphem'd again,
 For mercy call'd, through Jesu's blood and pain.
 Amazing change ! from death to life restor'd
 Such was thy all-creating fiat, Lord,
 Who out of nothing called the pond'rous earth,
 And gave to universal nature birth !
 The work was thine ! 'tis wond'rous in our eyes—
 Be thine the pow'r, the glory, and the praise.
 This was th' auspicious day of God's great grace.
 Sure, by decree, to all the ransom'd race,
 When Jesus did his mighty arm display,
 And grace, victorious, crown'd the glorious day.
 Then the bright host their hallelujahs sung,
 Till heaven's concave with shouts of triumph rung ;
 And grace was first and last in every song.
 With holy, heavenly love each bosom glow'd,
 For all to grace ten thousand talents ow'd,
 Harmoniously their loud hosannas raise,
 And hym'd the Father, Son, and Spirit, thus :—
 ' Not unto us, O Lord not unto us,
 But to thy name be all the glory due !
 Great Three in One, eternal ages through !'
 Hell heard the joyful acclamations made,
 And murmurs fill'd the dire infernal shade.

That one so vile, so foul, so black as she,
 Both justifi'd and glorifi'd, should be !
 Now meet for glory, by the second birth,
 It pleas'd the sov'reign Lord of earth
 To call her hence, to that pure world of bliss
 To love, and praise, and see him as he is.
 But ere the summons came to leave the clay—
 Of matchless grace, oh ! what a full display,—
 'Twas her delight of Jesus now to tell,
 Whose blood could save so vile a wretch from hell :
 'On this foundation sure, (she said) I'll roll
 My naked guilty, filthy, sinful soul.'
 To one, a papist, near her dying bed,
 She stretch'd her clay-cold trembling hands, and said,
 On Jesus rest, for other hope there's none,
 His blood the sinner's ransom paid alone ;
 Make him the rock, your everlasting stay,
 And cast your idols, beads, and priest away.'
 Her race was run. She dropp'd the mortal load,
 And took her flight to glory and to God.

No fun'ral dirge was o'er her ashes sung,
 Mortals were mute, but not th' angelic throng—
 They sung responsive round the eternal throne,
 The wond'rous deeds Almighty Love had done.
 For grace to accomplish nothing is too hard,
 It Saul unhors'd ; and Lidia's heart unbarr'd,
 Sav'd vile Manassa too, that ruffian bold,
 In divination ; blood, and murders old ;
 And with a look of everlasting love,
 From Mary's breast a seven-fold demon drove.
 And, oh ! the wonders of its power to tell !
 Poor Jane of Scotland, from the jaws of hell,
 Sav'd as the dying thief, by grace alone.

Who left the gibbet for an heavenly throne,
 At Jesu's feet her crown she humbly lays,
 For ever lost in wonder, love and, praise.
 No faith foreseen, or works, or duties done,
 Which thousands rest their soul's immortal on,
 In whole, or part, the wonderful grace procur'd,
 God to himself the glory all secur'd.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is a haven to the shipwrecked mariner, an anchor unto them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of disease, and a guardian of health. Prayer, at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the cloud of our calamities. I speak of Prayer as a *means* to a certain end. Prayer also, is an all-efficient panoply, a treasure undiminished, a mine which never is exhausted, a sky unobscured by clouds, a haven unruffled by the storm, it is the root, the fountain, and the mother of a thousand blessings. I speak not of the prayer that is cold and feeble, heartless and lifeless, and devoid of energy; I speak of that which is the child of a contrite spirit, the offspring of a soul converted, born in a blaze of unutterable inspiration, and winged, like lightening, for the skies. The potency of prayer hath subdued the strength of fire; it hath bridled the rage of lions, hushed anarchy to rest, extinguished wars, appeased the elements, expelled demons, burst the chains of death, expanded the gates of heaven, assuaged diseases, repelled frauds, rescued cities from destruction, changed prisons into palaces; it hath stayed the sun in its course, and arrested the progress of the thunderbolt; in a word, it hath destroyed whatever is an enemy to man. I again repeat, that I speak not of the prayer engendered by the lips, but of that which ascends from the recesses of the heart—the prayer of faith and love. Assuredly, there is nothing more potent than prayer, yea, there is nothing comparable to it. A monarch vested in gorgeous habiliments is far less illustrious than a kneeling suppliant, ennobled and adorned by communion with his God. Consider how august a privilege it is, when angels are present and throng around, and with breathless attention listen to the petition of the suppliant; when Cherubim and Seraphim encircle with their blaze the throne; that a mortal may approach with unrestrained confidence, and converse with heaven's dread Sovereign.

CHATTERS.

THE BRUISED REED NOT BROKEN.

I ENTERED the little room. It was clean and tidy, with a bed in one corner farthest from the fire, by the side of which, in an old arm-chair, sat an idiot girl about seventeen years of age. She was

dressed neatly, and looked happy, though ill. Her mother, a respectable-looking woman, was by her side. I took an offered chair, and drawing near the girl, asked how she was. She replied, 'Sick.' 'And what have you in your lap?' pointing to a book which lay there. She opened it, and with an expression of delight I shall not soon forget, reached it to me. It was the New Testament. 'Do you love the Lord, my dear child?' 'Oh yes,' she replied, though with great difficulty: 'Jesus is good.' 'He is good, my poor child; what a mercy for you that he has enabled you to know it!' 'Oh yes,' she repeated again; 'Jesus is good. Mr. Maclay good man; Mr. Maclay tell poor Ellen of Jesus.' I turned inquiry to her mother, who told me her simple, affecting story. She had a year or two back been convinced that she was a sinner, and her distress of mind in consequence was so great that it brought on the illness (paralysis) with which she is now affected. Her intellect, feeble from her birth, is now nearly gone, and she is able to understand little else but that 'Jesus is good, and loves poor Ellen;' and this is her constant cry. She is always reading her New Testament, which, with a hymn book, is her constant companion. She was very attentive to all I said of the Lord, and listened with great eagerness. I read to her a hymn she gave me, and then, looking earnestly in my face, she said, pausing between each word, '*In—my—Father's—house—are—many—mansions.*' As she could with difficulty speak, I repeated to her the following verses. But oh, what an expression of joy and delight did she manifest! Her whole body was convulsed, and her ecstasy seemed too much for her poor shattered frame to bear. She spread both her hands before her face, while tears of joy stood in her eyes. As soon as she could speak, 'Jesus is good; Jesus loves Ellen,' were the words which seemed most fully to express her whole heart. So great was her agitation, and so incessantly and rapidly were these words repeated, I was compelled to lay my hands gently upon her, and soothe her to silence. When I left her humble abode, I thought, 'There dwells an heir of glory, a joint-heir with Christ, in a cellar-kitchen, rich in faith!' Oh, how true the precious word of God: 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, and weak things of the world, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, and things which are not, that no flesh shall glory in his presence.' From *Mrs. Winallow's Life*.

NO HOPE! WHO CAN TELL!

DEAR FRIEND,—It has been on my mind for some time to write you a line, but I am such a poor thing, I do not know, how to write, and I often think no one will notice me, if I do. I often feel not fit to live, nor fit to die. Oh, how true are Job's words in my case, "of few days, and full of trouble." Ah! Full of trouble. Sometimes it seems more than I can bear. At one time, about ten years ago, I was sull of trouble, in every sense of the word. In providence, in health of body, and fearing there was no help for me. In this state I went to the Chapel where I attend, and there was a stranger to preach that night. He read for his text, 'I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause.' (Job. v. 8.) Oh how I tried to pray immediately; that I might seek unto God, for I well knew no other hand could deliver me; and the preacher so traced out my path, that I did in my own soul say, that's me; I am that character; surely there is hope for me; and the dear Lord so confirmed it in appearing in such a wonderful way in providence, and set me free, mark, only for a time. The preacher was that dear man of God, Mr. Roff.

At another time I was ill, and driven to my wits' end, to know how to pay my way. I went into the field, and lay on the ground on my face, and wished I could pray; as I lay there, these words came into my mind, "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise saith the Lord." Oh, thought I, surely I am poor indeed; poor in providence, not knowing what I should do, there seemed starvation before us; poor in health, for I was then very bad with the gravel, as well as consumptive; poor in spiritual matters, which was by far the greatest poverty, as it leaves the others as nothing when compared with that. Ah! my friend, it is trouble indeed when brought into it. I said, "Lord, I am poor, I am oppressed; do undertake for me; do arise for me;" and I seemed to get up with a "who can tell" hope that he would arise and set me at liberty; and in two or three days after, I met a person who wanted to know how I was in health, and how I was getting on, for he had found me in trouble once before, when my landlord was determined to have his rent, and I had no money to pay it with; and at this time my wife had gone to bed quite ill, and

my little boy-teo; and as soon as the landlord was gone, I tried to pray to the Lord to appear for us, for I had no where else to go. In less than an hour a gentleman came in; (he was almost a stranger) and asked how I was, and I suppose could see I was in trouble; so he asked me what trouble I was in. I said I was afraid of being turned out by my landlord. He said, I will lend you this sovereign; I am glad I called on you, I was going another way, only I seemed turned in my mind to call to see you; I know the Lord has sent me; and wishing me many blessings, said good bye. I said, Is not this the Lord's hand? Oh, that I could praise his holy name!

Soon after this, I met him again, and after enquiring about me, he said, I was thinking if I lent you 20 or 30 shillings, it would help you to trade with. This seemed to overcome me, I could scarcely speak; he said, I will call to-morrow, good-bye.

The next day came, but he did not call; this tried me; Ah, thought I, he fancied from my stammering way that I was deceiving him, and I concluded he would have no more to do with me; but it was a wet day, which encouraged me a little. He came the day after and brought me three sovereigns more, which I was to pay at a convenient time, saying I might have the use of it for a year or two. Oh that I could thank the Lord for his goodness toward me and mine. It was at this time, and with this money that I came down to pay you, and a few other little debts, that lay very heavy on my mind, and this seemed the way I ought to act: pay first my debts; and as I was on my journey coming down to see you, I kept praying to the Lord with these words, "Lord, go before me; Lord, go before me." I did not notice the fields much, but these words were continually in my mind, "Lord, do go before me; Lord, do go before me;" and when I came to your house, behold, you had gathered some money for me, to my great surprise. So I felt sure the Lord laid these words on my mind, for he says, 'I will be enquired of, to do these things for them.' I could mention many more troubles, and many kind providences, in raising me up many friends in times of need, so I must raise my Ebenezer, "hither to the Lord hath helped us." Hoping this may find you all well as it leaves us.

A. WORSFOLD.

Note. The writer of the above letter died at Deptford, on the 23rd July, 1868, aged 33 Years; leaving a widow and two little children.

W.B.



MR. SPURGEON'S REPORT
OF
THE DEAD MEN,
AND THE DO-NOTHINGS IN OUR CHURCHES.

I was at Plaistow anniversary the other day ; and after the services were over, we sat down to wait awhile until the train came to take us to London. Among the company, was our friend Rayment, a useful Itinerant preacher ; and having no work to do himself on the previous Sunday morning, he had been to the Music Hall, to hear Mr Spurgeon. He considered Mr. Spurgeon was most wonderfully improved ; in fact he was marching fast on towards being the greatest man, as a gospel preacher, that ever was known. Well ! I felt cheered. Because I have always hoped Mr. Spurgeon would prove himself a genuine, a God-sent, and an extensively useful minister of Jesus Christ ; although the *extreme opposites* in doctrine and sentiment now and then issuing from the same man, have staggered me for awhile. But as many have said, '*He is a young man, and he must have time to grow and to get ripe !*' By thousands it is hoped that a new covenant ripeness for gospel usefulness and for a glorious inheritance, will be found with the projector of the Leviathan Tabernacle. In the same week, two elderly dames called on me to furnish some information respecting a poor female professor of the gospel ; and when this was done, Mr. Spurgeon and his sermons were introduced. Had I seen

such and such a discourse? If I had not, I ought to do so. Well, I obeyed. I turned into Mr. Payne's (the publishing warehouse, near the gate of the Dover-road—a depository peculiarly excellent for variety, neatness, and civility) and there I purchased one or two of these extraordinary Sermons; the next morning I arose and read them. Criticisms of sermons in CHEERING WORDS would be out of place; and I am not disposed to find fault where I am not forced too. I was not made to give sour words, but sweet and wholesome words. Therefore all I shall say is this—I think the following a most exact description of a large majority of our parsons, people, and worshipping places in these days, I do indeed. Why, bless my heart alive! to hear most men preach and pray, you would be ready to suppose that satan was gone into a dead sleep; sin had become a nonentity, and that all the people had now become so pious that all that is necessary is either to tell them how safe they are for heaven; or, if they are not so, how easy that safety is to be obtained. Yes! it is a fact—a dead and dreadful fact; for now, instead of men preaching with earnestness and energy—instead of publishing the truth in faithfulness, freeness, and with all their souls in the work; they have either turned their pulpits into fashionable band-boxes, or into polite drug-shops where the most refined opiates are administered with a soft and delicate hand. Such being the case, I do like Spurgeon for this one thing. He has knocked up a dust—he has gathered together the people—he has made a most tremendous noise—he has done good to some, and he has told the old professing church her faults plump to her face. And who can tell what will come of all this?

The following are Mr. Spurgeon's own words:

“As I look around on many of the churches, yea, on many members of my own church, I am apt to fear that they are not God's children at all because they have nothing of this holy violence. Have ye ever read Coleridge's *Ancient Mar*

iner ? I dare say you have thought it one of the strongest imaginations ever put together, especially that part where the old mariner represents the corpses of all the dead men rising up,—all of them dead, yet rising up to manage the ship ; dead men pulling the ropes, dead men steering, dead men spreading the sails. I thought what a strange idea that was. But do you know I have lived to see that true : I have seen it done. I have gone into churches and I have seen a dead man in the pulpit, and a dead man as a deacon, and a dead man holding the plate at the door, and dead men sitting to hear. You say, ‘Strange!’ but I have. I have gone into societies, and I have seen it all going on so regularly. These dead men, you know, never overstep the bounds of prudence,—not they : they have not life enough for that. They always pull the rope orderly, ‘as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen.’ And the dead man in the pulpit, is he not most regular and precise ? He systematically draws his handkerchief from his pocket, and uses it at the regular period, in the middle of the sermon. He would not think of violating a single rubric that has been laid down by his old-fashioned church. Well, I have seen these churches—I know where to point them out—and have seen dead men doing everything. ‘No,’ says one, ‘you can’t mean it!’ Yes, I do, the men were spiritually dead. I have seen the minister preaching, without a particle of life, a sermon, which is only fresh in the sense in which a fish is fresh when it has been packed in ice. I have seen the people sit, and they have listened as if they had been a group of statues—the chiselled marble would have been as much affected by the sermon as they. I have seen the deacons go about their business just as orderly, and with as much precision as if they had been mere automaton, and not men with hearts and souls at all. Do you think God will ever bless a church that is like that ? Are we ever to take the kingdom of heaven with a troop of dead men ? Never ! We want living ministers, living hearers, living deacons, living elders, and until we have

such men who have got the very fire of life burning in their souls, who have got tongues of life, and eyes of life, and souls of life, we shall never see the kingdom of heaven taken by storm. 'For the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.'

[The foregoing may not be considered very '*Cheering*,' but they are truthful, powerful, and stirring words. I pray the Lord to throw them—(like hot living coals of heavenly fire,) into the midst of the thousands of cold, dead, and formal professors and pretenders—who are dreaming of some kind of heaven—but who feel not the need of God's salvation; nor do they understand that mysterious violence whereby the oppressed take the kingdom.]

[Another fearful feature of the delusive spirit of our '*Christian Times*' is this—that multitudes *assent* to the doctrine that the Church of Christ is a *working*, an *evangelising*, an enterprising community, but these *more assenters* leave others to do the work. Here is a description of them from Mr. Spurgeon. He says:—]

'Fight the Lord's battles.' If you are the soldiers of the heavenly King, 'To arms! to arms!' 'Fight the Lord's battles.'

Here I would observe, that there are some people who are very fond of looking on and not fighting. Perhaps five out of every six of our church do little but look on. You go to see them, and you say, 'Well, what is your church doing?' 'Well, we bless God, we are doing a great deal; we have a Sabbath-school, with so many children; our minister preaches so many times, and so many members have been added to the church. The sick are visited; the poor are relieved.' And you stop them, and say, 'Well, friend, I am glad to hear that you are doing so much; but which work is it that you take? Do you teach in the Sabbath-school?' 'No.' 'Do you preach in the street?' 'No.' 'Do you visit the sick?' 'No.' 'Do you assist in the discipline of the church?' 'No.' 'Do you contribute to the poor?' 'No. Yet I

thought you said you were doing so much. Stand out, sir, if you please; you are doing nothing at all. Be ashamed! Your Master does not say, 'Look on at the Lord's battles,' but 'Fight' them. 'Ah,' says one, 'but then you know, I contribute towards the support of the minister; he has to do that.' Oh! I see, you have made a mistake; you thought that you belonged to the English government, and not to Christ's government. You have been paying for a substitute, have you? You are not going to fight in person; you are paying to keep a substitute to fight for you. Ah, ye have made a great mistake here. Christ will have all his soldiers fight. Why, I am not kept to do the fighting for you: I will endeavour to encourage you, and nerve you to the battle; but as to doing your duty, no, I thank you. The Romanist may believe that his priest does the work for him; I do not believe any such thing in my case, nor in the case of your minister. Christ did not serve you by proxy, and you cannot serve him by proxy. 'No, 'he his own self bare our sins in his own body,' and you must work for Christ in your own body, your own self, with your own heart and with your own hands. I do hate that religion which another man can do for you. Depend upon it, it is good for nothing. True religion is a personal thing. O soldiers of the heavenly King, leave not your lieutenants and your officers to fight alone. Come on with us; we wave our swords in front. Come, comrades, on! We are ready to mount the wall, or lead the forlorn hope. Will you desert us? Come up the ladder with us. Let us show the enemy what Christian blood can do, and at the sword's point let us drive our foes before us. If you leave us to do all, it will be undone; we want all to do something, all to be labouring for Christ. Here, then, is the exhortation to each individual Christian—'Fight the Lord's battles.'

[Before leaving this subject, I add one word—there is a numerous host of men springing up prepared to their best: but a good drill sergeant is wanting—a little discipline would fit hundreds for fighting well with the sword of the Spirit. Let us who love the truth, unite!]

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

LETTER XVI.

'Blessed be the Lord: for he hath shewed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.' Ps. xxi. 21.

MY DEAR SIR—Soon after my settlement in Nottingham, I was invited occasionally to occupy pulpits in small adjacent places. I well remember preaching one afternoon at Radford, from the words which stand as a motto to this letter.

God's kindness to me had been marvellous. He had shown this especially in a strong city, where I might have been crushed. And I blessed him for that kindness in glowing terms.

I showed from the Psalm that he who could so praise God, had prayed to him in great necessity:—(Verses 1 to 3.)

And that because of—

I. The net privily laid (4.) This net, fabricated by the devil from the nervous fears of those who in their wish to go right, often go wrong; as Peter in the Hall; and I, in Canterbury. The reproaches and lies which give to fear and shame strength to overcome feeble believers.

II. The trouble of soul and body into which these things bring sensible sinners, (9, 10.) The desolate and broken state to which this trouble reduces them, (12.)

III. The blessing then craved, (16.) The goodness displayed, (19.) The security vouchsafed, (20.) Hence the praise in the text, (21.) From the exhortations which close the Psalm, I was so enthusiastic, in speaking of God's preservation of his people, and the literal fulfilment of his promise to those who trust him fully, that I feared afterwards I had said too much. I trembled, lest I should be put to confusion before them to whom I had boasted of such minute providential care, as to make it 'marvellous;' and I continued to fear until the following 'marvellous kindness' confirmed me in my confidence of boasting.

At the time of our marriage, my wife and I were both equally averse to debt. But my wife, calculating with the greatest certainty upon forty pounds which was her share of a Mortgage, already,

CHEERING WORDS.

or about to be paid into the hands of a deceased uncle's executors, had ventured upon a few extras at the Draper's, and at the Furnishing Ironmonger's. I had contracted a debt of about ten pounds.

On an appointed day, I repaired to receive the mortgage money, which, after deductions made by the Uncle Executors, whether fairly or unfairly, I never did stop to reckon, amounted to £13 0s. 2½d. The Uncle who paid me the money gave me what he called a farthing over; 'But,' said he, 'It is the last farthing you will have from me.' Well I took home this fragmentary portion of the forty pounds to my wife, who liquidated her little responsibilities with it; but mine remained, and I was now without any resources.

By this time I had made some inroad upon Hebrew reading, which I studied hard at home, during the winter evenings of 1837 and '38. My dear Miss Chambers, with whom I had read Greek, had a great desire for the *לשון הקודש* 'Leshon Hakkodesh,' as the Jews call the sacred tongue; and every afternoon before I returned to my own habitation, I repaired to her house, then on the 'High Pavement,' to read Hebrew to her. Now this good Lady had frequently said to me, 'Mr John, do you want any money?' But honied and enticing as the question was, I had always stoutly answered 'No! Miss Chambers, I do not!'

One afternoon however, I had been thinking that Christmas was near; I had been married three months; the forty pounds had taken wings, and if my knives, *et ceteras*, were not soon paid for, I should feel ashamed to see Mr. Buttrum, my creditor. These thoughts were so heavy on my mind, that I felt, I really did want some money. I hoped Miss Chambers would ask the question that day, and if she did I resolved to accept a loan. But how could I expect she would, as I had refused her kindness so frequently before? We met. We had read our portion. We were about to part, and no intimation about money, when suddenly turning towards me her sightless eyes, alas! she said, 'Oh, Mr. John, do you want any money? As I have some, and you can have it.' I borrowed ten pounds. And I assured her that she could have it again at any time she wanted it. I felt so confident about the repayment, because I was confident God had interposed for me in the present

instance. And as it came in answer to prayer as it came providentially; I looked at that moment for the same hand to supply it from some other quarter when it was required. Time rolled on. No mention was made of the money. But as I was a daily visitor to my creditor, I often pondered upon the rash assurance I had volunteered, 'You shall have the ten pounds, Miss Chambers, on any day that you may ask for it.'

Easter Monday arrived. It was a holiday in our schools. There were no pence coming in on that day. The purse was empty, and the cupboard nearly bare. On that day however, I repaired in the morning to my literary friend, to read in the law of the Lord. It was on the 15th April, and she had lately removed from the Pavement, to Park Street, yet no removes ever interrupted our sacred studies. But he who groans under the burden of debt, and knows the liability to be asked for it, will understand my feelings that morning better than I can describe them. The lesson was again over. The conversation flagged. The hat was in the hand for departure, when my dear friend, after taking a pinch of snuff, and shrugging her shoulders as she only did when she was about to say something she had rather not say, exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. John, will it be convenient for you to let me have that money?' It was but a moment. A groan struggled through my conflicting emotions, and unheard and unseen ascended. The upward glancing of the eye followed it. (See Nehem. ii., last clause of 4th verse,) and I replied, 'Miss Chambers, you shall have it to-day.'

'Oh Mr. John! any time this week will do.'

'Miss Chambers, when you were so kind as to lend me the money, I told you, you could have it at any time, and you shall have it to day.'

She felt grieved, lest I should feel it an inconvenience; and I, though I did not see how, felt assured I should return it that day, according to my word.

I had a walk of more than a mile into the country to my home. My first house, as a family man, was on Sherwood Hill. All the way home there were nothing but groans, and cries, and intreaties, that God, the God of all power and might, would appear for me, and bring me out of this strait! Yes, there were a few confused ideas of the value of some small silver spoons, and perhaps a silver

watch ; but, even all my portable valuables seemed nothing to the amazing sum of TEN POUNDS !

I reached home. My wife was still in town, and I awaited her arrival. I had no idea still *how*, but I did believe the money would be paid. My wife returned about 1 p.m. I told her my trouble ; and, O unbelievers ! ' Though a man declare it unto you, ' you will be unbelievers still in a special and particular Providence, but ' the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. ' My wife said, ' I have the money, and you shall pay it to-day. My mother received from London this morning, her share of some personality, and she gave me TEN POUNDS. *Go and pay it.* '

I did so gladly. I returned immediately to Nottingham, and as I went I sung,

" Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercies, and shall break
With blessings on your head."

I never had a doubt that the whole chain of events connected with this case was the Lord's doing. He remembered me in my low estate, and endeared his mercy to me. And I write this, and shall write others more solemn than this, not because I think them singular, or confined to me, but that having received such benefits from God, I may not forget them, nor fail to ascribe praise to the Author of them. And I write them with this view also, that I, and even my dear children, may not be exalted above measure ; but my great object after all is this, that others may hear and fear and know, ' He will fulfil the *desire* of them that fear him ! ' He also will hear their cry and will save them. Psalm cxlv. 19.

I shall fill up my sheet, for the little ones, with three verses which I composed in my school days, at Nottingham ; I have heard them sung by many sweet voices ; and when I come again to see you, if not surprised, I shall be delighted to hear them again.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL SONG.

Tune—'The Canadian Boat Song.'

Softly, as from ærial hills,
On the bosom of nature dew distils ;

CHERRING WORDS.

So borne on the breeze from shores above,
Fall heavenly dews of grace and love.
Rain, FATHER, rain these blessings down
On children's minds, for the sake of thy Son !

Why should we still in sin delight !
Its pleasures are treacherous snares and blight.
WISDOM instructs, and joy's refined,
Sweetly refresh the opening mind.
Teach ! JESUS, teach, and make us wise,
The evil to shun, the good to prize.

Life passes ! soon our mother earth,
Shall hide our heads, and the scenes of our mirth ;
SPIRIT of heaven hear our prayer,
And grant us a happy entrance there ;
Breathe ! SPIRIT, breathe ! our hearts renew,
Thy favors we share, our souls are thy due.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF THE PROMISE ON THE PILLOW OF DEATH.

The exalted ecstasies of some happy souls, in the arms of death, are set forth very sweetly in Macgowan's '*Death : a Vision* : ' a new edition having just been issued from the press of J. Billing, of Guildford, Surrey. The narrative of "*Fidelis* " we only commence in this number. It will furnish some excellent thoughts for Christians. It begins thus :—

He led me away from this to another, but mean apartment, and as we entered, he said, ' Now, Novitio, prepare yourself for seeing the wondrous works of the Almighty.'

I wondered what miracle I was now to behold, but ere long I beheld a miracle of grace ; a poor woman and three small children were the humble inhabitants of this despicable hut ; and, as I learned from my guide, the poor but tender mother, whose name was Fidelis, had been confined to her bed by a deathly disorder for the space of six weeks or upwards, and by this time she seemed

almost conquered by the fatal enemy to nature, though she still retained the perfect use of her reason, and still was capable of speaking to her visitants.

At the time of our going into her mean apartment, some few of her friendly acquaintance, some of them meanly, others of them better attired, were come to visit her, desirous to perform the best offices of Christian friendship, expecting that her departure from earth was at hand, one of whom who stood by her bedside spoke to her thus : ' My dear friend, Fidelia, I see your body is very low, and in all appearance the hour of your departure is approaching near, but if strength will permit, I should be glad to know how it is with you in your soul ? for I have sometimes known the soul to be most healthful and vigorous, when the outward man has been in the very arms of DEATH.'

To whom I thought Fidelia replied : ' O my friend ! we have a kind and compassionate Lord ; his comforts to me, a poor unworthy creature, are neither few nor small. I may well say he feedeth me with His grace, and all His paths drop fatness to me. O my friends, my root is in the best soil, and the dew lies all night upon my branches. O ! let me ever be thankful for that sweet and transporting day on which I found freedom of soul to rely upon Christ alone for salvation, as he is held forth in the gospel. Blessed be God for that freedom to call the Redeemer my own, and to look on him in an appropriating way. O the sweetness of the remembrance of it ! It weighs me down with the delightful weight of humbling love : electing, redeeming, and regenerating love, commended itself by the sweetest and most persuasive eloquence unto my heart, and still it is the more endearing, because of its discriminating nature. O ! it is unspeakable ! O the heights and depths ! O divine love ! Why is it that I, a poor, unworthy, hell-deserving sinner, should be found thy favoured object ? Amazing and miraculous grace ! that ever the great salvation of the adorable Jesus hath laid hold on me, and preached itself into my very heart, although I am the basest of all the human creation ; behold ! I see the wise, the moral, the rich, and the noble, standing at a distance from the great salvation, are strangers to the pardoning mercy of God, whilst I, the most unworthy of all, am fed with the comforts of his love. It is thy dying O thou omnipotent Saviour, and it is marvellous in my eyes. Thou lovest merely because thou wilt love, and pardonest only because it is thy pleasure so to do.'

THE YOUNG LONDON PASTOR'S ENCOURAGING VISIT.

'*The Family Treasury*'—a handsome and richly laden monthly—published by the Messrs Nelsons, of Edinburgh and London, furnishes the following narrative of a Gospel life, and of a Christian leaving earth for heaven. *The Family Treasury*, for sterling home reading, is the very best periodical we know.—ED.

I was but young in the ministry, and had many empty benches. A stranger was ever looked on with interest. I had noted a quiet, decent, plain young man, who posted himself day after day in different parts of the church; now up stairs, now below. Finally, I observed that he became stationary, and was as regularly in his place as I was in mine. One day he dropped into the Sunday-school. I was there, and took occasion to accost him. He told me his story: how he was awakened in Aberdeenshire long ago, in the early M'Chene times; and how he had been working near London, and had been seeking out a place wherein he might worship God. He told me how he had sat in judgment on my labours, carefully and cautiously, not knowing who I was; till one evening I preached from the text, 'The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary,' &c.; then after that he had no difficulty, but cast in his lot with us; could we find work for him in the school?

My new friend S—— had to travel nearly six miles every Lord's-day; but he was never late, and never absent. There he sat, day after day, his honest, earnest face turned full on mine—a joy to behold. And it was so for many months; perhaps years. But one day I observed a quiet, plain, pleasant young woman in the pew along with him. She, I noted, came now in the morning, and anon in the evening; till as a communion occasion drew near I was asked, could I see Miss B——? Of course I could. She came; she told me all that was in her heart; how she was born again, and the means of it. She told me how her soul was fed, and how it grew under my poor ministry; and how the Lord had cast my friend S—— in her way, and that they were engaged to be married—(this did not come forth easily)—and how they only waited for

the Lord's own time and way. What a joy all this was to me; what a riches of wealth and quiet happiness! How I rejoiced with her, and blessed the great mercy and goodness of God in their behalf.

My friend S—was a labouring man, earning small weekly wages, and his friend B—was simply an ordinary household servant; so they had to wait long before they could furnish their little cottage, and be united. But the glad day came at length; they were married by me, and I spent with them a portion of the first day of their married life. I know not how it was, yet so it was, that though we were all very happy, there mingled a solemn trembling with our mirth. My friends had taken a very small cottage in the country far from me, near his work, and there they abode in peace and comfort; still attending my ministry; S. often reverting to the 'word in season to him that is weary.' They were both most regular in their attendance till towards the close of the first year of their union, when Mrs S. ceased to come so frequently, and I noted when she did come, a paleness and a redness, neither of which I liked. Then the walk got to be too much for her; and then it was found that a cold had settled down into a confirmed cough and consumption, and she was very weak. After an interval, Mrs. S. was transferred to the Consumption Hospital, where I had opportunity of seeing her very often. I soon saw that death had set his seal on her brow, and that it was only a question of months, it might be even of weeks only. I spoke of death to her. At first she could not look kindly on it at all. It seemed a sorrowful ending to her young life, to break it off just there. But slowly she came round; it was the will of God, and she said meekly, humbly, 'Thy will be done.' A few months spent in the Consumption Hospital proved that the disease was incurable, and she was sent home to her husband. A few weeks thereafter I heard that she had become the mother of a fine healthy boy, and that her life was still spared. She mended and saw the child grow up to be some weeks old; but slowly and surely she was coming down on the other side, and at last it became evident that she could not live many days more. I was asked to go out to name the child before she died. I appointed an early evening. Oh! how well I remember the walk out to that suburb on a fine

summer afternoon. I found the cottage. How tidy and neat it was, without and within ! Mrs. S. was lifted on to the sofa, and there was tea, and much pleasant and profitable talk. Then Mr. S. returned from his labor, and about seven o'clock a city missionary, and one or two humble neighbours, came in. I conducted a regular service though short—singing psalms, in which we all joined with all our heart. The room was small, and it was only by door and window open, a fan kept constantly going, and such other appliances, that Mrs. S. could be kept from fainting away through total weakness. Then the little child was brought in, and after words in season to the weary souls, I named him 'in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' Then I prayed ; and during the whole service the place was a Bochim ; there was not a dry eye among us, Mrs. S. alone excepted : she wept not. Never have I beheld any service so solemn and affecting as all that service was. But it closed, and I had to depart. I parted with my dying friend for the last time. I felt that I should see her face no more. She felt it too. Shaking my hand, she thanked me. 'We will never meet more, till—till—;' and then for the first time, she too wept. 'Till,' said I, 'we meet where there is no more suffering, sorrow, or parting ; where God the Lord shall wipe away all tears from every eye.' 'Yes,' she said, 'that's it—that's it. God the Lord shall do it.' (her voice husky, and low and slow,) 'He will do it himself—with his own hand—with his own hand—he will not let another do it—he loves them too well for that—he will do it himself—with his own hand !' The last words were uttered with such an emphasis, and there was such a look in the clear bright eye, that they went to my heart. I never had heard anything more real than that ; and I came away, without the power even to say, 'Farewell !' The city missionary came with me. After long silence, he said, 'Well, sir, of all the solemn services I ever saw or heard of, that's the most solemn. I never expect to meet with anything more solemn till I come to the judgment of God.' I said nothing. There was a great fire in London : The whole atmosphere above us was ruddy with a fiery glow. It was Broadwood's pianoforte manufactory, I think. But we took no note of it, gave no heed to it, and walked on in silence. A few days after, and all was over. Mrs. S. went up to her Father, leaving her husband and child behind her.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

No. III.

DEAR SAMUEL FOSTER—I have thought much of you, since I left your long-occupied sick chamber, last Saturday morning. You said, you followed me hither and thither in your mind; so I may say, as I am flying in all directions, and preaching with all my might, (for I have not yet found out the way to take it easy) my mind often runs down to you; looks at your affliction; and my spirit hopes your fervent prayers for me ascend to God; oh! my brother, do not forget me; I am in the business most sorely tried; but in the ministry I am so helped and comforted, that I sometimes long to be in the pulpit again. I reached home safely on Saturday evening, tired in body, for beside all the travelling of that week, I had spoken ten times. On Sunday morning last, (I will give you a few Scriptures to which my mind has been directed, you may secretly suck a little honey out of them,) I was much shut up in study; I found my mind unwilling to work; consequently a deep sense of destitution made me sigh in sorrow. These words followed me. ‘*Received up into glory,*’ and I read them for my text; it was a cloudy morning; and in aiming to get up into glory, I found myself in the clouds; I could neither rise above them, nor come down from them. In the afternoon, at brother Garrod’s meeting, in Camden Town. I enjoyed some liberty in speaking of the happy privileges of *Israel*, the Lord’s own people; and in the evening in my own pulpit, I was favoured to get inside the gates of truth; and there to find a freshness and a fulness in my own soul from the unfolding of the Word. All Monday I worked hard reading and writing letters; did not retire to rest until midnight had passed away. Early the next morning I set off for Ryarsh, near Town Malling, in Kent. It was anniversary-day: there was a large assembly of people from Chatham, Maidstone, Hadlow, &c. Our ministerial brethren, Stringer, of Gravesend, (who preached in the evening,) Lingly, of Meopham; Dixon of Maidstone, House, of Hadlow; and John Inwards, of Ryarsh, pastor, all helped in the services; and I must believe the God of all real religion, of all vital power, of all holy truth, was there. Mr. Inwards is doing a good work at

Ryarsb. As soon as my work was done there, I fled home to London, and the next morning (yesterday) left again for Cuddington. Joseph Rose, the good-natured and good-seeking farmer of Cheersley, met me at Aylesbury, and drove me to his house, where his kind wife gave us a good dinner; and then we went to chapel. It was the anniversary of the two good men who preach the gospel at Lower Winchendon; but Mr. Bedding, of Cuddington, kindly lent his chapel for the day; which in the evening was filled to overflowing; and the promise was realized—'There will I come and bless you.' The two brethren, Smith and Hawkins, are laboring men; they walk many miles to preach Christ's gospel to poor villagers; their only reward being the hope that the Lord has sent them; and that he will when all their toils are over, give them to enter fully into the joy of their Lord. Such worthy men as these richly deserve the warmest sympathies of all who are interested in the spread and support of the gospel of Christ.

I will give you the two Scriptures I spoke from that day: you may think upon them to some profit. Passing on from Aylesbury ii. 1, interested my mind; 'I lifted up mine eyes again, and looked and behold a man with a measuring line in his hand. Among many things said that afternoon, three ideas flowed from the words Zech. ii. 1. There is building work going on; secondly, that work must be in strict accordance with the measuring line of God's counsel, covenant, and eternal decrees; 'He worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.

The third thing implied is; the imperfection of the workmen; and the inspection of the Master. Every minister is, in himself, and in his manner of working, an imperfect servant: it is therefore, a cheering fact, that the Great Builder comes with his measuring line in his hand, and he will see to it that no fatal error shall be made in that great work of which he spake in those precious words—'*Upon this Rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*' I must return to Cuddington next month; as I hope to furnish a few more notes of spiritual interest from the Scrap-book of A VILLAGER PREACHER.

[I am thankful for letters of encouragement. It is in contemplation to improve '*Cheering Words*;' may I ask every real friend to this little messenger to use all the influence they conveniently can, to promote its circulation. The sacrifice made in continuing this work has been immense.]



The Village Lad and the Sailor ;
OR,
A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW OF HEAVEN.

YOUNG Harry Lock, and his widowed mother, lived in a cot on the top of a hill. Harry worked in the town—came home every evening—his dear mother to guide him homeward, used to light a little lamp in the cottage window : and the thing became a proverbial saying 'as bright as mother Lock's little window.'

After a while Harry went to sea. He was gone in a whaler for years. Just before he came home, his mother died, but he knew nothing of it. The following account of Harry's return is exceedingly touching, it shows human nature has sometimes declared itself to be God's workmanship, although marred by sin :

Not many days after, a great ship came into the port of a busy city. Among all those who stepped from her decks, none were more hopeful, more joyous, than young Henry Lock. He had passed through the ordeal of a sea life, so far, unscathed. No blight of immorality had fallen upon him. He had kept himself as spotless as if at every night-fall his feet had been turned towards the door of his mother's cottage. How his heart bounded as he thought of her ! Strangely enough, he never dreamed she might be dead. It did not occur to him that, perhaps, her silver locks were lying under

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the lid of the coffin. Oh, no! he only thought of the pleasant light in the window, that her hands had trimmed for him.

Beautiful and bland was the day on which he travelled again the long-accustomed road. How pleasant now to go home with sufficient to provide for the comfort of that dear mother! She should never want again. He would take her to a better home, and give her the luxuries he had once longed to see in her possession. That old arm chair—she should have a new one, easy in motion, elegant in material. The faded shawl, that he had seen folded and refolded year after year; the old fashioned bonnet, with its one brand of crape; these, yes, everything, should be placed with newer and better. The flowers on the road all smiled as he looked toward them; the very kine seemed to him turning their meek eyes at the sound of strange footsteps, to know that his heart was glad with love and anticipation. Hope on, dreamer! Yonder comes one, who trudges on laggingly—a farmer, in heavy boots, and frock, his whip in his hand. He cheers the lazy oxen, but suddenly stops, amazed.

‘I see you know me,’ said the young sailor, smiling
‘Well, Mr. Brown, how is’—

‘Know ye? why, how tall ye are. So,—his eye drops, his mouth trembles—‘so ye’ve got home.’

‘Yes, and glad enough to get back again—how’s my mother?’

‘Your—mother—’ he says it in that slow, hesitating way, that telegraphs ill-tidings before they are told in words.

‘Yes, is she well? is she expecting me? Of course she is! We’re late by a month, full.’

‘Your mother, Henry, well—the old lady—’ he plays with his whip, or, rather, strikes it hard on the dusty road. How can he crush that happy heart?

‘There, you need not speak!’ cried the young man in a

voice of sudden anguish ; and he recoiled, almost staggering, from the farmer's side, and he buried his face in his hands.

'Henry, my poor lad, your mother is—'

'Don't! don't!' cried the other, shewing now a face from which all colour had fled. 'O my mother! my mother! she is gone, gone—and I coming home so happy!'

For some moments he sobbed as in agony. How dreary the world had grown! The flowers had lost fragrance; the sun warmth; his heart seemed dead.

'Henry, she has left a message for you,' said the old farmer, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his frock.

'A message for me?' it seemed as if the white lips could hardly speak.

'Yes, says she—(so my wife told me, and so the minister said)—tell Henry I will put a light in the window of heaven, to guide his footsteps there.'

'Did she, oh did she say that? God bless you for telling me! All my long voyage I have thought of the light in her little window. I have seemed to see it streaming along, along down to the foot of the hill, till it grew brighter and brighter as I drew nearer. A light in the window of heaven? Yes, mother, I will think still you are waiting for me. I could not see you in these long years, but I knew the light was burning. I cannot see you now, but I know the light is burning. I will come, mother.'

CHEERING WORDS FROM SOME OF OUR PULPITS.

I am very fond of the Ministers of Christ, when they really and truly, faithfully and affectionately, preach Christ into the souls of sinners and saints, by the power of the Holy Spirit. I do not love fops in the pulpit; neither do I much care for men of tough theories—dry details of things—wire-drawing,

chain-making, and hard-contenders for those things which everybody believes; or, for those things which nobody ever will believe. I like to see and feel a minister in three places: first, in and under the unction of the Holy Spirit; second, I delight to see him walking right into the very bowels of his text; and carrying with him such a holy flame as both to enlighten and to warm the souls of all who follow him while he is following Christ. And then, thirdly, I rejoice to see him rolling right into the very souls of poor sinners—unlocking their prison doors—opening the springs of their deeply-exercised minds—instrumentally moving their souls God-ward: melting their hearts with the Saviour's love; and making tears of penitent sorrow, or of holy joy, to run down their cheeks like little rivers. Such ministers are sure to do well.

Since I have been reading the numbers of "*The Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit*," I have, at times, felt a sweet knitting of heart to the preacher of those sermons—MR. JAMES WELLS. The Lord has wonderfully honoured his ministry: because it is Christ-extolling. Take a sample. The following is from No. 26, entitled, "*A Friend that Loveth at all Times*." I may very properly call it,—a quotation so full of Christ's greatness, goodness, and sympathy,—THE DEW AND THE DROPS OF THE NIGHT.

'My head is filled with dew, and my looks with the drops of the night.' I need use no arguments here to prove that the speaker is the Lord Jesus Christ; and that the night will mean his humiliation, his sufferings, his travelling unto where the church was, through all the darkness under which she was, and through all the thick darkness which was between her and God, so that the dew in our text does not mean what it usually does, something pleasing, but it will mean something distressing, it will mean his sufferings, it will mean those sorrows and griefs with which he was perpetually, shall I say, encompassed. Now looking closely at the language it seems like this, that this Person who came after the church was exposed to certain dangers,

and that appears to be the way in which he commends his love to us, by exposing himself to all those dangers to which we stood exposed as sinners. I will take up the language of the text, and look at it in what it naturally implies. Now, first, then he would be in danger of being injured by the copious dew; secondly he would be in danger of missing his way, being in darkness; not that Christ really was so, I am speaking after the manner of men, in order to get at its spiritual meaning; thirdly, he would be in danger of pitfalls, and then he would be in danger of wild beasts, and then he would be in danger of robbers, and then he would be in danger of being so weary as not to be able to reach to the end of the journey. Now we know very well, that it is not at all an uncommon thing for a person in the East to take such a dreadful cold and fever through the dews of the night to which he is exposed as to lose his life; and therefore it conveys to us the first idea here implied. But not so with the Lord Jesus Christ: all the sorrows, all the griefs of which he was the subject, could not expose him in reality to any danger; no, we never read, and really that is a remarkable thing, of his being sick, never read of his being ill, never read of anything ailing him, never read of his having any disease. We have not an instance through all his life, of his being the subject of any sickness or ill health; no, my hearers, all the sicknesses which he had were not personal, but relative; they were our sins, he took our sins, and his infallible health shall I say, swallowed up our sicknesses. Hence 'Thou art the health of my countenance.' So that nothing could ever ail him; bless his holy name, he could come through all the troubles, conquer them all, nothing could ever ail him, he still remained the same. This shews me then this blessed truth, that my religion is always well, if I am very sadly, that is always well; I am always healthy in Christ, always right there, not the slightest symptom of illness there; I have no ailing there, no want of appetite there, no want of sight there, no want of love there, no want of hearing there, no infirmity there. Why, say you, if that be true, that's the place to live. Of course it is; and therefore men in all ages that have lived most in Christ have been the most spiritually healthy, they have been the stronger, their hearts have been the better. And hence one of old, enabled so to dwell in Christ, contrasting the failing of the whole creation with

what he had in Christ; and when the whole creation was gone, he says 'Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. The Lord God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hinds' feet, and he will make me to walk upon mine high places.' * * * * 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.' What is the remedy? Why, there it is; that Jesus Christ never missed his way, never went astray, never stepped aside. And you may depend upon it, we may try to pique ourselves upon our own doings, but if ever we appear straight before God it must be by the straight walk of the Saviour; it must be by the great truth that he never stepped awry, never stepped wrong. Therefore it may well be said of him, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.' He never missed his way; and he will also take care that we shall not miss our way, There is the way; I cleave to that. It is the way of holiness, sin is ended in no other way, I can be sanctified in no other way, can have access to God in no other way, can have the presence of God in no other way, can obtain the promises in no other way, grace to help in time of need in no other way, freedom and rest in no other way, happiness in no other way. Oh, then let me look at Jesus, as bearing all my sorrows, without being corrupted thereby; let me look at Jesus as walking with that accuracy that there is not a fault in his walk anywhere: and that that walk was not for himself, it was for us. Depend upon it, friends, the more we are enabled thus to look to the Lord Jesus Christ in the various relations he bears, the more confidence we shall have in him, and the more joyfully we shall walk in his way.

If my readers like such Cheering Words, they will always read "The Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit."

**MR. JOHN FOREMAN ON THE THREE-FOLD
SANCTIFICATION OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.**

I WAS announced to preach at the Guildford anniversary this year. Mr. John Foreman in the morning and afternoon; myself in the evening. I could not go down before the after-

noon; but, of course, although (in preparing matter for the forthcoming numbers of my periodicals) I was fully engaged, my heart was silently up to the Lord for a message to carry down to the people at Guildford that evening. The closing words of Jude's Epistle came to my mind rather softly, '*Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling; and to present you faultless before his presence with exceeding joy; unto the only wise God our Saviour, be wisdom,*' &c., &c., &c. These precious words I say, came to my mind; and I looked at them; but I was afraid to venture upon them. Almost similar words, (Paul to the Ephesians) had been on my mind for days—and I attempted to speak from them on the previous Tuesday at Farnborough, in Kent; but although I spoke to the people at Farnborough for an hour and a quarter, or more, I could make no special entrance into the text: the words are these—'*That he might present it unto Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing: but that they should be holy, and without blemish.*' As I travelled down to Guildford, my mind stole away from Jude, and would hover over those amazing words of Paul, '*Present it unto Himself a Glorious Church,*' &c. I said to myself, these words point to the grand and glorious Climax to which the Church of God shall ultimately be carried; and although I could not, in meditation, get any anointing into that deep and precious Scripture, yet I felt I must venture upon it, *hoping* the Lord would appear.

I reached the Chapel soon after Mr. Foreman had commenced his afternoon discourse, a part of which I heard; and which the people heard gladly. After tea, we had a little conversation together upon the Lord's dealings with his people; and then Mr. Foreman left to go home; and I retired for a few moments' prayer. The service began; into the pulpit I went. I felt I was not *in the spirit*. I feared I should not be in liberty. I read the 45th Psalm; spoke a few

words on that delightful Scripture ; but the ideas died away on my lips as fast as I attempted to utter them. I then commenced prayer ; but all to me was a hollow sound. I felt I wanted the inward springs of my poor heart to be opened. I wanted the distilling dew of the Spirit ; but I seemed to have neither. What the prayer was to the people, I cannot tell ; but to me it was sorrowful. I sat down in inward grief. I could have wished they would sing all night ; but they soon ceased. I stood up ; and read—*‘ That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word,’* &c. I started off on the wide ocean of Gospel truth ; but (mentally and spiritually, ministerially and feelingly,) it was one of the darkest nights I was ever in : it was one of the wildest voyages in preaching I ever made. The people too, appeared to wonder what was the matter. However, I went on speaking for more than an hour on something about Sanctification ; but although I had ideas, and heads enough for many sermons ; nothing but hardness of spirit, confusion of mind, and a *sad lack* of freedom, accompanied me right down to the end of the effort. Oh ! how little I felt ! How I pitied myself, and the people too. They sung that beautiful hymn, which contains this verse,

“ He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glories of his face,
With joys divinely great.”

And, as the Chapel was full ; and all appeared to sing it cheerfully and happily, it was a little relief to my mortified mind. I thought I will try and get a few moments in good earnest prayer to close with. But here I was foiled again. I left the pulpit—and on entering the vestry, there sat Mr. Foreman. He had been listening to my efforts to preach a sermon. I felt mortified. If I had had a good time, I might have felt proud. But now to the good which came of all this.

I had the privilege of riding home with Mr. Foreman. Very kindly he took up the subject of *Sanctification*, on which I had been trying to speak. 'Ah!' he said, 'Some are for *progressive* sanctification: and some for a *non-progressive* sanctification; but I take them both in. I divide Sanctification into three parts. First, that which I call *constitutional*. The very moment the Holy Spirit regenerates the soul of a sinner, from that moment that *soul* is as holy as it ever will be—it is instantaneous—it is entire. It is constituted *holy*: "Be ye holy as I am holy." Without this holiness—this regeneration—this new life in the soul—no man can see the Lord. Secondly, (continued Mr. Foreman,) there is that part of *Sanctification* which I term *educational*. That is *Progressive Sanctification*. The regenerated soul is ever learning. The Holy Spirit is continually unfolding to the believing soul the mysteries of the Gospel. This the Saviour prayed for,—“Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth.” In this sense there is going on to know the Lord. Then, thirdly, there is that which may be termed *Devotional*. This *Devotional Sanctification* is like Martha and Mary—one is all anxiety, the other sits quietly trusting in the Lord. 'I have said' (most emphatically added Mr. Foreman,) 'You need not go far to find these two—the one troubled about many things: the other resting in the Lord—they are both of them under my old waiscoat, many times. At one hour, I am as quiet, as resigned, as content, can leave everything with the Lord; the next hour I am all anxiety. The *Devotional* part of believers' Sanctification is subject to many charges." I thought these few lines might be useful from

A VILLAGE PREACHER.

[I cannot carry my mind back to Cuddington this month; but the great deliverance I found in that Puseyitish Church-Yard; and the happy time we enjoyed in the evening, must come in another time. I have some tales to tell of Village Preaching yet.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

LETTER XVII.

'And when they heard that he spake in the Hebrew tongue to them, they kept the more silence.' Acts xxii. 2.

MY DEAR SIR—Every man who hopes to interest a Jew morally, or benefit him spiritually, must aim at these noble ends by means of the original scriptures of Moses and the prophets; and I am thankful that you have given a direction to the subject of this letter, by your enquiry respecting my Hebrew studies.

I was not moved to them exactly as to the study of the Greek; but having commenced them with greater advantages, I prosecuted them with greater vigor and success; until, indeed, the historical parts of the Bible were read by me in Hebrew as readily as in English.

In my use of 'Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon,' in every page, I met Hebrew letters representing the original roots of Greek words. And thus I saw a connection between the two, and sometimes traced it. At this time too I became more fully aware of the great advantage a knowledge of the original tongues would confer on a person who might be brought into contact with a disputant to the authenticity of the holy scriptures, and this put the sharp edge to the desire which I had already conceived to attain that knowledge. Still I did not resolutely attack even the outworks of this unknown tongue, until the following incident put me upon my mettle by again exciting in me the spirit of emulation.

I was in my school and busied in my 'drafts' of boys, when a little dark man of the seed of Abraham introduced himself as a teacher of Hebrew. He said, he taught it at one of the Universities, and during the vacation was making a sojourn in Nottingham.

אֲרִיָּה לֹא יִרָא

My name, said he, is Lyon, and that is my motto, 'The Lion hath roared, who will not fear?' Amos iii. 8. However that did not cause me to tremble, nor could I engage to take lessons from him, but when he laid before me testimonials from his pupils, then

receiving instruction in that town, and among them one from my valued friend, J. K. D., I determined to make the one lesson I had received from the Lion sufficient, and forthwith I began that which since has been to me better than thousands of gold and silver.

But you wish me to state particularly the course I followed to attain this proficiency. I will do this thing also as far as I am able. First, I purchased 'Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon,' &c., a book corresponding to his work in Greek for the New Testament. These books are prized by me to this day, as they are valuable compilations and commentaries. But there are primers to the point at once, and cheap, which I advise you to begin with. Dr. McCaul's Hebrew Primer at 1s. 6d. is the best introduction to this study. I, having learned the letters of the alphabets, acquired a good insight into the use of them by writing frequently the 8th verse of the 3rd chapter of Zephaniah in Hebrew. Practice, my dear sir, and become acquainted with that verse, and much will be done. That single verse contains all the twenty-two letters, the five final forms of letters, or letters which change their form when they finish a word, and lastly most of the points and accents.

There are two schools of Hebraists, the Punctists and the Anti-Punctists. The first use the letters and the masoretic points; the latter the letters only, supplying a short *e* or *a* between two consonants. Parkhurst belonged to this latter school, but I soon found the former the most useful for useful purposes, and therefore was glad, among the literary treasures of Miss Chambers, to find a thin old book called 'Miphtach Leshon Hakkodesh,' which had a grammatical praxis of the xxiii. Psalm. According to the principle of Jacalot, I learned that one Psalm, thoroughly and referred every thing else to it. And such a course is a very remunerative one. By writing it over frequently, and analyzing it closely, I became acquainted with every 'jot and tittle' of it, and it became a measuring reed in my hand to measure with and apply to any part of the sacred tongue.

I afterwards copied out a parading m of the verb קָדַשׁ through all the conjugations from Parkhurst on one sheet, and filled up what was wanting there from other sources. I carried this sheet about with me, and used it in my readings, until all was familiar to me.

Constant reading with the Lexicons made me a comparative master of the Hebrew tongue. I should like to send you a reduced *facsimile* of this sheet, for though much worn, I am glad to possess it as a proof of some perseverance.

This word perseverance gives a clue to the success of all self-taught men. A love for a particular study, and perseverance in it, must overcome. Repelled, he still plods on and makes progress. Opposed, he puts forth more strength, and obstacles give way to him if he will not yield to them. Thus it was that as I proceeded a wider field opened to me. The Hebrew Lexicons of Gesenius and Lee, abounding with Syriac and Arabic illustrations and derivations led me on to those languages as Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon had led me on to Hebrew. Indeed the whole oriental field lay spread out before me and at that time I think I could have taken possession of the whole of it, had books or a friend to guide me been near, or if I could have given myself wholly to that pursuit. But I had many other pursuits or studies for my school. I will mention one here.

There was at that time, a question agitated by many who wished to store youthful minds with Scripture truth, what existing method would best effect that end? Or what more excellent way could be devised for effecting such an important object. The importance of the object I had long felt, but the means for attaining it I was not so certain about. Still I showed my opinion by what was done in my school. I illustrated the whole of the Ten Commandments by Scripture, and named my work the ASSOCIATED PRECEPT; because the illustrations were associated with the text, and both so impressed on the mind, or on the organ of the mind rather, that either being named, or almost any word of the text or illustration being mentioned the other would spring up and present itself before you, and that accompanied with many other passages which seemed on it to wait. I will transmit you one of the short ones, the fifth for example.

THE DECALOGUE SCRIPTURALLY ILLUSTRATED.
FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

'HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.'

How are we to honour our parents?

Answer. 1st. By obeying them:

Ephesians vi. 1. 'Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right,' &c.

Proverbs xxiii. 22. 'Hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old.'

What is said of Jesus Christ in this particular?

Luke ii. 51. 'And he went down with them, (his parents) and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.'

2nd. By being grateful to them,
1 Timothy v. 4. 'But if any widow hath children, or nephews, let them learn first to shew piety at home, and to requite their parents: for that is good, and acceptable before God.'

Give some scriptural examples of gratitude to parents?

John xix. 26, 27. 'When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple, standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, woman, behold thy son. Then saith he to the disciple, behold thy mother! And from that hour, that disciple took her to his own home.'

Another.

Genesis xlv. 9-11. 'Haste ye and go up to my father, and say unto him, thus saith my son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me; tarry not. And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all thou hast. And there will I nourish thee; for there are yet five years of famine; lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty.'

3rdly. By a reverential respect for them.

How is the observance of this duty enjoined?

Leviticus xix. 3. 'Ye shall fear every man his mother, and his father, and keep my Sabbaths: I am the Lord your God.'

What great evils are denounced upon those who violate it?

Deuteronomy xxvii. 16. 'Cursed be he that setteth light by his father, or his mother. And all the people shall say, Amen.'

Proverbs xxx. 17. 'The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.'

What great temporal blessings are promised to them who regard it?

Ephesians vi. 2, 3. 'Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise: that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.'

How was this promise verified in the case of the Rechabites?

Jeremiah xxxv. 18, 19. 'And Jeremiah said unto the house of the Bechabites, thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab your father, and kept all his precepts, and done according to all that he hath commanded you; therefore, thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadab the son of Bechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever.'

How shall it be confirmed to all who observe it?

Psalms xxxvii. 3. 'Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'

'HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER, THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG IN THE LAND, WHICH THE LORD THY GOD GIVETH THEE.'

Proverbs i. 10. 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'

If enticed to disobedience, remember God's judgment!

Deuteronomy xxi. (18.) 'If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them: (19) then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place; (20) and they shall say unto the elders of his city, this our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton, and a drunkard. (21) And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die.' &c.

If enticed to ingratitude, remember Absalom and his end.

2 Samuel xvi. 11. 'And David said to Abishai, and to all his servants, behold my son, which came forth out of my bowels, seeketh my life.'

But the loveliness of filial respect, may be seen in king Solomon's reception of his mother.

1 Kings ii. 19. 'Bath-sheba therefore went unto King Solomon to speak unto him for Adonijah. And the king rose up to meet her, and bowed himself unto her, and sat down upon his throne, and caused a seat to be set for the King's mother; and she sat on his right hand.'

The numerous passages for the ten commandments were known throughout the school by the following method. I gave the questions, and the scriptures answering the questions, to a number of monitors to learn at home; one to each. In some breathing moment of the school, the monitors being arranged at the head of their desks, I would ask the first monitor the first question which he would answer, he then would ask the next monitor the second question, and so on through the first commandment or the first sec-

tion of it : and as they all listened, and learned by repetition, the whole in time became the property of all. And it was something connected, and associated, and instructive ; sweeping through the Scripture field of history, poetry, and science, and distilling on the young mind promises, commandments, and judgments. And though these might in some, lie buried long, I did believe in many, and in time, would the word be found, eaten, and rejoiced in, as was the case with Jeremiah xv. 16,—“ Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart.”

I will now conclude this letter. You may think I speak of difficult things as easy of attainment. Difficulties do not lie in things so much as in mind. We say “ there is a lion in the street,” and we fear to go forth. Let the mind feel the importance and desirableness of a thing, and be willing to pay the price in labour for it, and little by little every thing difficult will disappear.

I confess, I had at times, recourse to stimulants ; but not to those which I have heard even students speak of. I read sometimes the lives of men who had done a hundred times more than I had attempted : and when my head grew dizzy, and my heart sickened, and the grave seemed to yawn at my feet, I flew to those stirring stories ‘ The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,’ and thus was I stimulated. Then I had so much reason for thankfulness, that praise and prayer, was at that time my delight, and these things strengthened me very much. And then every thing was gain to me that I did obtain, so that I had no dark side to look at, and that encouraged me very much. And then the burden I had carried so many years, *that I was made in vain*, grew every day lighter, and thus in truth it came to pass that no one was happier than, very truly yours,

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

JOHN BLOOMFIELD'S

“ VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.”

“ It seems not many years ago,” (says a Kentish Pastor,) “ that I was preaching at Stonham, when a smiling, round-faced, pleasing-looking young rustic was introduced to me by a friend, who said, ‘ *Here is a young man who has just*

began to preach.' 'I cordially welcomed him to so great and so good a work; and asked him at once to open one of the services for me on that occasion. He did so. That good young man has advanced in the ministry; has been greatly favoured of his Lord and Master—has preached the gospel in many parts of this kingdom—is now the author of some nice little works; and the Minister of Salem Chapel, in Soho; that young man is John Bloomfield, the Author of "*A Voice from the Pulpit*," the second part of which work is now just issued.

In introducing an essay on Jacob's Ladder, in the above work, Mr. Bloomfield says :

It set forth by its standing upon the earth and its top reaching to heaven, Christ, who is both God and man. He is the self-existent and eternal God, and he is perfectly man. He possesses all the essential perfections and attributes of eternal Godhead, and he has all the perfections of manhood. His person is the wisdom of God in its most splendid embodiment and manifestation. It is the mystery of mysteries—the concentration of Divine glories—the wonder of angels, and the foundation of the Church's salvation and dignity. He had a nature, in which he could stand upon earth amongst men; and he had a nature, in which he could stand in the midst of the throne in heaven. If Christ had not been man, he could not have sustained the relations which he did on earth; and had he not been God, He could not have said, 'I and my Father are one.' Christ had a nature, in which he could stand by man's side as his brother; and a nature, by which he could stand, in unveiled majesty, with his hand upon the eternal throne of infinite majesty, and exclaim, 'I and my Father are one.' Christ possessed a nature by which he could descend into the depths of his people's dire necessities and distresses; such was the dignity of Christ's person, that he could maintain and satisfy the claims of the divine government. He could make a full atonement for sin. He could bring in an everlasting righteousness, and vindicate the honour of the Divine Majesty. Had not Christ been man, by an astonishing process of Divine condescension and grace, He never could have stood in man's condition—He never could have endured the curse of a violated law—He never could have wrought out an everlasting righteousness for the justification of all that believeth in him. Had he not been God to give dignity to his mysterious person, merit to his blood, perfection to his atonement, glory to his righteousness, there would have been no prevailing intercession before the throne of God in heaven.

CONTENTS.

A Book for your Breakfast Table	...	...	...	...	45
A Decided Proof	...	...	...	...	174
A Few Sayings about Faith	...	...	...	...	67
A Living Child of God...	...	...	...	...	137
A New Tabernacle for "The Village Preacher"	19, 35, 79,				131
A New Leaf in My Life	...	...	...	...	85
Are you sure, quite sure, your Soul will go to Christ?	...				69
Angels Welcome us to Heaven	...	...	...	...	95
A Solemn Letter from "The London"	...	...	...	...	120
A Soft but Solemn Word from Heaven	...	...	...	...	133
A Spoiled Boy	...	...	...	...	48
A Street in Smyrna	...	...	...	...	147
A Thanksgiving Service	...	...	...	...	135
A Vision of Peace, after Twenty-five Years of Weeping	...				108
Between Birmingham and Oxford	...	...	...	...	117
Cheerful Anticipations	...	...	...	...	170
Comfort in a Cave	...	...	...	...	168
Cure before Comfort	...	...	...	...	98
Death in the Stillness of the Night	...	...	...	...	25
Doubting Faith	...	...	...	...	7
Dr. Robert Hawker's Last Days	...	...	...	...	64
Extract from the Life of Mrs. Mary Winslow	...				121
Forgiveness	...	...	...	...	88
Forty Years' Residence on the Hills of the Holy Land	...				44
Four Things which make a Christian Happy Here	...				172
George Baldwin on his Dying-bed	...	...	...	...	75
Gordelier's Unsearchable riches	...	...	...	...	82
"He was a Drunkard"...	...	...	...	...	128, 138
Hopeful Prospects	...	...	...	...	83
How Old art Thou?	...	...	...	...	77
"How shall the Ark of the Lord come to me?"	...				38
How to Know God is Your Portion	...	...	...	...	165
How to Secure Success	...	...	...	...	177
"In a Cottage near a Wood"	...	...	...	...	165
In the Waters—Passing over	...	...	...	...	28
"It will not be Long"...	...	...	...	...	142

John Burke the Irish Protestant	...	...	...	...	53
Meeting an Old Friend...	...	...	...	...	186
Messiah's Five-fold Name	...	...	...	...	89, 111
My First Sermon in a Theatre...	...	...	...	...	30
"No Night There"	...	...	...	...	154
"Offer it to All"	...	...	...	...	114
"Oh! That England would Bow before her God!"	...	...	...	...	146
Out-goings of Soul to God	...	...	...	...	33
Pastor Spurgeon's Commendation of the Bible	...	...	...	...	21
POETRY:—20, 36, 40, 47, 49, 52, 63, 67, 68, 84, 92, 94, 100,	...	...	...	...	
108, 116, 127, 132, 143, 164, 180,	...	...	...	...	190
Pull me out of the River—Pull hard!	...	...	...	...	60
Safe Counsel	...	...	...	...	162
Search the Scriptures	...	...	...	...	9
The Beauty and the Blessedness of a Spiritual Spring-time	...	...	...	...	49
The Boy who wrote a Letter to our Lord Jesus Christ	...	...	...	...	41
The Cattle Plague	...	...	...	...	62
The Christian's Great Privilege	...	...	...	...	106
The Christian Builder Defending his own House	...	...	...	...	5
The Confessional in a Gospel Pulpit	...	...	...	...	103
The Flower and the Jewel as Symbols	...	...	...	...	96
The Heavy Fears and the Happy Faith of a Dying Saint	...	...	...	...	181
"The Lord is on My Side"	...	...	...	...	123
The Metropolis of the Scriptures	...	...	...	...	46
The Scenes of Silent Sorrow	...	...	...	...	178
The Tenderness of Jesus	...	...	...	...	161
The Thorn and the Fir-tree	...	...	...	...	113
The Top of Jacob's Ladder	...	...	...	...	13
The Victory is Ours even while the War is raging	...	...	...	...	101
The Wimbledon Pastor...	...	...	...	...	79
To the Readers of CHEERING WORDS	...	...	...	...	14
Try Once More	...	...	...	...	175
Wait Until Morning...	...	...	...	...	157
Weeping Over my Father's Grave	...	...	...	...	149
What Satan cannot do—What he can do	...	...	...	...	80
Words of Caution and Comfort	...	...	...	...	93
Words Worth More than all the World	...	...	...	...	144

Cheering Words.

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No. 171.

THE CHRISTIAN BUILDER DEFENDING HIS OWN HOUSE.

THE above sentence passed through my mind as I took my ticket in the Great Western station, this 4th of May, 1865, for Aylesbury, where I hope to preach twice this day for my Christian brother, John Plaw. The printers made a great mistake when they announced me for "Walton-street anniversary"—it was an unhappy mis-print that, but in this crooked world accidents cannot always be avoided. As I have run about this morning, looking after a few business matters, Paul's words have accompanied me, "Above all, take the shield of faith, wherewith ye may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." This is an exhortation I have not so carefully attended to as some, or things might have been different.

It is a startling thing to my mind that faith, which all the old men have found to be so difficult either to explain or to exercise, is, in these days, by many declared to be one of the easiest matters in all the world. As I walked to the station, Jude's sevenfold exposition of the life and labour of faith came very slowly to my mind.

First, Jude says, "Building up yourselves in your most holy faith." You know Paul tells the Church she is "God's husbandry" and "God's building;" then speaking of himself as a servant in God's service he says, "As a wise master builder, I have laid the foundation," which he did ministerially by preach-

ONE HALFPENNY.

ing Jesus Christ and him crucified. A living faith lays hold upon the person of Christ as revealed, and upon the work of Christ as declared in the Gospel. Faith can see and faith can say, this is the foundation God has laid in Zion for poor guilty sinners to build their hopes of heaven upon, and on this only certain foundation doth a living faith enable the regenerated soul to take its stand for safety in time and for happiness in eternity. In this spirit Jude says, "Building up yourselves in your most holy faith," and I feel convinced there are four different kinds of material wherewith a living soul doth by faith build up itself on this sure foundation. The provisions of grace faith lays on this foundation as David did. "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." This covenant includes heaven, the forgiveness of sin, the sanctifying work of the Holy Ghost, the justifying righteousness of the Great Redeemer, and all other things needful for an abundant entrance into the glory kingdom, and when faith has well surveyed the foundation, and when she has carefully laid in the provision thereon, she reiterates the language of Paul, "And ye are complete in him."

Secondly,—Faith builds up the soul by laying all the promises she can on this foundation. I say all she *can*; there may be some she cannot yet lay there *for herself*, because they have not been given to or laid hold of by her, but that one grand master-promise, that which represents and embodies all the rest,—“All that the FATHER giveth me SHALL COME TO ME; and him that cometh to me *I will in no wise cast out*,”—this promise, or these two promises, a living faith (in a seeking sinner's soul) is sure to grasp, and herewith she builds the soul up with great comfort and power at times. "I have fled to him," says the penitent, and this proves two things, first, that the Father gave me to him; and secondly, that "*in no wise*" will he cast me out.

The experience of grace is another kind of material faith lays on the foundation. Has the Holy Ghost ever revealed Christ to thy inmost and heaven-born soul? Has Jesus himself spoken to *THEE*? Has his Gospel been carried home with

power to thy conscience? Have you loved him? Have you wept before him? Have you, in times of danger and in seasons of deep and dark distress fled to him, and has he succoured and helped you? I am now passing the station where in much agony of soul I cried,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Ah! and after all the black reproach cast upon me how certain it is he *did* "let me to his bosom fly," and surely there I have been helped. And shall we not lay all this precious work of the Holy Spirit on the foundation too? And shall we not thereby build up ourselves in our most holy faith? I believe we shall.

On this foundation we lay, too, all the good works which are brought forth by us; and although we are never saved by them, yet where they are absent there is no evidence of being saved at all. All God's living children are "created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath ordained that we should walk in them;" and if a man can so pray unto God as to prevail, and so praise the Lord as to glorify his holy name, and so effectually preach the Gospel as to bring sinners to the Redeemer's feet, I am sure that godly man will ascribe all the honour and glory to him who redeemed and saved us in the sacrificial and intercessory work of a blessed and holy Immanuel.

DOUBTING FAITH.

"O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Matt. xiv. 31.

Doubting faith is not *doubtful* faith. If the believer has not the faith of *assurance*, he may have the faith of *reliance*, and that will take him to heaven. All the doubts and fears that ever harassed a child of God cannot erase his name from the Lamb's book of life, nor take him out of the heart of God, nor shut him out of glory. "Unbelief," says Rutherford, "may perhaps tear the copies of the covenant which Christ hath given you, but he

still keeps the original in heaven with himself. Your doubts and fears are no parts of the covenant; neither can they change Christ."

"The doubts and fears of the elect," remarks another, "are overruled by Almighty grace to their present and eternal good, as conducing to keep us humble at God's footstool, to endear the merits of Jesus, and to make us feel our weakness and dependence, and to render us watchful unto prayer." Did ever an unregenerate, lifeless soul, entertain a doubt or fear of its spiritual condition?—never. Was it ever known anxiously and prayerfully to question or to reason about its eternal state?—never. Do I seek to strengthen your doubts?—no. But I wish to strengthen your tried and doubting faith. I would tell you for your encouragement, that the minutest particle of grace hath eternal glory in it, even as the smallest seed virtually contains all that proceeds from it—the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear. Faint not, nor be discouraged in your trial of faith. There is not a sweeter way to heaven than along the path of free-grace, paved with hard trials; it was the way which he trod who was "full of grace." Rich though he was in grace, yet see how deeply he was tried. Think not then that your sore trials are signs of a graceless state. Oh no! The most gracious saints have been the most tried saints. But rest not here. There is still richer, surer comfort for you—even the fullness of grace that is in Jesus—grace ever flowing, and yet never full. Disclose to him your doubts and fears. Tell him you desire him above all good. Plunge into the sea of his fullness, and he who has created in your soul a thirst for grace, will assuredly and bountifully give you the grace for which you thirst."—*Dr. Winslow.*

SIN took away our righteousness, and made us sinners; sin took away our life, and brought in death; sin took away the blessing of God, and brought upon us his curse.

"I WILL keep my sin, and I will be bound over to death and hell"—One would think no man in his senses would talk so, and yet this is the language of sinners.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

FROM THE GERMAN.

(Concluded from page 186, vol. xv.)

THE BIBLE, if it be thus studied, with unceasing prayer, for the illumination of that Spirit who first inspired it will become indeed a sufficient rule of life, and one worthy of all acceptation, and a helmet of salvation which shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

Parents, therefore, search the Scriptures, both on your own account and that of your children. "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thy heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children; and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way; when thou liest down and when thou risest up;" Deut. vi. 1. See also Gen. xviii. 19.

Children, search the Scriptures, which will make you early "wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus," which destruction and misery flee from, and which will lead you out of all uncertainty to the truth. See Ps. cxix. 1—9; Prov. xii. 1; 2 Tim. iii. 14, 15..

Masters, and heads of families, search the Scriptures, that ye may know that "ye also have a Master in Heaven," who distributes various tasks to His servants. and that you may learn your responsibility, in the sight of God, for all the souls entrusted to your keeping. See Prov. iii. 33; 1 Cor. vii. 22; Colos. iv. 4.

Servants, search the Scriptures that you may learn to know your duties, and may fill, by God's help, the place allotted to you in society, to your own honour and the satisfaction of your employers. See Eph. vi. 5, 8; Tit. ii. 9, 10; 1 Pet. ii. 18, 20.

Rich and poor, old and young, search the Scriptures; their destination is to keep you alike from the deceitfulness of riches and the temptations of poverty. It will be the guide of your youth and the comforter of your more advanced years. 1 Tim. vi. 17; James ii. 5; Heb. iii. 13; Prov. xv. 16; Isa. xli. 4; Jer. iii. 4.

"Ah! how joyful is it," says a Russian officer, "to read that the word of God is worthy of all acceptation. I need no other treasure possessing this. This is my riches, and having it I feel prepared at any time to die."

"During my residence in Antigua," says an individual, whose life is dedicated to spreading abroad the knowledge of Holy Scripture, "many pious negroes were desirous of obtaining Bibles and Testaments. They implored for them in the most moving manner. We advised them to read them aloud to all those who could not read themselves, and to lend them to all who could. They promised to do so; and their delight at the reception of the great treasure was manifested by the tears that trickled down their dusky cheeks."

"What a glorious book the New Testament is," writes a Catholic soldier who had taken one with him to Breslau; "twelve of us assemble every evening in the barrack; one reads aloud, and the others listen to the glorious words spoken in it. If ever I come back to you, dear mother, I hope you will find me quite an altered son to you."

Happy, whatever may be his rank and station in this world, is that man who can say, "Thy statutes have been my song in the house of my pilgrimage," Ps. cxix. 54. And wretched indeed is that individual "to whom the word of the Lord is a reproach; who have no delight in it."—Jer. vi. 10.

Our condition in the future world will be according to the views which we have taken of God's word in this. By the words of God we shall be justified and condemned. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." So saith He who came into the world to save sinners, and who will appear at the last day as our judge. Matt. xxv. 31—46.

Let no day pass without your reading a passage from God's word. One single verse can be to you as the smooth stone of the brook was to David, enabling him to slay the giant; or like a guardian angel keeping thee from many an evil spirit. "It is written," "it is written again," was our Lord's reply when the tempter came to Him; and with the sword of the Spirit was the adversary soon overthrown. Matt. iv. 7—11.

Great is thy privilege. "The word is nigh thee." Yes, even within thy house; at least, it may be there. Even the poorest may share in that blessing. Let those who have no Bible seek any opportunity of subscribing to one of those many Bible societies, some branch of which exists in almost every country. If you yourself possess a Bible see that your children do so likewise, and endeavour to make others share also in this rich treasure.

"If it be required," says an author, "that our will be conformed to the will of God, and in for such an obedience, a knowledge of Himself be necessary, I do not know how any one who withholds this knowledge from his fellow-man, or delays to communicate it to him, can be said to love his neighbour as himself. He who voluntarily permits ignorance and uncertainty to continue, is guilty of all the sins that arise out of that ignorance, just as he who extinguishes a light in a lighthouse is responsible for whatever shipwrecks may be the consequence." "The word of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." Let us then send the word to all who are still unconverted among the children of men: "The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple." Let us then send them to such as are unenlightened among the children of men: "The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart." So let us give them to such as are miserable among the children of men.

Yes, let us not cease from ourselves searching the Scriptures as well as distributing them to others, till our own souls are filled with wisdom, love, and joy, and until earth contains no longer even one unconverted, unenlightened, unhappy man or woman. For our encouragement in this work, His word is gone forth, and it shall not return unto him void. "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." Isaiah xi. 9.

Impress these things deeply upon the heart; search the Scriptures, and do not overlook the two most important, the two chief doctrines which they contain, namely, the lost and hopeless condition of man by nature, and the one way of salvation by Jesus Christ. For not only is the fact that every thought and imagination of the heart of man is only evil continually

clearly revealed to us in Genesis vi. 5, and Jeremiah xvii. 9, as well as intimated by the whole Scripture narrative, which bears a constant witness to the misery, the perplexity, the helplessness of mankind: the Bible also makes manifest to us a way of redemption ordained by God himself, by which Christ the Lord our righteousness has become the propitiation for our sins and our advocate with the Father. See Romans xvi. 9-12; Jeremiah xxiii. 6; 1 John ii. 1, 2, so that we may believe in him, follow him, and obtain salvation by him.

“And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified.” Acts xx. 32.

“The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore, Amen.”

The following portions of the Holy Bible contain in brief the most important doctrines and precepts of Christianity,—

Matt. v., vi., vii., and xxv.; Mark xvi.; Luke xv.; John iii.; Acts xx.; Rom. iii.; 1 Cor. i. and ii.; 2 Cor. v.; Gal. v.; Eph. ii. and vi.; Phil. iii.; Col. iii.; 1 Thes. ii.; 1 Tim. i.; 2 Tim. ii.; Titus ii.; Hebrews x.; James i. and iii.; 1 Peter i.; 2 Peter i.

JANET.

“I WILL ESTABLISH MY COVENANT WITH YOU.”—These words came to my mind this morning, and did exactly open my case. Sometimes I can bless His dear name that He has broken the covenant with Satan; and there has been no quietness ever since; but “He taketh away the first that He may establish the second.” Now this is that blessed part of God’s work upon the soul that I come short of. Last Friday morning I sat thinking, “how should I get through?” When suddenly these words came:—

“Yes! I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given.”

Ah, I thought, they were blessed lines; they continued repeating to me; but since then I have concluded I should have to walk a miserable dark life; and these words came only to keep me from utter despair. Oh, that he would ESTABLISH His covenant with me!

THE TOP OF JACOB'S LADDER.

THIS word of Paul's,—“That we might be to the praise of His glory who first trusted in CHRIST”—was my theme one Sunday evening, and a long and happy time it was. The next day came the following note from one of the Lord's own Lambs:—

“When my soul is feasted, I feel that I must share the Lamb with some one, so I write to you, as one of my Christian friends, crying, ‘Rejoice with me.’ This evening, while listening to the word, my soul felt intoxicated with the love of Jesus. He seemed to be saying to my soul, ‘Drink, yea, drink abundantly; O beloved.’ I felt it was no shallow stream at which my thirsty spirit was drinking, but a boundless, shoreless ocean.

‘My dear friend, I used to feel much troubled when some one told me ‘first love’ would grow cold. Thank God, I have not found it so. I love Jesus much more now than when first I called him ‘my Lord and my God.’ I can understand how absorbing heaven must be, and how satisfying the presence of our glorious Redeemer in that happy country, for when the angel of the Gospel brings heaven to my soul I feel all the joy I am capable of receiving. All I desire is to honour him and live wholly to him. I feel the elder must serve the younger; Jacob rises up to wrestle, and Esau is defeated. Lately this Scripture has followed me, ‘I will make even thine enemies to be at peace with thee,’ but I find the correct Scripture version is, ‘He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.’ I long to feel more of that peace which only Christ can give. I want to feel at peace with everyone and everything but sin. I want to enjoy a deeper, fuller baptism into the spirit and mind of Christ. I see how true it is that without charity all profession is foolish and vain, as far removed from the religion of Jesus as the heavens are from the earth. To really enjoy the priceless gift that Paul so highly commendates, and John so fervently expounded, is the grand desire of my soul. To walk in the feet-

steps of Jesus, and love men's souls, as you were speaking about, my heart aspires to.

"Dear friend, pray for me, that I may consecrate all to him and his cause until the last grand moment come, then farewell to all but him. Amen. Ada."

TO THE READERS OF "CHEERING WORDS."

DEAR FRIENDS, — After having written and published "CHEERING WORDS" for fifteen years, I am now commenting the Sixteenth Volume, and desire to do so, by laying before you a little information respecting an effort a few friends contemplate making to build for me a new place of worship, to be called "BETHNAL GREEN TABERNACLE AND SCHOOLS." We have had one very pleasant meeting; a committee has been chosen, and a subscription list has been opened; and I believe the Lord will constrain many of you to gather up a few littles, and help us to finish this much-needed building without delay; ascribing to our God all the praise, and all the glory.

At the meeting just referred to our brother, Mr. C. CORNWELL, the minister of Mount Zion chapel, near Stoke Newington, gave a very spiritual and cheerful address, and to my great surprise he promised to give five pounds; that is, he said he would take five one-pound shares; and he would do so by putting by one-tenth of his income until it was effected. And he spoke so warmly and so sincerely of my labours, and of this effort, that I asked him to kindly write down an outline of the address he delivered. He has done so, and I will insert it here, because it breathes a Christ-like spirit; because it proves I have not always laboured in vain; because it shows I have some real friends in this world; and because it furnishes a pattern for persevering action for all who are disposed to help me in this great evangelical undertaking. The following is

MR. CORNWELL'S LETTER.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I promised you I would become a

shareholder of five shares, and would give what Abraham gave to the Lord until that amount was paid. With regard to the love I have for you, even before I knew you, it arose from reading the *Earthen Vessel*, at a time when much was said upon the transgression of God's children. I was then in the habit of reading such periodicals as *The Earthen Vessel*, *The Standard*, *The Gospel Herald*, &c., &c., and I found at that time a much better spirit among the editors of those magazines; and in reading your opinion, although I was adverse to your views, still I was obliged to confess it was a spirit I loved; and from that time to this, long before I ever saw or knew you, I loved you; and the first time I ever saw you was about six years ago, when I came from Cambridge. I went to Unicorn Yard, and heard you preach from these words, "And so shall we ever be with the Lord; wherefore, comfort one another with these words." I always think, if there is any reality in the tie that binds, there must be some reality before that bond of friendship is broken; if it only takes a trifle to gain a friend, it only takes a trifle to lose him. With regard to your building, I said I thought there was some mistake. People were very apt to look at outward means; but I had faith, and I told you what it arose from. I had made it a matter of prayer before God; and when I pray for a thing I am compelled to judge according to God's word. If my heart is hard, my cheeks dry, no dew, no argument to use, and nothing to plead; quite shut up, and mouth stopped, I take that as from the Lord (Ezek. xiv. 3); but when I feel that my tongue is loosed, my spirit at liberty, words to plead are given me, I also take that as from the Lord; and so I conclude this building will be of the Lord. I also said that faith was the principal ground upon which you all should stand; for when clouds come, some people think that faith is buried; but as it is in God's word compared to a hand, and an eye to the soul, it feels different according to whatever object it lays hold of. I feel things cold or hot, rough or smooth, hard or soft, the hand is still the same, but feels different impressions. The same faith took Abraham up the hill that rejoiced him when the promise of a son was given; and as the unclean birds hovered over Abraham's sacrifice,

and were disappointed, so, my brother, they will be disappointed who wait for your halting.—Yours, &c., C. CORNWELL.

Perhaps some of you would like to ask me, "What prospect have you?" "What promises have you?" "What powerful and willing helpers have you?" I should like to answer all such inquiring friends by quoting a paragraph from pastor Gossner's life. Some of his missionaries desired to build a church for the poor Coles, and their desire is recorded in the following extract from the book containing Gossner's life and labours. At the head of the page stands this line—

"BUILD A CHRIST CHURCH."

I hope our tabernacle will be built by those who believe savingly in Jesus, and that it will be consecrated to His Name; that its walls will resound with His Gospel; and that for many years it will be filled with those who are truly sanctified and saved in the Lord; predestinated to be conformed to the image of the Eternal Son of God. Here are the words from Gossner's book:—

"It has been mentioned that in 1851 the missionaries had decided on building a church, which indeed was absolutely necessary in order to accommodate their numerous converts. It was their wish to erect a substantial and commodious building, because they saw on the one hand what splendid temples the Hindoos erect for their idols; and on the other, what poor, mean fabrics are often thought sufficient for the worship of native Christians. They wrote to pastor Gossner, and told him what had now become a chief wish of their hearts. He responded with his usual cordiality, 'You must build a Christ Church,' he wrote. It was however a difficult undertaking, for they had neither funds in hand nor any promises of support, from man at least; yet as they considered it their duty to undertake this building they confided in God's promises, and fully believed that all necessary help would come; and they acted in accordance with their belief.

"On the 18th of November, 1851, the foundation stone of the church was laid. A great number of people consisting both of

the English residents, and native Christians, assembled to witness the ceremony. There was much rejoicing on the occasion; and the young people had an opportunity of showing their proficiency in singing; many chaunts, chorales, and Te Deums having been learned for the occasion. The Coles have a natural love for music, so that they quickly acquire considerable skill under the able training they receive in the school.

"The confidence which the brethren had felt that the necessary funds for their building would be forthcoming was quickly justified. Sums of money varying in amount from 3,700 rupees to five and ten rapidly flowed in; and in four years the church was finished. It is a handsome Gothic structure capable of containing nearly a thousand people. It was erected by men who knew nothing either of architecture or building, and remains a monument—and with every prospect of being a lasting monument—to the perseverance, readiness, and skill of Father Gossner's workmen. It was opened and dedicated in a solemn service on Christmas Eve, 1855. It cost about 21,000 rupees or £2,100."

In some things we are like these missionaries. God helping, we have

1st. Decided on building a tabernacle; for our little Squirries street chapel must soon come down; and a new house of prayer we must have, or cease to meet together. The prospectus, my son Mr. Robert Banks, has prepared, will clearly show you we must build. He will send you circulars and collecting cards, and other information, if you will drop a line; and if every one of my friends would send for one circular and one card, and collect together a few little mites, the building would soon be opened and paid for.

2ndly. It is said of Gossner's friends, they had neither "funds in hand, nor promises of support from man;" but they "confided in God's promises, fully believing that *all necessary help would come.*" Just so it is with us, except that we have a few promises; but the greater portion of the money is yet to be gathered up and to be brought in; and I am so much settled in my mind to do it, that I feel resolved, if it please the Lord to spare and strengthen me, to travel England through, and preach, and lec-

ture, and collect, and receive the funds for the building, as the Lord shall constrain the people to give.

Mine is a pressing urgent case. I cannot be denied. I make not this effort because Mr. Spurgeon has collected so many thousands, and built his tabernacle; nor because Mr. James Wells has erected his noble Tabernacle. Nay, sirs; indeed, if I had, in Bethnal Green, a substantial chapel, where schools, sick societies, and other auxiliary efforts might be carried out, I would be content; but my chapel is small, it is close, it is unhealthy, it is exposed to street annoyances, its lease soon expires;—without my saying one word friends have decided for me—the thing must be done. They have commenced the work; and on their behalf, as your humble servant, having written “CHEERING WORDS” for you for fifteen years; and having in all these labours often been a great sufferer—on behalf of the Committee for the erection of “BETHNAL GREEN TABERNACLE and SCHOOLS,” your prompt, your pleasant, your prayerful, and your practical co-operation, is earnestly solicited by

THE VILLAGE PREACHER,

MR. JOHN DILLISTONE.

In these little CHEERING WORDS, I have often referred to pretty *Woodland Green*, and the *Sturmer Nurseries*, where my christian brother, JOHN DILLISTONE lived; and when on the eve of anniversary days, I have had many opportunities of hearing his testimony for the Gospel of His Saviour's grace. The Lord hath called him away. *Woodland Green* is now a scene of sorrow: there sits John's beloved but bereaved widow, with her fatherless children around her—sometimes thinking it must be all a dream. Oh! that God may appear for her; and if I live, in this volume, a little memorial of one so dear to me and to many shall be given.

“There—not a wave of trouble rolls
Across his peaceful breast.”

A NEW TABERNACLE FOR "THE VILLAGE PREACHER."

On Monday evening, Dec. 11th, a meeting was held in Squirries-street Chapel, Bethnal-green-road, London, to adopt measures for building a new chapel and school, for C. W. Banks. The meeting unanimously adopted a resolution that such an object was not only desirable, but necessary, as the lease of the present chapel expires in about two years; and the want of suitable school-rooms was much felt. A Committee was formed; a subscription list was commenced; and the project was fairly started.

TO THE READERS OF CHEERING WORDS, who for years have read with pleasure and profit the papers of "The Village Preacher," (C. W. Banks), the Committee earnestly appeal for aid in carrying out this object. EVERY READER can do something to help us; those who cannot afford to send us a donation, if they will send their name and address to the Secretary (as below) a collecting card will be forwarded to them by return of post. The Committee have prepared a "*Weekly Offering Card*," which they hope many of the readers of CHEERING WORDS will send for. By these weekly subscriptions much may be done. The continued weekly mites thus gathered up will in a short time enable the Committee to proceed with the work. The population of Bethnal-green is near 300,000; it is an exceedingly poor district; and in its streets thousands of children are to be found ignorant and uncared for; one object is to build a large school, where hundreds of these children may be taught the truths of the Gospel. Who will not help in so worthy a cause?

LET EVERY READER before he lays this number down send to the Secretary a donation, or for a collecting card, to help to build "The Village Preacher" a Tabernacle and Schools.

Treasurer: MR. WILLIAM MACE, Old Ford, North Bow, E.

Secretary: MR. ROBERT BANKS, 4, Crane-court, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

[We insert this just as sent to us. We have in another part of this number mentioned the matter ourselves.—Ed.]

CHEERING WORDS.

GO TO JESUS.

I am not happy, do you say,
Why, go to Jesus, that's the way;
He will forgive you all your sin,
And make your guilty conscience
clean.

Then go to him just as you are,
Believing that his love is sure,
Believing that he died for you,
That he is faithful, just, and true.

If at first you do not feel
He is willing you to heal,
Pray to him to give you faith
To believe in all he saith.

Do you think he would have died
That cruel death, be crucified,
If ~~it~~ was not for sinner's gain,
That he suffered so much pain?

Must not then his love be great
Thus to suffer in our place,
To endure the heavy load,
The just anger of our God?

Oh, do not wrong him, but believe,
All his promises receive,
For they are your's, he died for you,
And he is faithful, just, and true.

CAREY.

UNION.

Sweet is the union true believers feel;
Into one spirit they have drunk: the seal
Of God is on their hearts; and thus they see
In each the features of *one* family.
If one is suffering, all the rest are sad;
If but the least is honour'd, all are glad:
The grace of Jesus, which they all partake,
Flows out in mutual kindness for His sake.

THE KENTISH SHOEMAKER.

A Review of the Life and Labours of the late William Birch, of Cranbrook. See "The Earthen Vessel" for January, 1866. Price 2d.

Now ready. In pretty fancy coloured cover. Price 8d.

CHEERING WORDS VOLUME FOR 1865.

A few volumes of "Cheering Words" for 1864, may still be had.

Now ready, price 2d.

THE BAPTIST ALMANACK FOR 1865.

London: G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster row; and all Booksellers.

London: Printed by ROBERT BANKS, 9, Crane-court, Fleet-street, E.C.
Published by G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster-row, E.C.; sold by most
Booksellers.—Price One Halfpenny.

Cheering Words.

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No. 173.



PASTOR SPURGEON'S COMMENDATION OF THE BIBLE.

I WAS sitting in my study one morning in meditation, when, suddenly, my eye ran across the room, and in the distance,
ONE HALFPENNY.

read, on the back of a rather dusty looking volume, these words, "Conant's History of the English Bible, edited by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon."

A spontaneous feeling carried me to where the book lay. I opened it. I began to read the preface.

"At these times," thought I, "the reading of such an exhilarating commendation of the Bible, by millions of men, may do good, much good. How can I get them read?"

"Put some of the best of his words," said a whisper, "in your CHEERING WORDS."

"I will," said I to myself, "for who can tell but a blessing may attend them?" Here are a few of his words. He says,

Everything that concerns the Bible must be interesting to the Christian. It is the book of his God; it contains the story of his redemption; it reveals to him the future joys of his eternal home. The name of his Well-beloved is stamped on every page, the person of his adorable Redeemer is pictured in its chapters, and his own personal interest in Jesus is manifested to him in its glorious truths. The Holy Spirit has used its threatenings for his conviction, its invitations for his comfort, and its promises for his support.

It is a cabinet of treasures, a mine of wealth, a river of delight, a firmament of stars, a sun of light, a nether heaven of bliss. In all seasons of joy or sorrow, the saint finds a sweet companion in the word of God: it sings for him, it weeps with him; it teaches him to live, it enables him to die. He does not merely admire and reverence it, he *loves* it. His whole soul is enamoured with it, and he feels that he could not live without it. He can say, as Herbert did,

O book! infinite sweetness! let my heart
Suck every letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part,
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.

What wonder, therefore, that the history of the Bible is full of deep interest to the believer? Who can marvel that he is ever ready to listen to the story of its preservation, its translation, its distribution, and its effects? Who shall laugh at him if he de-

lights to read the daring deeds and the cruel sufferings of those heroes of the truth, who gave an open Bible to the thousands of their fellow-countrymen?

Our English Bible has been baptized in the tears and blood of faithful souls. Many a martyr, after spending his whole head and heart upon it, has for its sake given his body to be burned. No other Christian people can show a translation so rich in its history as ours. Woe unto us, if we wrap this talent in a napkin! God requireth much at the hands of a people to whom the saints have bequeathed such a legacy. If we neglect His holy Word, which the heroic struggles of the valiant in Israel have secured to us as an inheritance, we must expect the severest punishment for our ungrateful conduct. England can only flourish by the free circulation of the Word of God, and our hearts can only be maintained in their integrity by constant meditation upon the glorious truths contained therein. Whatever we do, let us not neglect the reading of the Scriptures; for this will be the shortest way to starve ourselves into destruction. Alas! how many there are who spend hours in reading other books, but whose Bibles are scarcely ever read! The words of a quaint old writer are as applicable to our times as to his own,—“Though the Scriptures were dictated by the Holy Spirit, and hold the lamp to knowledge and happiness, how many cast the precious charter behind their backs, or even trample it under their feet!” “Though,” as one expresses it, “God himself has vouchsafed to commence author, how few will so much as give His work the reading!” The renowned Scipio Africanus hardly ever had Xenophon’s writings out of his hand. Alexander the Great made Homer’s poems his constant companion. St. Chrysostom was so fond of Aristophanes’ comedies, that he even laid them under his pillow when he slept. Our matchless Alfred constantly carried *Bœthius* in a fold of his robe. Tamerlane (if I rightly remember) always carried about with him the *History of Cyrus*. Bishop Jewel could recite all *Horace*, and Bishop Sanderson all *Tully’s “Offices.”* The Italians are said to be such admirers of *Tasso*, that the very peasants sing him by heart as they pursue their country labours. The famous Leibnitz could repeat, even

in extreme old age, the greatest part of Virgil; and one of the popes is said to have learned English, purely for the sake of reading the "Spectator" in its original language. How warmly does Horace recommend the study of the Greek writers to the Roman youth! "*Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*" How, then, ought Christians to study the Book of God when heathens are diligent readers of the books of men! Beza, at upwards of eighty years of age, could repeat the whole of St. Paul's Epistles in the original Greek, and all the Psalms in Hebrew; and even more lately the learned Witsius, at a very advanced period of life, could recite almost any passage of Scripture in its proper Hebrew or Greek, together with the contexts and criticisms of the best commentators. How will such persons rise in judgment against the negligent professors, the many superficial divines, and the flimsy infidels of the present day! Time has been when the Word of the Lord was precious in this land,—so precious that, in the reign of Henry VIII., an honest farmer once gave a cartload of hay for one leaf of St. James' Epistle in English. Now, indeed, through the goodness of God, the manna of His Word lies in abundance round our tents. But what is the consequence? Most of us are for reading any book, except that which can make us wise to salvation. We disrelish even the bread of life,—I almost say we spurn it away with our feet. Hence our spiritual declensions. May we not address the generality of Christians (so called) in the words of Mr. Boston? "The dust on one hand, or the finery on the other, about your Bibles is a witness now, and will at the last day be a witness of the enmity of your hearts against Christ as a prophet."

No human tongue can fully express the unutterable value of that rich boon which is conferred upon mankind in the gift of Holy Scripture. It is one of those things of which we shall never know the value till we lose them. As an elegant writer forcibly puts it, "You have only to think what a change would pass on the aspect of our race, if the Bible were suddenly withdrawn, and all remembrance of it swept away, and you arrive at some faint notion of the worth of this volume. Take from

Christendom the Bible, and you have taken the moral chart by which alone its population can be guided. Ignorant of the nature of God, and only guessing at their own immortality, the tens of thousands would be as mariners tossed on a wide ocean without a pole-star and without a compass. The blue lights of the storm-fiend would burn ever in the shrouds; and when the tornado of death rushed across the waters, there would be heard nothing but the shriek of the terrified and the groan of the despairing. It were to mantle the earth with more than Egyptian darkness,—it were to dry up the fountains of human happiness,—it were to take the tide from the waters, and leave them stagnant,—and the stars from our heavens, and leave them in sackcloth,—and the verdure from the valleys, and leave them in barrenness; it were to make the present all recklessness, and the future all hopelessness,—the maniac's revelry, and the fiend's imprisonment,—if you could annihilate that precious volume, which tells of God and of Christ, and unveils immortality, and instructs to duty, and woos to glory." Such is the Bible. Praise ye it, and spread it more and more.

Thus much, Mr. Spurgeon. But it may be asked, What is the meaning of the picture at the beginning of this paper? It is a correct representation of

THE BLIND MAN READING THE BIBLE

on the bridge in the City road, of which we may speak next month.

DEATH IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT.

IT was nearly one o'clock in the morning of December 23rd, 1865, that my beloved wife's father, Mr. C. W. Williamson, was awake out of a sound sleep by his aged partner getting out of her bed. They had the previous evening been for a long walk; and Mrs. W. had been unusually cheerful; and her deeply

attached husband observed that when he bowed his knees before the throne of grace, and pleaded with his MAKER in his evening supplication, his aged wife, almost loudly, repeated his petition after him; and at the end she added most emphatically a hearty amen. Still, nothing was thought of as regards death. She had been out walking for two successive evenings; and although she had passed her seventy-fifth birth-day, she retired to rest as well as usual. She had been a quiet follower of the LORD JESUS for more than fifty years. She had reared a family of three sons and two daughters; besides several little plants which had been early transplanted in the higher fields of heavenly glory. She had endured, of late, some bodily afflictions; and her tender and affectionate husband had nursed her, and soothed her sorrows many times; and she rallied; and performed her domestic duties as usual; and her children thought she might yet live some years; but on that early morning her appointed end had come. It was in the stillness and darkness of the night that death entered that quiet chamber where the aged couple lay fast sleeping, and unconsciously reposing. Without any noise, or storm, or dread alarm, death tapped her gently on the heart, and said, "*The hour is come.*" She arose and left her bed; her husband, (the only other person who was in the house at all) hearing her arise, said, "What is the matter?" She answered, "Nothing, only give me a little drink." In a moment he was up, and ministered unto her. As she returned to her bed, he saw, or feared he saw, death had come. He fled to fetch a neighbour; and the dear aged saint lay passive in the arms of death without one creature to witness the solemn scene. Her husband and her neighbour came; and, leaving the neighbour with her, he fled to fetch her eldest son; but without one struggle, without one murmur, seemingly without one pain, SHE WAS GONE. So, when dear Mr. Williamson and his son returned, the aged wife, the loving mother had departed. She could not stop to say, "Good bye!" No testimony of her saintship was required. All her life long she had loved, and believed in CHRIST; and yet she was only a gentle lamb; so the GOOD SHEPHERD sent an angel to enfold her in his arms, and waft her home to glory.

Oh! how the children burst in sobs and cries, when to one after another, the tidings came, "Your mother is dead."

Well may it be said, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

The next Saturday, I followed with the family her mortal remains to the grave. In Mr. Williamson's chapel, (the dutiful minister, son of the deceased,) Mr. Woollacott officiated; and at the close, they sang the following hymn,

O happy saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

Releas'd from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An open cage to let them fly,
On wings of love to world's on high.

And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
Their happy souls in glory prove,
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

He cheers them with eternal smile,
They sing hosannas all the while;
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at His feet.

Ah! Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep,
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

There lives in Hull a most pure-minded and devout relative of the deceased Mrs. Williamson, who, in writing a condoling note to the bereaved widower, says:—

"MY VERY DEAR UNCLE,—Our prayer is that you may be strengthened in this your greatest earthly trial, by resting on the Atonement, the oath and promises of our God and heavenly Father, who, in His mercy and loving-kindness, has carried you both above the appointed age of man — threescore years and ten.

"Even to hoar hairs will I carry you." Yes, the Lord has in His faithfulness crowned you with a virtuous, loving, faithful wife for nearly fifty years; and now that it has pleased our heavenly Father to take the crown from off your head, which His own hand had first ordained should be placed there ("the delight of your eyes,") consider she has only, perhaps, "A Day's March" nearer home before you. May God continue to bless you with calm and Christian fortitude, patience, and resignation, to His heavenly will.

"Since all that we meet
 Shall work for our good,
 The bitter is sweet,
 The medicine is food.
 Though painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long;
 And then, O, how pleasant,
 The conqueror's song!"

IN THE WATERS-PASSING OVER.

"THE memoir of Mrs. S. Y. Hutchings," by her husband, is a spiritual gem: it is full of the words of life: "the paschal lamb was eaten with bitter herbs;" but that delightful sentiment of Watts was realized,—

"The men of grace have found
 Glory began below."

Have you not sometimes seen, on a terrible cloudy and stormy day, the sun bursting forth in the heavens, and shining for a few moments with refreshing brilliancy, and then the black clouds covered it again in a moment; then the wind threatened to drive all before it; and the rolling thunders would make the stoutest heart tremble. So it is frequently when the Christian is passing over Jordan. I have seen it; and it may be I shall experience it ere very long. From Mrs. Hutchings' Diary, her husband has given some extracts which plainly tell you how much her heart was set on the things in the heavens; and his testimony of her death, struggles, and her holy triumphs, is certain to be

comforting to many who are not in the valley. On last New Year's day she wrote :—

1865. Jan. 1st.—“Thirty-one years ago last month, when I was but little over twenty-one years of age, the Lord, at the death of a dearly beloved relative, opened my eyes to see myself a sinner. Oh! how sweet in those days was the name of Jesus; but it really seems sweeter to me now than it ever did then; That it was a work of grace I verily believe; yet, at times, I have misgivings; but, I suppose the strife will continue down to the verge of Jordan,

‘My God is nearer’d to glory on high,
When death makes a passage then to Him I’ll fly,
And join in the song of all praise through His blood,
To the Three who are one inconceivable God.’”

Jan. 7th.—“Oh, how does pain weary me; but now I can, indeed, with practical Christian experience adopt the mournfully comforting lines—

‘When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
’Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.’”

Jan 19th.—“Dear husband, when called to leave you, I have another to go to; hear what He says: ‘I am married unto you.’ (Jer. iii. 14.)

‘I have espoused thee for my own,
And with me thou shalt be;
My Hephzibah, my glorious crown!
I’m married unto thee!’

‘I bought thee with my own heart’s blood,
When dying on the tree;
And in the righteousness of God
I’m married unto thee!’”

There may be joy without faith, and there may be faith without joy.

Human faith is founded upon probability, Divine faith upon certainty.

MY FIRST SERMON IN A THEATRE.

ONE gloomy Saturday night, after having travelled all day on the Northern line, I changed carriages to run down that branch which literally runs over a little arm of the sea, and drops you down in that newly-built town called "Barrow-in-Furness." I had not sat down in the railway car long before a gentleman said, "We are going into the sea, now." He was the only person in the car, and appeared very uneasy. "Going into the sea," thought I, "that is not very pleasant on this dark night." I tried to look out of the window, but all I could see—if seeing it could be called—was one dark abyss of blackness and nothingness:—an empty void, without one speck of change beneath, or one bright star above. Even so appeared my mind; a darkness that might be felt covered my soul within, and a gloom of endless emptiness stretched itself without. How dreadful is that line of Jude's, "Unto whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever."

Mercifully, that was not my case then. There were two things to help me to hope. First, our train was flying fast through this darkness. Secondly, I hoped presently to come into some kind of light and liberty. There was in that evening's experience, a similarity to Fawcett's experimental poem, where he says—

"Dark was my spirit, and dead to sin;
But when, great God, Thy light divine,
Shone on my guilty heart, I saw
How I had broke Thy righteous law.

"Convicted, and condemned, I stood
Before the sin-avenging God;
Nor had I any plea to make
But this—'O save for Jesus' sake.'

"Depress'd, and sunk in self despair,
I sought Thy face by humble prayer;
Till from above Thy cheering ray,
Turn'd my dark midnight into day.

"Through grace, my soul beheld, at length,
JESUS—her righteousness and strength.
How did I then before Him fall,
And own Him as my All in All!"

Ah! These changes from darkness into light my soul has sometimes known. But to my story. I was the next day to preach in a little chapel in the morning, and in the theatre in the evening. That Sunday was—as the sailors say—"one of dirty weather;" and when to the theatre at night we travelled, it was through mist and mud and darkness most depressing. They took me through a kind of back trap door, and on the stage, behind the scenes, I sat until the time arrived to begin. How strange to me it all appeared! My little soul seemed to sink in fear. High up to the ceiling was the gallery, full of people; but I could not see much of them. Down below the stage was a kind of pit, with people sitting; and around me were shifting scenes representing various kinds of characters, and curious visionary views. Mr. Betts stood on the stage and announced the hymn; and after reading and prayer I read my text in 2 Tim. i. 10—

"JESUS CHRIST,
WHO HATH ABOLISHED DEATH,
AND HATH BROUGHT
LIFE AND IMMORTALITY TO LIGHT
THROUGH THE GOSPEL."

For a mixed multitude in a theatre it was a text most suitable. I was, I hope, helped a little to speak upon three different branches of this large Scripture.

The first was, *Man's state in the fall—he is in DEATH.*

Then, the great work of CHRIST: He hath *abolished Death.*

From this floweth forth eternal blessings, called "Life and Immortality."

I will not here write out the sermon; that I could not do but by patches. There was one beautiful stream of light broke in upon my soul, upon which I give one word.

"THE TWELVE GATES"

John saw in Apocalyptic vision, suddenly opened to me the twelve gates by which salvation comes into the city of Mansoul; or, by which the redeemed come into a Divine relationship and in-dwelling with the Lord God.

Salvation comes into the city of Mansoul by gates, the number and position of which are named. John calls Mansoul "the holy city," because God dwells there; CHRIST is revealed there; the HOLY SPIRIT works there; Heaven's salvation is possessed there. Let us reverently look at the gates whereby this salvation comes.

On the east—or in the GREAT ORIGINAL of ALL THINGS—three gates. Salvation comes in by the Purpose, the Promise, and the all-creating Power of the Almighty God—THE FATHER.

"And on the north, three gates." The north pointed to the dreadful storm of wrath and agony through which the Saviour travelled; so that salvation comes in by the obedience, the sufferings, and sacrificial and atoning sacrifice, and resurrection glory of the SON OF GOD.

"And on the south, three gates." The south denoteth, in a spiritual way, the soft, the cleansing, and the life-giving energy of the Holy Ghost. The three gates on the south are the life, the light, and the liberty of the SPIRIT, without which salvation cannot be realised.

"And on the west, three gates." When the Sun of Righteousness hath arisen and shone on Mansoul, then the three other gates are opened, whereby salvation is manifested. One is called *Faith* in God; a second is called Fellowship with the FATHER, and with His Son JESUS CHRIST; the third is called Fruitfulness to the glory of God, and to the comfort of the living in Jerusalem.

A spiritual understanding of these gates—their openings and in-comings of salvation—will lead the poorest and the vilest of men to exclaim, like David: "Have mercy upon me, O LORD; consider my trouble, thou that liftest me up from the gates of death, that I may show forth all thy praise in the gates of the Daughter of Zion." And how beautiful is the climax of that prayer—"I WILL REJOICE IN THY SALVATION."

My first sermon in the theatre lasted about an hour. Whether the LORD did bless it or not I cannot say. This I do believe,—in such public places you will get a class of people who will not go either to church or chapel. And as the Gospel is to be preached in all the world this may be God's ordinance; but I cannot decide, because I am only

A VILLAGE PREACHER.

OUT-GOINGS OF SOUL TO GOD.

YOU may sometimes prove and realise your own heirship to heaven by the inward joy you feel when you either see or hear, or read the out-goings of a living soul toward the Lord. The other day I read a review of the life of John Brainerd, the brother of David Brainerd, the missionary to the Indians. I knew, as I read extracts from John Brainerd's diary, he was one that knew and loved the Lord, and was much devoted to His service; and I only desired that I might be much more like him. I will give one little specimen.

The Brainerds were by no means the earliest missionaries to the red men. John Eliot, "the Apostle to the Indians," who translated the Bible into their language, died thirty years before John Brainerd was born. And earlier than Eliot, Thomas Mayhew preached the Gospel to them, and handed down to his family, for five generations, as a precious heirloom, the glorious charge of ministering to their unhappy race. The Moravians also have laboured in the same field, and the Scotch Society employed at least one other agent in the good work. Shortly before John Brainerd entered upon his ministry, the Indians under his brother's charge had removed to a new settlement called Bethel, in New Jersey, which they occupied for several years, and where John Brainerd devoted himself heart and soul to his Master's work among them; preaching, teaching, catechizing, visiting them in their cabins, opening schools for children, and in all things approving himself a faithful minister of Christ. He was favoured with some success, but suffered many trials and disappointments, arising from the character of the Indians, the circumstances in which they were placed, the bad example of some of their white neighbours, and from want of funds. Nor were his labours confined to the Indians of Bethel. Like the Apostle, he could speak of "journeyings often," of "weariness and painfulness," of "perils in the wilderness, and perils among the heathen;" for far and wide he travelled into the territory of remote tribes in the hope of bringing to them the Gospel of the grace of God.

John Brainerd kept a minute journal, not only of the events of his daily life, but also of the state of his feelings in spiritual things—not spun out and elaborated, but the simple utterance of his heart. The record of two days will be a sufficient specimen of the rest:—

“Lord’s-day, Nov. 19.—Had, I hope, some real sense of God, and Divine things in holy duties. Oh that God would daily increase the same! Attended public worship, and it pleased the Lord, I humbly trust, to give me some assistance. Preached in the forenoon from Psalm cxix. 136; in the afternoon, without an interpreter, from John xiv. 19. The Indians, as well as the white people (a number of whom were present), gave good attention to the word spoken, but nothing very special appeared in the assembly. I had much sweetness and comfort in my soul this day, especially in the afternoon; blessed be the gracious God.

“After I came home felt much sweetness and calmness in my soul, and through the evening earnestly desired to be wholly devoted to God, and perfectly free from sin. Oh, how sweet is such a feeling! Oh, how much does it surpass all that the world can possibly afford! May I ever live with and for the blessed God. May I wholly die to all sublunary things, and be wholly wrapped up in the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. May I live upon those glimpses that I have of Christ, or rather on Christ himself, while I have but as it were a glimpse of Him, till I shall come to the beatific vision and full fruition of Him, in the blessed heavenly world.

“Tuesday, November 21.—Attended holy duties in family and secret. Oh, how apt is my poor heart to warp off and wander from the blessed God! Oh, ’tis most affecting that I should wander from Him who is in Himself the best good and only satisfying portion of my soul! Oh, when shall I be delivered from this body of death, and drop this world’s earthly chains and fetters? Was obliged to spend this day in hard labour, excepting that I read a little in the Bible in the morning, and in the evening composed a letter to a friend. My little affairs of a temporal nature being much out of order, by reason of my being absent and being

exceedingly crowded with other business since my return, I had no time to do anything scarcely as a preparation for the winter, and having tried to procure some help, but being unsuccessful, was obliged to do it myself. Spent the evening partly in reading the Bible, and partly in reading my brother's life, and could not but be affected at my own extreme barrenness and nonconformity to God. I saw that although he was an imperfect man, I was very short of being what he was, and doing what he did, which made me ashamed to look up. However, I trust I had some real desire to devote my all to God, and both in family and secret devotions had comfortable outgoings of the soul to God. Blessed be his holy name."

This is real religion in the soul; it comes from, and carries the soul home to GOD.

"THE VILLAGE PREACHER'S" NEW TABERNAACLE.

SEVERAL readers of CHEERING WORDS have already expressed their desire to help in this work, and have taken collecting cards. It is by the means of small donations the work must be accomplished. Will every CHEERING WORD reader get one of these cards, and gather up a few mites in their own circle of friends? A note sent to Mr. ROBERT BANKS, 4, Crane Court, Fleet Street, will have immediate attention, and will bring you a collecting card by return of post. Send for one at once, and aid the movement as far as you can.

"DEAR MR. BANKS,—Having for many years past read with interest and, I hope, with profit, THE BATHEN VESSEL and CHEERING WORDS; and also admired your Christian spirit and activity in your Master's work, I do cheerfully comply with the Committee's request to your readers to help you to build a Tabernacle and Schools. I will pray that the Lord may still bless you abundantly, and light up your path afresh with His presence and grace. I know you have devoted your all in His service; but the promise holds good, your Father will supply all your need. If you will kindly send me a Collecting Card, I will do my best to fill it up. I hope thousands will respond to the appeal, JONATHAN GARWOOD.

SATISFIED.

O Jesus! Friend unfailing!
How dear art Thou to me!
Are cares or fears assailing?
I find my strength in Thee!
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this my pilgrim way?
Rough though the path and dreary,
It ends in perfect day!

Nought, nought I count as pleasure,
Compared, O Christ, with Thee!
Thy sorrow without measure,
Earned peace and joy for me!
I love to own, Lord Jesus!
Thy claims o'er me divine,
Bought with Thy blood most pre-
Whose can I be but thine! [cious,

What fills my heart with gladness?
Tis Thy abounding grace!
Where can I look, in sadness,
But, Jesus, on Thy face?
My all is Thy providing,—
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
In Thee, my Refuge, hiding,—
No good wilt thou withhold.

Why should I droop in sorrow?
Thou'rt ever by my side!
Why, trembling, dread the morrow?
What ill can e'er betide?
If I my cross have taken,
Tis but to follow Thee;
If scorned, despised, forsaken,
Nought severs Thee from me!

O worldly pomp and glory!
Your charms are spread in vain!
I've heard a sweeter story!
I've found a truer gain!
Where Christ a place prepareth,
There is my loved abode!
There shall I gaze on Jesus!
There shall I dwell with God!

For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing!
I triumph, Lord, in Thee!
O Jesus! Friend unfailing!
How dear art Thou to me!

TO "CHEERING WORDS" FRIENDS.

"A Little Pilgrim" will find her note, and a reply to it, in "THE EASTERN VESSEL" for February. It was too late to be inserted here.

Friends to "CHEERING WORDS" will please to notice, that fifty copies of different numbers of "CHEERING WORDS" are done up in packets for sixpence, and can be had through any bookseller, as they are published at J. Paul's, in Chapter House Court, St. Paul's. Poor, aged Christians might sell the fifty copies at one halfpenny each. Almost everybody would purchase a little book like this for a halfpenny; and then a poor man, or woman, or child, might clear one shilling and sixpence for themselves. The volumes of "CHEERING WORDS" are neat little books, suited for cottage presents or Sunday school rewards.

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Chattering Words.

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THE PRIESTS BEARING THE ARK THROUGH JORDAN.

ONE HALFPENNY.

**"HOW SHALL THE ARK OF THE LORD COME
TO ME?"**

[See Engraving on preceding page.]

Jesus is our God and Saviour,
Guide, and Counsellor, and Friend,
Bearing all our mis-behaviour,
Kind and loving to the end.
Trust Him! He will not deceive us,
Tho' we of Him hardly deem;
He will never—never leave us;
Nor will let us quite leave Him.

MR. BROOM, the kind and Christian editor of *Good News*, lent me the above nice view of the priests bearing the ark in Jordan's river while the people passed over; and my son Robert asked me to write a few lines illustrative or descriptive of this little picture. I felt at first I could not, but I am glad now he asked me, because it led me to preach two sermons from the Old and New Testament records of "the Ark of the Covenant," which I know was made useful to some.

These sermons were preached on Lord's-day, February 18th, 1866; and if I could write them out, I would not fear to lay them before all the bishops and curates in Christendom; for I do hope I may say, both in the study of them, and in preaching them, I was mercifully, and divinely helped of the Lord.

Driven about as I am in reading lots of letters, writing many little notes, preparing and inditing for the press, and a host of things besides, it does seem impossible for me to get Sunday's sermons all right and ready on Friday or Saturday. Some good men tell their people their sermons are all ready on Friday night; and then they visit their people on Saturday.

I wonder to myself where they are ready? Are they laid up in old manuscripts? Old sermons preached over and over again? Or, laid up in the mental-manufactory of a hard-working mind? With this, however, I have nothing to do. Let me mind my own business; and I shall have enough.

"The ark," thought I, I have to write something on the ark:

But on the Saturday evening, I could think of nothing but that word John gives, "Perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment." I remember well, as I laid my head that Saturday night on my pillow, I thought most pleasantly of that delightful sentence, "PERFECT LOVE!" Love must have an object. To be perfect love, that object must be possessed, embraced, enjoyed, and delighted in. This perfect love, I thought, was the love of God toward His most beloved Son. Perfect love, too, is the love of CHRIST toward the church the Father gave Him; and for whose sake the LORD JESUS gave Himself.

Ah! that was perfect love indeed;

Its like was never known.

This perfect love is, also, in the HOLY SPIRIT, who loves to quicken, call, and sanctify the whole redeemed family. And when the love of God is shed abroad in a believer's heart, when that love works faith in Jesus, and realizes an interest in all His mediatorial work and worthiness; when this love constrains us to love the glorious THREE IN ONE; and when this love leads to fellowship, friendship, and obedience, then it is perfect love indeed; and with it slavish fear can never dwell.

This was my Saturday night's meditation. But on Sunday morning when I arose, I thought again of "the ark." And, after a feeble effort to seek the Lord, I walked to the window board, where my old and large Concordance lies open; and under the heading of "the ark," David's solemn question camelike dew upon my soul, "How shall the ark of the Lord come to me?" It is written in 1 Samuel vi. 9. In attempting to bring the ark up from Kirjath-jearim, in a cart, one man named Uzzah put forth his hand to stay, or keep it from falling, when, lo! "God smote him there for his error," or, rashness, as the margin gives it; and there Uzzah died. What a scene! The ark stopped, God angry, Uzzah dead, David displeased, disappointed, and, as the text says, he "was afraid of the Lord that day; and said, "How shall the ark of the Lord come to me?"

My mind was deeply solemnized; and as I sat, this thought sprang up in my mind: David was a type of Christ, a type of a true minister, a type of a poor seeking sinner, and a type of

erring and afflicted saint; and in every case, the question is applicable.

The thought threw open fields of sacred meditation; and I began with this one idea, namely, "What Jesus Christ is in the New Testament, that, in some measure, the Ark of the Covenant is in the Old Testament. The ark was the symbol and the shadow; Jesus is the substance and living reality; and from this thought, sprang out streams of thought, which I do honestly and humbly trust were sanctified by God the Holy Ghost to the enlightening and comforting of many souls.

Of course, all this has nothing to do with explaining the picture. There you see the waters divided, the ark on the shoulders of the priest, and the people coming from the wilderness into the promised land. Read it in the book of Joshua; and I will pray the Lord to help me to give a little account of this ark, and a few thoughts on David's question; and an attempt to show how it was answered, if my life and strength be spared unto me. I hope in this desire I shall not disappoint any who condescend to look at the little notes of

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

O thou whose smile is joy to me,
And stills my rising fears;
Shine forth that I may fragrant be
While in this vale of tears.

Cause me to flourish at Thy side
There in the valley low;
If trodden by the foot of pride,
May I Thy meekness show.

Though bruised, emitting odours
sweet,
Which Thou wilt not despise,
Help me while lying at thy feet
In holy faith to rise.
Cheesham Bois.

O, may I love this safest place,
The path of suffering here;
A flower watered by Thy grace,
In Eden to appear.

There, ever green and ever sweet,
In God's own light to shine;
To worship Him who made me
meet,
And calls this glory mine.

Lord, till I praise Thee as I ought
On Zion's holy hill;
May love, Thine own, bestowed un-
sought,
My soul with rapture fill.

E. T. CARVER.

THE BOY WHO WROTE A LETTER TO OUR
LORD JESUS CHRIST.

"THIS is a strange title" some will say ; but John Ashworth, in his "Strange Tales" quotes it as a true story ; and I am never disposed to doubt anything John Ashworth gives us in his remarkable series of tracts. I have not read one of John Ashworth's tracts for some time ; but on my way through "the Row" to-day, I saw the words, "the widow." I purchased the tract at once, I read the first leaf as I walked through the crowded streets of our busy city. In the introduction to this tract, John Ashworth tells us when he has witnessed the misery of some homes, and knew that misery was caused by the conduct of wicked husbands and cruel fathers, he has thought such husbands ought to be put down into the coal pits. "But," says John, "this would not be Christianity." This made me think of a visit I made yesterday with a brother minister. There is in a little cottage in one of the narrow streets of Bethnal Green, a child of God, who has, for nearly twenty years been most fearfully afflicted. In the same house, at the bottom, resides another true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ ; but also the subject of great bodily affliction. We ascended a narrow flight of stairs. In one room were two beds ; and all the necessary conveniences for cooking, washing, living, sleeping, &c. &c. Everything as neat, and as clean, and as sweet, and as orderly, as though it was a palace ; and the dear afflicted saint herself was as prim, and as thoroughly lady-like as though she had just been taken out of a band-box. We talked over the way the Lord had led us. We looked at some of our difficulties ; and rehearsed some of the Lord's mercies. I read some verses out of John's Gospel ; I bowed my knees in prayer ; and then I left. There was one thing sorely grieved me ; it was to hear of the habitual unholy life of the husband of this greatly afflicted follower of the Lord. To see a tender-hearted and truly industrious, but martyr-like saint tied up to an habitual sot, a stupid, dirty, unholy, unconcerned, and almost brutish husband, is dreadful indeed ; and such a case

certainly calls for deep sympathy, and kind and frequent visitations on the part of those who have homes and husbands, too, worthy of the name. There was clinging to his mother's side a pretty little boy, who looked at her, and patted her with his little hand, as much as to say, "Don't weep, mother, I will be kind to thee." Just such a little boy, I should think, as the following one described by Mr. Ashworth. He says,—

There is a pleasing sketch, from the German, of a boy who saw his mother weeping, and, affectionately putting his arms round her neck, said, "Why do you weep, mother?" His mother replied,

"I did not know you saw my tears, my child. I have often wept in secret, for I did not want to make you sad by letting you see my sorrow; but since your father was taken away, I have found it hard work to provide you bread and pay your school fee. I intended to give you more learning before you began work, but I find I cannot; you will have to leave school, and help me to get food for yourself and two little sisters. I have got you the situation of an errand-boy, and you will have three shillings per week."

"Well, don't weep, mother; I will be a good lad, and help you all I can," was the noble reply.

The first day the little fellow went to his work, he was sent with letters to the post-office. He put them in one by one. The post-master stood at the door, and the lad very innocently said, "Where do all the letters that people put in your box go to?"

The post-master kindly explained to him, that if he wrote a letter, folded it up, sealed it, and wrote on the back the name and residence of the person he wished to receive it, it would go to him, wherever he lived.

That night the fatherless boy wrote the following letter:—

"To my Lord Jesus Christ in Heaven.

"My father is dead, and my mother weeps, and is sad because father is dead, and we are very poor. Mother wished to keep me to school a little longer, but she has no money; do help poor mother that she will not weep."

Having finished the letter, he folded it up, sealed it with some shoemaker's wax, wrote on the back: To my Lord Jesus Christ in Heaven," and put it into the post-office.

When the post-master saw the letter, he could not tell what to do with it, and was holding it in his hand when a Moravian minister entered. He showed the minister the letter, observing,

"It is no use sending this to the dead letter-office; I will open it and return it to the simple person that has posted it, if I can find him out."

The letter was opened and read. The post-master and minister were much affected. The minister begged permission to read the letter at a Missionary meeting he was going to attend that evening. He read it to a large audience, and a lady rose exclaiming:

"Oh! that I knew the little boy that wrote that letter; he should go to school, and his mother and sisters should have bread."

The mother and child were both present. The mother held down her head in amazement and fear, for it was all new to her; but the little fellow, all excitement, called out,

"Please, Ma'am, I am here."

The good lady fulfilled her promise. The boy was sent to school again, and the widow found a friend in need.

Now, I ask, did not the contents of that letter go to heaven before the little boy posted it? I believe they did; for God has given special promises to the orphan and widow. This little story is one illustration of the way in which He keeps these promises.

TO "CHEERING WORDS" FRIENDS.

Friends to "CHEERING WORDS" will please to notice, that fifty copies of different numbers of "CHEERING WORDS" are done up in packets for Sixpence, and can be had through any bookseller, as they are published at J. Paul's, in Chapter House Court, St. Paul's. Poor aged Christians might sell the fifty copies at one halfpenny each. Almost everybody would purchase a little book like this for a halfpenny; and then a poor man, or woman, or child, might clear one shilling and sixpence for themselves. The volumes of "CHEERING WORDS" are neat little books, suited for cottage presents or Sunday school rewards.

FORTY YEARS' RESIDENCE ON THE HILLS OF THE HOLY LAND.

THE above words were suggested to my mind, on reading the latter part of a sermon, No. 376, Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit. Words full of awful meaning, and sentences to Christian hearts most delightful, are found therein. But the "Cheering Words" I gather up are these. Mr. Wells has been discoursing upon "the seventh angel pouring out his vial into the air. At the end he says,—

"The angel poured out the vial of God's wrath into the air, and the wrath of God being in that air, I think, must be understood relatively and ultimately. If there is a wicked and profane man, and God gives that man a conviction of what he is, he can no longer breathe an ungodly atmosphere; he feels that the wrath of God is there, feels that the curse of heaven is there, feels that everything is there awful to the last degree. The Lord brought me into the promised land—the 54th chapter of Isaiah; that is a very mountainous chapter, a very yea and amen chapter a very new covenant chapter; there the Lord declareth that He will not be wroth with us, nor rebuke us; and the 8th verse of that chapter brought my soul into that country, and I have been living there ever since. I could run through troops, fly like an eagle, sing like a lark, dive like a fish—I could do anything almost then. There I found a healthy and a glorious country, and though I have had kind and pious invitations since that day to come down into some of the low countries, I have not listened to them, for I know there are poisonous vapours there. I like to remain in this country; the Lord hath said, 'Thou shalt live in that place,' and I have been living in that 54th of Isaiah now for forty years nearly. And if you were to wake me up in the middle of the night, and ask me to preach a sermon at a moment's notice, let it be from the 54th of Isaiah and I am ready. Here I felt that I was in a pure clime; here I could breathe a pure air in a free-grace country; here the promise is yea and amen; here the morning is without clouds; here there is every-

thing that suits my soul, and enables me to realize the glorious presence of a gracious covenant God. Oh, then, happy for us if we are driven out of these poisonous atmospheres that are under the curse of heaven, and brought into a new earth and a new heaven, that mountainous country of eternal truth where we can look around, and in the light of the morning spread upon the tops of the mountains see what was going on from eternity, we can see what is going on in time, we can see what shall go on to all eternity."

To realize the glorious presence of a covenant God, is the highest pitch of pure religion a man can reach in this world. This, Mr. Wells, declares he has enjoyed, more or less, for forty years. Oh, how different the conditions of millions of immortal souls! Between this expression of Mr. Wells's, and his steady onward course of success, there surely doth appear indisputable evidence; and to us it doth most loudly echo. "Them that honour Me (in the faithful and devoted ministration of My word and ordinances,) I will honour." The Lord's name be praised.

A BOOK FOR YOUR BREAKFAST TABLE.

C. H. SPURGEON has given the people another book, called "Morning by Morning; or, Daily Readings for the Family or the Closet." I am no critic here; therefore I only give one little paragraph from the preface, where he says:—

"Morning exercises have ever been dear to enlightened, heaven-loving souls; and it has been their rule never to see the face of man till they have seen the face of God. The first fresh hour of every morning should be dedicated to the Lord, whose mercy gladdens it with golden light. It augurs for us a day of grace when we begin betimes with God. Morning devotion anchors the soul, so that it will not readily drift far away from God during the day; it perfumes the heart, so that it smells fragrant with piety till nightfall. The morning is the gate of day, and should be well guarded with prayer."

THE METROPOLIS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

A YOUNG man had been preaching in the presence of a venerable divine, and after he had done went to the old minister and said, "What do you think of my sermon?" "A very poor sermon indeed," said he. "A poor sermon!" said the young man, "it took me a long time to study it." "Aye, no doubt of it." "Why, did you not think my explanation of the text a good one?" "Oh yes," said the aged preacher, "very good indeed." "Well, then, why do you say it was a poor sermon?" "Because," said he, "there was no Christ in it." "Well," said the young man, "Christ was not in the text; we are not to be preaching Christ always, we must preach what is in the text." The old man replied, "Don't you know, young man, that from every town, and every village, and every hamlet in England, wherever it may be, there is a road to London?" "Yes," said the young man. "Ah!" said the aged divine "so from every text in Scripture, there is a road to the metropolis of the Scriptures, that is Christ. And, my dear brother, your business is, when you get a text, to say, now, what is the road to Christ? and then preach your sermon, running along the road towards the great metropolis—Christ. And," said he, "I have never found a text that had not a road to Christ in it, and if I ever do find one that has not a road to Christ in it, I will make one! I will go over hedge and ditch but I will get at my Master, for the sermon cannot do any good unless there is a savour of Christ in it."—*A Welsh Minister.*

THE GOOD MAN'S FRIEND.—Every person who is persecuted for righteousness sake has God for his peculiar help and refuge, and the persecutor has the same God for his special enemy.—*Dr. Clarke.*

Worse and worse will be your condition continually, if your ear be shut, and your heart hardened against the sweet message of grace.—*Romaine.*

"THE VILLAGE PREACHER'S" TABERNOLE.

Friends of "The Village Preacher," ye who have listened long
To words which any poet might snatch to grace his song—
Ye who have seen him weary, wandering up and down,
Build for "The Village Preacher" a resting place in town.

Friends of the poor and wretched, ye who have sometimes seen
The misery and vileness, and curse, in Bethnal Green—
Will ye not help to answer our one united prayer,
And build "The Village Preacher" a tabernacle there ?

Ye who are friends of Jesus, who joy when He displays
His power in reclaiming the objects of His grace,—
If ye would help to welcome those wanderers to a fold
Send to "The Village Preacher," a little of your gold.

Hard has he worked, and lonely, and spite of scorn and dread,
He holdeth on the pathway so few have strength to tread ;
Many a saint has blessed him, who has by him been blessed ;
And all must join in wishing "The Village Preacher" rest.

God bless "The Village Preacher," help him this work to end ;
Rid him of all who count him a foe, but call him friend :
Bright as the noon day's shining bring forth his righteousness,
And let his life's declining be but the dawn of peace.

Stanford-le-Hope, Essex.

Mrs. T. CHAPLIN.

The Committee and friends interested in this movement, again affectionately appeal to the thousands who read CHEERING WORDS, to render them their aid by forwarding donations or taking collecting cards.

The following note from "The Village Preacher" will best express the mind of Mr. C. W. Banks in this matter. He says :

"The Village Preacher" desires to return thanks to all his friends who have so promptly expressed their willingness to help him build a new Tabernacle for Bethnal Green ; but there are thousands who read these "Cheering Words," have given no intimation of their sympathy. The smallest donation in stamps may be forwarded to Mr. William Mace, Nidus Villa, Old Ford,

London, E., the treasurer ; and collecting cards can be obtained of Mr. Robert Banks, the secretary, 4, Crane court, Fleet street. "The Village Preacher" feels an increasing determination, subject to the good-will and pleasure of the Lord his God, to go forward ; and earnestly seek the united and individual aid of all who believe the Lord has given him, these many years, a commission in the dispensation of the Gospel of his grace.

About the middle of April, it is proposed to hold a public meeting in furtherance of the object. At that gathering, we purpose to receive the cards and the amounts collected by the friends ; and the result of that meeting must, in a great measure decide the further proceedings of the Committee, that is, so far as immediate action is concerned. Let all CHEERING WORDS readers at once lend a helping hand ; either by their individual donations, or by gathering from their friends. We hope our friend Mrs. Chaplin's poem will be an incentive to action. She speaks well and heartily for our cause ; and with the Lord's blessing, our success is certain.

A SPOILED BOY.

WHO was he ? He was Adonijah, one of David's sons. How was he spoiled ? By having his own way, and not being corrected by his father when he did wrong. The record is, "his father displeased him not at any time, in saying, why hast thou done so ?" How do you know that he was spoiled ? His conduct shows it ; he was puffed up with vanity and pride, was headstrong, and disobedient, and profligate. He aspired after the throne ; said, "I will be king, and prepared him chariots, and horsemen, and fifty men to run before him," and treated his royal parent with contempt. To what end did he come ? To no good end. Such self-conceited, arrogant, wicked boys never come to a good end. He died the ignominious death of a traitor. He was executed. Matthew Henry, commenting upon the course of this spoiled boy, says, "He in return made a fool of his father. Be-

cause he was old and confined to his bed, he thought that no notice was to be taken of him, and therefore he exalted himself, and said, 'I will be king.' Children that are indulged learn to be 'proud and ambitious, and that is the ruin of a great many young people." And we regret to be forced to add, that, in our judgment, it is the ruin of as many young people now as it was in the days of King David and in the seventeenth century, when good Matthew Henry flourished. "The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame," has been true in all past generations, and is true now.—*Mother's Treasury*.

THE BEAUTY AND THE BLESSEDNESS OF A SPIRITUAL SPRING-TIME.

Pleasing spring again is here,
Trees and fields in bloom appear;
Hail! the birds with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise.

What a change has taken place!
Emblem of the spring of grace;
How the soul in winter mourns,
Till the Lord the sun returns.

Lord, afford a spring to me!
Let me feel like what I see;
O, beloved Saviour, haste;
Tell me, all the storms are past.

On thy garden deign to smile,
Raise the plants, enrich the soil;
Soon thy presence will restore,
Life to what seemed dead before,

I HAVE been reading Mr. Spurgeon's sermon on the springing of grace in the heart; and I could not resist the thought, if all he there expresses is real, and, of course, I do not doubt it, then, his must be one of the happiest positions a man can ever be

favoured to occupy in this world. It is not only spring-time in nature, but, in his church, it seems there is a wonderful springing up of souls out of the cold clayey soil of the fall, into a newness of life, and into a rich and holy in-being in Christ. Oh! my heart, how delightful this must be! Most of our churches appear like the winter-time; but Mr. Spurgeon says:—

“This month happens to be spring-time with our Church. I know not when it began, but I do know it continues with us still to be a spring-time. We see youthful piety developed, on every hand we hear the joyful cry of those who say, “We have found the Lord.” Our sons are springing up as the grass and as willows by the watercourses, till as a Church we are ready to hold up our hands in astonishment and cry, “Who hath begotten me these? Who are these that fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows?” This is a happy spring-time with us. There may come seasons of a more luxurious autumn, when the Church shall grow riper in knowledge and gifts and graces, but, certainly in the young days of this Church, when God is blessing her with so many conversions, she has great cause to rejoice. We have just begun a series of revival meetings, and this text seemed to me to be most appropriate as I heard of conversions already given to us, “Thou blessest the springing thereof:” thou dost not make us tarry, O God, for thy blessing for months and years, but even at the very commencement, as soon as Zion travails, she brings forth children; as soon as the desire goes up to heaven the answer comes down, and while we are crying, God is blessing.”

“Ah!” some will say, “is not all this mere excitement, and the result of a popularity which never had its like before?” I hope not. Between

EXCITEMENT AND AN EVANGELICAL EXPERIENCE OF THE GRACE OF GOD IN THE HEART,

I think, Mr. Spurgeon draws a safe contrast. He says,

“It is my conviction that there are scores of revivals which have not God’s blessing, which are not of God at all; they are pro-

duced by excitement merely. Excitement will go with revivals, just as dust will go along with carriages on the high road; but the dust does not help the carriage, and excitement does not help revival. The banging of cushions and smiting of Bibles, and stamping of feet, and the pumping up of tears from excited people, does not produce genuine revival. That was a very good remark from Dr. McDonald, the apostle of the north. He said, in reference to his experience of revivals, that the real success, he always found, was in inverse proportion to the excitement; that is to say, that the more permanent the revival was the less of noise there was about it, and the more there was of mere carnal stir, the less there was of God and his grace. I believe it is so."

'This has always been my persuasion; and I have seen some hundreds of cases in all parts of this country; and I must believe, true grace goes down deep; and does not break out in mere flashy excitement.

Kind reader! art thou now in the spring-time of the new-birth? Has the Lord been gently quickening thy soul; and drawing out thy heart unto Himself? Canst thou now discover such beauty in the Lord Jesus as the Church did, when she said, "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons?" Then, I bid thee, good cheer; and I entreat of thee to labour to live much in very close self-examination; and in quiet prayerful meditation on the word of God. Yea, friend, for thy health-sake, read thine own heart faithfully; read thy Heavenly Father's word constantly; hear the Saviour's Gospel diligently; and, in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make thy requests known unto the Lord; and may He preserve thee in the pathway of usefulness, then shall thy spring-time advance onward to a glorious harvest, a heaven of joy and love. Amen, and amen.

What makes a Christian praise God more to-day, than he did yesterday?—not because he has received more blessings from Him, but because he sees himself more unworthy of them.

OFFERING WORDS.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

SUNG ON THE THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SABBATH SCHOOLS
AT DACEY PARK CHAPEL, LEE.

With grateful heart and tuneful
tongue,
Thy praises, Lord, we sing:
Though but a band of children
young,
And Thou th' Eternal King,—
Yet thou hast said;
Thy word we've read,
And plainly it declares,
The simple praise,
Which children raise,
Is welcome to Thine ears.

We thank Thee for our native land;
O! may it ever be
Protected by Thy guardian hand,
The home of liberty:
Thy saints, O God!
Our streets have trod,
Who now from sin set free,
In glory dwell,
And loudly swell
The notes of victory.

We thank Thee for our happy home,
Where we in safety dwell:
For her who sits on England's
Throne;
For friends who love us well;
O! may we be
Upheld by Thee,
Till life on earth is o'er;
Still may our song,
As time rolls on,
Proclaim Thy wondrous power.

We thank Thee for Thy house of
prayer,
Where saints below can meet,
And in glad songs Thy praise de-
clare,
Before Thy mercy-seat;
For they rejoice
With heart and voice,
To sound Thy fame abroad
In rapturous strain,
They hymn Thy name,
Their Saviour and their God.

We thank Thee for the word of
Truth,
Which Thou to us hast given,
A guide to hoary age and youth
To point the road to Heaven.
Yet, Lord, our mind,
By nature blind,
Doth need Thy Spirit's light;
O! condescend,
Thine aid to lend,
And teach us, Lord, aright.

We thank Thee for the Sabbath
Schools,
For teachers we revere;
O! may its courts be ever full,
Of children glad to hear
Salvation's sound,
And Heaven-ward bound,
Led by thy guiding hand,
May we at last,
When life is past,
Before Thee ever stand.

T. G. C. A.

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Cheering Words.

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No. 174.

JOHN BURKE THE IRISH PROTESTANT.

LORD GOD, JEHOVAH JESUS!
Do Thou, in mercy SAVE US!!
Wash Thou our souls from every stain;
Nor let us e'er transgress again;
But, to thy glory live.

THESE lines sprang up, spontaneously, in my soul, the other morning, while reading in an omnibus to the city; and I believe they are the Spirit-inspired language of every living child of God while exercised with the opposing powers of sin, Satan, the flesh, and the world; which too often sink us in sorrow and fetch from us deep sighs for that full and free salvation which the Lord alone can give. It is a mercy to have the soul kept alive in God, to know our faith in Jesus is not shaken. I have lately had some singular discoveries of the chambers of imagery; and could draw some singular pictures of man's fallen state. But I have something else to do just now.

The Rev. Edward Nangle, the great Irish missionary in the Achill Island, has sent me his *Herald* for March. It contains an account of the death of one of the poor converts from Popery, which death I believe Mr. Nangle witnessed; and of which he says:—

“John Burke was among the first of the native Irish who forsook the Church of Rome and connected himself with the ONE HALFPENNY.

congregation assembling in the Mission church, but the missionaries not being thoroughly persuaded of the sincerity of his conversion, he was not permitted to reside within the precincts of the Settlement; he therefore lodged in a neighbouring village, in which he was the only Protestant. This is one trial which the convert has to contend with; he is always hated by those whose creed he has abjured, and frequently suspected by those whose faith he has adopted.

"On Thursday, November 9, one of the ministers connected with the Missionary Settlement was informed that Burke was dangerously ill, and that he desired to see him. He had sent a similar message before, but it was not communicated. On entering the house he found the sick man suffering intense agony, and evidently in a dying state, but strong in faith. Having expressed a wish to receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, it was administered to him; the sick man having previously declared that he received it as a memorial of the dying love of Jesus—that he placed no trust in the ordinance, but only in Christ, and that the sacrament could do him no good, except to remind him of what Christ had done for him, and to stir up and strengthen his faith in him."

Burke's Cousin Pronouncing Seven Romish Curses upon the Dying Man.

Oh! what a friend of deadly cruelty is Popery! and yet, Popery is the very essence of man's nature by the fall. Almost every man is a Pope in himself. I know a few such fat, big, mighty Popes, in the shape of parsons. Ah! Protestant ministers of Christ's Gospel they are sometimes called; but whether it is in Rome or in Russia, whether it is in Ireland or in Iceland, whether it is in America or Australia, whether it is in the metropolis of this England, or in any of its provinces, depend upon it, when one man can curse his brother, when one minister can secretly injure his co-worker, when one class of men can

deliberately write down another class of men, that is Popery. Here is a true picture of Romanism, even of that Romanism which is fast undoing old English Protestantism ; and no mistake. Here it is. Mr. Nangle says :—

“On Sunday, 10th, the sick man was again visited by the minister. His bodily pains were still unabated, but his faith in Jesus seemed as firm as ever. His brother, who had been exhorting him to send for the priest, was present, and also a cousin, who came from some distance to see him. After prayer the latter told the sick man to pray to God and the blessed Virgin, and that all would be well. This he refused to do, stating his determination to pray to God, and to none else. His cousin sat silent for a few minutes, then rising up and walking outside the door, he turned round, and looking upon our poor brother who was writhing and moaning in the most intense agony upon his bed, he knelt and said, ‘Fagaim mo sheacht mallacht ort,’ I leave my seven curses upon you, and having uttered those words he walked away. The feelings of the dying man were so wounded by the manifestation of such unkindness on the part of his own kindred that he wept aloud.

“The minister prayed that God might have mercy on the poor deluded man, who no doubt thought he was doing his duty in cursing his fellow-creature. And the dying man responded to the prayer.

“‘I hope,’ said the minister, ‘that that prayer for that wicked man comes from your very heart ; and to assure him that it did the sick man repeated it. The minister then proceeded, ‘You have heard, to your sorrow, how that wicked man cursed you, you must now hear, to your comfort, how your gracious Saviour blesses you.’ Then opening the New Testament, he read :—

“Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad ; for great is your reward in heaven ; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.—Matt. v. 11, 12,

“It is but justice to state, that when the wickedness of Burk

cousin was pointed out by the minister, some Roman Catholics, who were in the house, acknowledged the truth of his remarks; and we are also constrained by a sense of justice to relate, that while some of the villagers tired the sick man with troublesome importunity to call in the priest, they treated him kindly; nor did the Protestant minister who visited him meet with any annoyance, except on one occasion from the mockery of a party of children, who were soon driven away by two of the villagers. It would have been very different four or five years ago; but many of our poor neighbours, who still remain in communion with the Church of Rome, have experienced the humanizing influence of the light of Scriptural Christianity which has been set up before them. On the evening of this day our poor brother, at his own earnest request, was removed to the hospital in the Missionary Settlement.

"On Saturday his bodily agony increased to the highest point of human endurance, but his faith in Christ grew in the same proportion. He employed the little intervals of comparative ease from intense agony in singing Irish hymns, which he had learned in attending public worship, for he could not read.

Romanism Tormenting the Dying Man.

"On Sunday, while the congregation were at church, the sick man was visited by one of his Romish neighbours who exhorted him to send for the priest. A woman who overheard the conversation assured the writer that at the mention of such a proposal he uttered a cry of anguish exclaiming, No! no! no! In the evening he was visited by the minister, when he joined him in singing two Irish hymns. He called on God for help, expressed his confidence in Him, and the comfort which he had from the belief that no one could lead him astray, because He that was with him was greater than all that could be against him.

"On Monday, the 13th, the patient still continued in great pain, but his confidence in God was unabated.

Tuesday the 14th. This morning the patient's strength was much reduced, and his extremities were cold with the chill of death. The minister repeated for him several texts of Scripture,

and a verse of an Irish hymn, suitable to his condition. The dying man endeavoured to sing it—all the people in the house were affected to tears, and blessed God for the gracious support given to our poor brother.

True Love to the Brethren.

“About three o'clock the sick man appeared to be rapidly sinking, but his inward comfort was unabated. As the minister sat beside his bed repeating encouraging texts of Scripture, he took his hand between his, with the cold damp of death upon them, kissed it several times, repeating with much fervour, ‘Gradh mo chroidhe thu,’—i.e., you are the love of my heart. Several people, who were in the room, were much affected, and the minister took occasion from his conduct to speak to them of the love which the Spirit of Christ puts into the sinner's heart where he has taken up his abode. Our poor brother gave similar tokens of grateful affection to all who interested themselves about him in his last illness; and this was the more remarkable, because he was naturally rough in his manner, and more disposed to censure his superiors for any supposed neglect, than to thank them for their kindness.

“On Wednesday, the sick man appointed the minister who attended him, guardian over his children, to bring them up as members of the Church of England. He then called his eldest daughter to his bedside, and cautioned her to avoid all evil company, and warned her particularly to shun dance-houses and all such places where the works of the devil were done. He then turned to his daughter and asked her would she promise him, to be guided by his advice. She wept bitterly, and said she would promise. ‘Kiss me, then,’ said the dying man; and as he held his arms round her neck, he counselled her with much affection to forsake every evil way, and to walk in the love and fear of God.

“Up to Thursday evening, the sick man continued in the same state, and although his brother made another attempt to induce

him to send for the priest of Antichrist, his confidence in the Saviour seemed to acquire fresh strength.

Burke's Aged Father Praying to the Virgin.

Christian ! let me draw a contrast for one moment. Has Jesus Christ, God's blessed Son, been in thy heart revealed ? Is He alone, the great High Priest of thy profession ? Doth thy regenerated spirit cry,

" Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ! "

If this be thy **SAFE** position, then look at the dark and dangerous side of Popery. Mr. Nangle proceeds to tell of poor Burke :—

" On Friday, the severest trial to which he was yet subjected awaited him. His father called to see him, and all his Romish neighbours were fully confident that the force of parental authority would prevail to change his purpose, and to induce him to send for the priest. When the old man entered the room, he gave vent to that clamorous grief which is habitual on such occasions among the native Irish. He smote his hands together, as he walked about the room, exclaiming— O, Mhuire ! Mhuire ! God'a dheanas me ?"—i. e., ' O, Mary, Mary ! what shall I do ? ' At this time the sick man was racked with tremendous bodily suffering, but notwithstanding the load of suffering which oppressed him, he was not insensible to the dishonour done to the Creator by such an invocation of the creature. He said, ' Father, pray to God ; ' repeating the words as often as the poor old man resumed his invocation of the Virgin.

" After some time the sick man complained that none of his relations came to see him. ' It is your own fault,' said his father, ' because you won't send for the priest ; only let him come to you, and then all your relations will come to see you, and do everything to help you. The sick man only replied, that Jesus was his Saviour—that he was not afraid to die, and that he would rather go than stay. This he had said to many other persons for three or four days preceding ; nor could he bear to hear the pos-

sibility of recovery spoken of. This was the more remarkable, because, at the commencement of his sickness, he wished much to recover, and he told the minister that he was greatly afraid of death.

"The old man next asked his son, why he would not send for the priest, and the minister replied, 'Because he does not wish to draw down the curse of God upon him; he has Jesus, the living God, for his Saviour, and if he were now to seek help from the priest, who is a helpless sinner like himself, he would draw the curse of God upon his soul, because it is written, "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord."' "

"The minister then opened the Bible, and began to read John x. The old man talked aloud to interrupt him. The minister stopped, and turning to the poor old man he told him, that if he had no respect for his earthly superiors, he ought to consider that it was the word of Jesus Christ which he was reading, and he should respect it. He then proceeded to set before him the awful state of his own heart, filled by the falsehoods of antichrist, with enmity against the only Saviour: and the old man became so uneasy that he rose up and abruptly quitted the house, and thus the sick man was saved from any further annoyance.

"During the whole of this night the patient's sufferings were terrific; with a convulsive strength, created by the intensity of pain, he frequently rose out of bed, and rolled himself upon the floor, then went into bed again; his moans and cries were heart-rending; but from the supplicatory ejaculations which were heard at intervals, it was manifest that God was seldom absent from his thoughts. About five o'clock in the morning he was released from his pains, and entered into rest."

Men would first see and then believe, but they must first believe and then see.

As believers live upon Christ by faith, so they must live to Him by obedience.

PULL ME OUT OF THE RIVER—PULL HARD!

I have a little book on the cover of which is printed, "The Veteran Sunday School Teacher; a brief memoir of William West." I knew this very excellent man, and the thought of him altogether fetches out of the deepest feelings of my soul that prayer—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." I have thought to write a little review of him for *Earthen Vessel*, but here I must tell the readers of CHEERING WORDS of his last moments. In Newman Hall's memoir, towards the end he says:—

Sunday, February 4th, he was visited by his young friend and successor in the superintendency of the school, who read to him the twenty-third Psalm. At the last verse, the departing saint said, "Every word is important—'I will dwell in the house of the Lord—for ever.'"

This was his happy prospect, now very near. He was on the threshold of the house of the Lord; about to be admitted to His immediate presence. He was to be an inmate of the Palace of the Great King. He was to be not a visitor but a resident. He was going not to sojourn there as a stranger, but to dwell there as a child at home. And this was to be *for ever*! Yes, he was about to realize the hymn he was so fond of hearing his school-children sing—

"For ever with the Lord!

Amen, so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word—

"Tis immortality!"

But, in the immediate prospect of Heavenly glory, the Kent Street Sunday School was still in his thoughts. When he ceased to speak about the Psalm, he said, "The School has been as prosperous and I have been as happy in it this last year as any year I have been in it. And it will go on, I am sure of it. I never had a doubt of it. Only let the Scriptures be the foundation of everything."

In his wanderings the school was constantly in his mind. He

seemed to fancy he was teaching the little ones their letters, and sometimes was heard to say, "*Spell it, dear.*"

Faithful old servant! Diligent to the last! There was no eagerness to escape from labour. There was no casting off all care for his school, as if not in harmony with his exalted spiritual joy. He was close to Heaven, but not too heavenly for earthly service, even as the Angels who are in the presence of God, but yet rejoice over one sinner that repenteth on earth.

And how beautifully were his tenderness and humility illustrated, even in his mental wanderings. Truly there was a method in his madness! The saint, almost perfected and glorified,—ready to be welcomed by angels and the Lord of angels—is, in spirit, sitting by the side of little children, teaching them the first rudiments, and doing it in the temper of Him who took little children in His arms and blessed them. There was no incongruity—rather, there was a beautiful harmony between his exalted character and condition as a saint on the threshold of glory, and his humility and gentleness in still caring for the little ones of the flock.

The next day—Saturday, the 10th—the message came to him to pass the Jordan and enter the promised inheritance. His answer to the summons was expressed in the words, almost the last he uttered—"Show unto me the joy of thy salvation!"

Afterwards he said—"All the day long let me see the goodness of God."

As he descended through the dark valley to the river's brink he said—"O Saviour, shine upon me."

Then, as if rejoicing in the answer to the prayer and the light of his Lord's countenance making the valley radiant, he said—"The promises of God are sure and steadfast."

So he went down to the river's brink. That river, dark and deep and turbid though it may be, cannot harm any who trust in Him by whose death and resurrection safe passage is secured to all his followers. Our departed friend, relying on the help of One mightier than death, entered that Jordan through which is our only path to the celestial city. He entered it alone, as we all must. Yet he was not alone. Angels were there as ministering

spirits. Christ was there, his Almighty Saviour. He saw them beckoning him across. He felt their supporting arms. He invoked the help never withheld. The last words he was heard to utter were these—"Pull me out of the river—pull me! Pull hard!" And so he passed over, and his friends on this side saw him no more.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

A LARGE and loving-hearted Christian gentleman styling himself "Gershom," has written (and published, through J. Paul) a penny pamphlet, entitled "The Cattle Plague; its Origin and Only Cure." Now, dear reader, although this tract contains but eight pages, its contents are of immense moment. It shews England's coming peril, but closes with these consoling words:—

"Children of God—to you one word in conclusion. Though 'all creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now,' whatever may be the will of our Father concerning this land, our hearts and spirits sympathise with his creatures. 'We groan within ourselves,' and whilst we do so we can look up with hope, for creation was not subjected unto vanity, and the lawlessness of man without hope of emancipation, which will come at 'the manifestation of the sons of God,' in the kingdom of our glorified Lord Jesus. For this we pray and wait in patience. Moreover, we are 'persuaded that neither tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, peril, nakedness, nor the sword, neither death, nor life,' nor any power in the heights above, or depths below, 'shall be able to separate us from the love of God, nor of Jesus Christ our Lord.' 'The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.' To God our Father, and to His beloved Lamb, be all the praise and the glory.

"Feb. 12th, 1866.

GERSHOM."

A PILGRIM'S HALLELUJAH.

A CROWN for me? Hallelujah!
 Now oft with sorrow fighting,
 Evils are all uniting,
 My spirit to be blighting,
 Soon I shall wear a crown.

A robe for me? Hallelujah!
 Now I am often sinning,
 To earth and nature leaning;
 By guilt my soul be-meaning;
 Soon I shall stand in white!

A home for me? Hallelujah!
 Here I'm an outcast lonely;
 None love or care to own me;
 Life passes sadly, slowly:

A mansion waits me there!

A Friend for me? Hallelujah!
 While through time's tempest sailing,
 Friends I find false and failing;
 Yet while their loss bewailing!
 Jesus is still the same.

A harp for me? Hallelujah!
 Now winter winds are howling;
 And oft the sad bell tolling;
 Speaks funeral dirges rolling,
 There sweeter sounds shall cheer.

A song for me? Hallelujah!
 Now often weeping, sighing,
 Sadly in darkness lying;
 Living, yet dally dying;
 Soon I shall join the choir!

All this for me? Hallelujah!
 Cease, cease, my tears, from flowing;
 Haste! haste! my soul be going!
 On! on! to heaven be rowing,
 Thy glorious Lord's above.

DR. ROBERT HAWKER'S LAST DAYS.

DR. HAWKER was certainly a Christian and a minister more highly-favoured than are thousands of the Lord's family. The following account of his last hours is from a published lecture delivered at Reading by the Rev. D. A. Doudney; and can be had for sixpence, of Mr. Collingridge, at the City Press in Aldersgate street. After giving the dying testimony of many eminent men, Mr. Doudney said,

"In the case of the loved DR. HAWKER there was the gratification of what I conceive must be the heartfelt wish of every Spirit-taught and Spirit-commissioned messenger of Christ, namely—but a very short interval between his speaking *of* and speaking *to* his loved and loving Lord and Master. Dr. Hawker was only laid aside two Sabbaths, Although within a month of completing his 74th year, on the last Sunday he occupied his pulpit he preached with great power and animation for an hour and a quarter, and in the evening (as he was wont) lectured, or expounded, for the same length of time. After this, his last public service, his health rapidly declined, although he was removed from place to place. On one occasion, when he was supposed to have been sleeping, he said, in reply to his daughter, "My dear anxious child, I have not been sleeping, as you suppose, but I have had what is far better. I have been in the world of spirits. I have had blessed communion with God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I shall have, if the Lord see proper to raise me up, unutterable things to tell the Churches; my soul is overfilled with joy; my spirit hath not room for its enjoyment; I am full of glory."

Soon after, with a degree of animation not to be described, he broke forth in a sweet strain of praise, quoting Isaiah lxiii., 7: "I will mention the lovingkindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on me." He then proceeded to repeat the whole chapter, dwelling

sweetly on the verse, "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them; and in His love and in His pity He redeemed them, and He bare them and carried them all the days of old." He dwelt much on the distinction of character herein made. "The people of *Thy* holiness and *our* adversaries, that have trodden down *Thy* sanctuary."

The night before he left Totness to return to Plymouth, he read to the family the 23rd Psalm, and commented on the different verses, particularly on the shadow of death, observing that it was nothing more than a *shadow*.

On his arrival at home, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he was assisted from the carriage, but had only entered his house a few minutes, when he called his household together, and set up his Ebenezer of *praise*, for he seemed to have done with *prayer*. It was all *praise*—thanking the Lord for taking him out and bringing him home. Raising his voice to give an emphasis to his last words, he said, "*Praised be our God, for His name endureth for ever.*" To his family he said, "I shall not be long with you, I am leaving you, but God will still be with you." Very shortly afterwards he was removed to his chamber, but was able to assist in undressing himself for bed. After being a little composed, and raised with pillows to a sitting posture, he repeated a part of the first of the Ephesians, from the sixth to the twelfth verse; and as he proceeded, he enlarged on the verses, but dwelt more particularly on these words, "to the praise of the glory of His grace;" and very sweetly on these, "in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace;" and also on the twelfth verse, taking up the subject of praise again, "that we should be to the praise of His glory, who first trusted in Christ." He paused, and asked, "Who first trusted in Christ?" and then made himself the answer, "It was God the Father who first trusted in Christ."

When the clock struck five, he asked what hour it was. All was now solemn silence. The dying saint lay with his head reclining on his eldest daughter (Mrs. Hodson,) who held him by his left hand; and on the right he was supported by Miss

Hawker and his eldest son, who held his right hand. He appeared to be in a sound sleep; there was no appearance of dying visible in his countenance in the apprehension of his family, though his medical friend (standing by) expected it. There were no clammy sweats of death; no convulsive throes, no distortion of features; his hands were as soft and comfortable to the touch as when in health. About a quarter of an hour before he breathed his last, he withdrew his right hand from his son's and shifting it to his head, rubbed his ear a little, as if just awaking from a placid sleep. In this position (his son holding his right hand and his daughter his left,) he continued sleeping till a quarter-past six, when, without a sigh, without the least movement—yea, without the perception of those around him, he *ceased to breathe*—he literally *fell asleep*. His medical friend, Mr. Dunning, an old and eminent practitioner, said he never witnessed such a death before!

"Forth from the body, his late mansion here,
The spirit imperceptibly withdrew,
As when an angel leaves a prophet's cell,
To him alone on special errand sent,
Not e'en the unfolding of his wings was heard!"

Well, dear friends, might the blessed Dr. Hawker say, that death was "nothing more than a shadow," for Christ, by His own death, "destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil," and He "came to deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage." Myriads upon myriads have found death to be nothing more than a sweet falling asleep upon the bosom of Jesus, like a little infant reposing upon its mother's breast. Death hath lost its sting to the believer, through the blood of the Lamb; and such can say with the apostle, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Be assured, if the simple language of your hearts is,

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;

Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus' and my all ;"

you, in due time. shall feel death to be no more than a shadow ;
and you will exclaim with the Psalmist, " Yea, though I walk
through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,
for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort
me."

CHRIST IS ALL.

Trust His wisdom thee to guide,
Trust His goodness to provide,
Trust His saving love and power,
Trust Him every day and hour.
Trust Him as the only light
In the darkest hour of night ;
Trust in sickness, trust in health,
Trust in poverty and wealth ;
Trust in joy, trust in grief ;
Trust His promise for relief,
Trust His blood to cleanse thy soul,
Trust His grace to make thee whole ;
Trust Him living, dying too,
Trust Him all thy journey through.
Trust Him till thy feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea !

A FEW SAYINGS ABOUT FAITH.

THE true tears of repentance flow from the eye of faith.
Reliance is the essence of faith. Christ is the object, the
Word is the food, and obedience the proof.

We must derive our works from faith and demonstrate our faith
by our works.

God is often pleased to embitter a life of sense that He may en-
dear the life of faith.

A steadfast faith begets a constant peace.

The more faith the more humility.

THE HAND OF THE LORD UPON THE CATTLE.

(Exodus ix. 3.)

BY DR. DODDRIDGE.—1747.

THE creatures, Lord, confess Thy hand
Through earth and sky, through sea and land;
And all their meanest orders share
Their Maker's pity and his care.

Oh, look from Thine exalted throne,
And hear our panting cattle moan;
Stretch'd out upon the ground they lie,
Groan out their agonies, and die.

What have these harmless creatures done
To draw this sore chastisement down?
'Tis human guilt for vengeance calls,
And heavy on the herds it falls.

From them to us the stroke might pass,
And mow down thousands of our race,
Till desolation reign'd around—
Our cities void,—untill'd our ground.

Prevent the ruin by Thy grace,
And melt our hearts to seek Thy face;
Blest fruit of Thy correcting rod,
To lose our beasts, and find our God.

TO "CHEERING WORDS" FRIENDS.

 Friends to "CHEERING WORDS" will please to notice, that fifty copies of different numbers of "CHEERING WORDS" are done up in packets for Sixpence, and can be had through any bookseller, as they are published at J. Paul's, in Chapter House Court, St. Paul's. Poor aged Christians might sell the fifty copies at one halfpenny each. Almost everybody would purchase a little book like this for a halfpenny; and then a poor man, or woman, or child, might clear one shilling and sixpence for themselves. The volumes of "CHEERING WORDS" are neat little books, suited for cottage presents or Sunday school rewards.

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Cheering Words.

VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1866.

No. 175.

ARE YOU SURE,
QUITE SURE,
YOUR SOUL WILL GO TO CHRIST?

THE SOUL'S ADDRESS TO THE LORD.

Father adored! Thy holy will be done:
Low at Thy feet I lie;
Thy loving chastisement I would not shun,
Nor from Thy anger fly.
My heart is weak, but weaned from all beside,
And to Thy will resigned—whate'er betide.

THE LORD'S ANSWER.

Fear not my wrath, thy weakness is thy plea;
'Tis not with such I chide:
The broken, contrite heart shall find in me,
A refuge where to hide.
With sin—but not with misery I contend;
The lost, the helpless, find in me their friend.

ONE afternoon I was in the office in the city where they publish these little CHEERING WORDS; it was the day before I went down to East Bergholt; when in came a young lady to purchase some packets of CHEERING WORDS to give away. She told me she belonged to Mrs. Bartlett's Bible Class, at Mr. Spurgeon's; and that she frequently went into Holborn to give away tracts, sermons, CHEERING WORDS, and other little things; in all which she found great pleasure; and hoped some good might be done. "But," she said—"what sweet little things those CHEERING WORDS are! And the pieces by 'The Village Preacher' are more
ONE HALFPENNY.

delightful than any pieces I ever met with. Oh! I wish I knew who he was, I certainly would write to him; for I feel sure if ever any one goes to heaven he will."

All this cheerful and happy converse I heard without the slightest emotion, or desire to tell the young lady it was to "The Village Preacher" she was then speaking; for I had no inward joy of the assertion she so boldly announced; and especially as I was about to prepare the following for my little May number.

Last month I gave the case of a poor Romanist who was truly converted to Jesus. This month, I give from Mr. Nangle's *Missionary Herald*, another case; but I fear it is not so CHEERING—still, it may lead some to serious and solemn soul-searching before the Lord. Mr. Nangle says:—

"Our last chapter contained a faithful narrative of the triumphant death of one of the converts whom we hardly regarded as anything more than a mere professor of Protestantism, until the reality of his faith was proved, in an ordeal not less searching and decisive than martyrdom. We have now to record an instance of apostasy in the case of a woman who was regarded by every disciple of the Lord Jesus who was acquainted with her as 'a child of God,' one eminently 'taught of the Spirit,' a 'living epistle of Christ to be read and known of all men.' There is a tendency in every one to pronounce judgment on the characters of others. He must be ignorant of his own heart who does not discover this tendency in himself. Many are the warnings which we have in Scripture against this unhallowed intrusion upon God's prerogative. He alone can penetrate the deep deceitfulness of the human heart, and form an unerring judgment of its real condition. The facts which are stated in this and the preceding chapter are well calculated to remind us of this, and to give emphasis to the solemn warning, 'Judge nothing before the time until the Lord come, who both shall bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and shall make manifest the counsels of the heart, and then shall every man have praise of God.'

"The person whose conduct has suggested these observations was certainly the most singular character I ever met with. John

Bunyan in his *Pilgrim's Progress* describes, with graphic accuracy, the various characters of false professors. One would imagine that his comprehensive delineation exhibits hypocrisy in all its phases, but none of Bunyan's characters bear any resemblance to this extraordinary woman. Without education, or a knowledge of the English language, and without any acquaintance with Scripture but that which she picked up in conversation with the converts and Scripture-readers, this accomplished deceiver could produce such an imitation of Christian experience, in all its most delicate touches, that the most sharp-sighted were deceived by the specious counterfeit. The following extracts from my journal, in which various conversations which I had with this person were recorded at the time they took place, with the impressions they made upon me, will best set forth the refined hypocrisy of this clever deceiver.

"The first entry goes so far back as July 16th, 1836.

"Visited Mrs. — this evening; found her very ill, but was, as usual, much cheered by her heavenly conversation. Her husband was in the house. After conversing with her for some time, I turned to him and said, 'Well J —, is it not a great happiness to see a poor sinner when he comes to a dying hour having a sure and steadfast trust in the glorious Saviour, the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth, who shed his blood to save us, and not trusting in rags, or ashes, or oil, or the other little tricks or inventions of a priest, a sinner like ourselves?'

"These words aroused Mrs. — much. She mustered all her energy to give testimony to Jesus before her poor dark husband. Raising herself up in her bed, extending her emaciated arms, and lifting up her eyes to heaven, she said with much energy and solemnity, 'Lord, you know every thought of my heart, and you know that I speak the truth when I say, that if all the priests in the whole world were there, I should not have the least dependence in anything they could do for me.'

"'I am sure of that sister,' said I; 'your trust is only in the Lord. You are taught by His Spirit to place no dependence in man, either priest or minister.'

"'Mr. Nangle,' she replied, 'there is not that man in the world

that I have such a respect and affection for as I have for you. I hope,' she continued, 'that you will not be offended with what I am going to say, and I know you will not.' Then drawing a little straw out of her bed, she said, 'Do you see that straw? I place no more dependence in you than I do in it. I don't say that I don't care for you to come in to me here, and speak to me; I do love to see you come in, for I like your talk. You bring Jesus to my remembrance, and I love every one that talks to me about Jesus. He is my only dependence. Yes, my beloved Saviour, you are my only trust, and you will never let me depart from you! Oh! my Lord,' she continued, 'how great things have you done for me! A few years ago,' she said, addressing herself to me, 'if I were sick as I now am, I should be in despair unless I had a priest by my side. I should think myself lost. Lord,' she added, 'I was then as ignorant as the cattle on the mountains, but now, Saviour, thou art my priest, my gracious and powerful priest.' She said much more to the same effect, and she spoke with an unction and power which cannot be described. How my heart rejoiced and blessed God for the grace bestowed on this poor woman. I left her humble cabin feeling that if the Achill Mission were only instrumental in bringing the Gospel to this one woman, there was in her conversion an infinitely more than adequate compensation for all the cost and toil expended upon it.

"Friday, August 31st. Brother Coneys came here. Went with him to visit Mrs. ——. Found her quite composed; she was delighted to see Coneys, as he could talk to her in Irish about the Saviour. She told us that in the extremity of her pain, when she thought she was dying, a brother, whom she had not seen for many years before, stood beside the bed and said, 'You are dying without being anointed, or absolved, and the pains of hell will be sharper to you than the pains which you now suffer.' When he found that he could not move her he said, 'If you are for trusting in Christ, keep fast hold of him.'

"Saturday, September 1st, 1838. Went with Coneys to visit Mrs. ——. this evening. He asked her where she would be buried; she said her soul would go to Christ, and she did not care where

they put the poor carcase. 'But are you sure, quite sure,' asked brother Coneys, 'that your soul will go to Christ?' She replied, 'I have no doubt at all.'

" 'What makes you so sure?'

" 'I love Christ, and Christ loves me, and the Scripture says that perfect love casteth out fear.'

" Mrs. —'s brother was in the house. She told us that the people who came to see her said she would be damned if she died without the priest. She evidently told us this to lead us to speak to her brother, which we did at considerable length. When we spoke of the hatred of the people of the world to true Christians, Mrs. — said, 'What do I care if they all spit on me, dear Saviour, if you are gracious to me?'

" She reminded me of the first day I visited her, when she lived in the village of D——. She said she trembled for fear of me, as she heard I was the minister she heard so much spoken against as a devil, &c. I sat down in a friendly manner by her bedside, and as she gained confidence in me she ventured to lay her hand on mine. When I left the house her daughter asked her how she could touch the devil's hand; she told her I had skin and flesh like any other man, as if she had made a great discovery. I had a clear recollection of the circumstances to which she alluded.

" Thursday, September 27th. Mrs. —'s daughter told me her mother wished to see me. Found her very low, after a sleepless night. Spoke to her of Jesus; she soon became quite cheerful; was much surprised to find with what clearness she spoke on the subject of prayer. She spoke of it as the believer's privilege—spoke of the folly of thinking that prayer consisted in the lengthy repetition of words; no prayer pleasing to God but that which proceeded from love to God. Expressed her joy at the kind reception which John Joyce (a Scripture-reader) met in Ballycroy. Read John xiii.; was much delighted with the explanation of it; called the attention of her little daughter to it. Her husband, who was sitting by, fell asleep; she noticed it with much sorrow, saying, it broke her heart to see him so insensible; she then began to pray for him.

"I find frequent entries in my journal similar to those which I have already transcribed. I shall however only bring before the reader one more extract, describing an interview which I had with this extraordinary woman in August, 1840.

"Was called to see Mrs. —; found her very weak, scarcely able to speak. She seemed much affected by the desertion of her relatives. (Her husband and other relatives had deserted her in obedience to the command of Dr. MacHale,) and said that the cause that they assigned was that she was not like other people. She expressed her unshaken confidence in God. Her ejaculatory prayers, in the midst of her weakness, showed the devotional fervor of her mind. She said she had great regard for her people; then, after a pause, she added, 'but I have more regard for Christ.' She was evidently thinking that her regard for her people would prompt her, in compliance with their wish, to send for the priest, but her supreme regard for Christ forbade her to do so.

"Yet two years after, this woman proved to be a miserable apostate. Supposing herself to be dying, she sent for the priest. I was absent at the time, but subsequently, in an interview with the Rev. Mr. Coneys, she attempted to justify her conduct. I cannot believe that for the many years that I knew her she was deliberately playing the hypocrite. She recovered from her sickness and left the settlement. I have never seen her since, although I believe she is still living. So extraordinary a case never came under my notice, and for this reason I have entered into detail, which otherwise would be out of proportion with this narrative. I confess that I was thoroughly deceived in this woman in the estimate which I formed of her character, and so was every believer in Jesus who paid her a casual visit. I need not say what sorrow of heart the apostasy of this supposed convert occasioned to me. But it taught me a lesson which I can never forget; and when I hear some of my brethren talking with undoubting confidence of this one or that one being saved, or of a preacher having had so many souls given to him at a meeting, because after an exciting sermon they professed to have received Christ, the recollection of Mrs. — brings up to my mind the solemn words, 'He that

endureth to the end the same shall be saved.' Let it not be imagined that in recording such thoughts we would cast any doubt on that most blessed truth, which is so plainly laid down in the XVIIth Article of the Church of England—the certainty of the preservation of the elect; but we know from Heb. vi. 4—9, that there may be a great amount of emotional religion apart from the 'faith which worketh by love,' and with which salvation is connected. We have seen much of this specious counterfeit of true religion, and we would here record the divine caution against such deception, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.' 'Search me, O God, and try me; prove me, and know my heart, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.'"

Mr. Nangle does not clearly prove her apostasy—but it is a fearful fact, that many are deceived who talk loudly and lovingly of Christ, alas! Let us pray God to prove us—so shall we be safe; I want the Spirit's testimony within—although THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

GEORGE BALDWIN ON HIS DYING-BED.

OH! I think I shall never forget that Sunday night, the fifteenth of April, 1866, when I sat at the supper table of the poor weeping widow, and heard her tell out all the sorrowful, yet, in some things, joyful passage her poor husband made across "the narrow stream of death." At my left hand sat my companion, young Mr. Tetmar, who had accompanied me down to East Bergholt, on the previous Saturday evening; there he sat, and heard in mournful silence the long account. On the other side of the table, sat the fatherless son and daughter of the deceased; and as the widowed mother told me of the travail of his soul, of the intensity of his prayers, of the darkness of his conflict, of the integrity and honesty of his confessions, of the resignation of his spirit, of the ultimate triumphs of his faith, and of the

certain and sensible realization of the pardon of all his sins;
of the verification in his case of the poet's words,

"He enters heaven by prayer,"

—as the bereaved, yet patiently resigned widow, related all this, her poor boy and girl wept, and watered their supper with their tears, while my little peering soul seemed to look into "the amazing heights and depths of grace," and, while I clearly saw that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief, I really secretly wondered in my spirit, if, after all, He would save me. Ah, that I did; for I know neither praying, (and sometimes I can pray,) nor preaching, (and for many years I have preached; and hundreds of happy souls have blessed me in the name of the Lord, yet, after all, that, of itself,) nor all the good I have tried to do in this world, nor ten thousand things of all this doing of mine put together, will ever save me.

"Tis Jesus alone
When He hung on the tree,"

—it is the Spirit giving life, it is the Saviour giving pardon, and it is God the Father, drawing to, and accepting in, the Son, standing united to, washed in, and justified by the Lord Jesus Christ, this alone can save a sinner. I fear there are thousands of people, parsons, preachers, popes, pharisees, puseyites, and pretended piousites, who, really, because they are morally, and because they are theologically, and because they are evangelically, and because they are practically good, because of all these things they believe the Almighty must save them; forgetting that nature, art, education, parental training, Gospel discipline; and a host of things beside, may tend to give us "a name to live, while we are spiritually dead." This is most solemn to contemplate, but, worldly and carnal, and unholy, as poor George Baldwin appeared to be while his strength was in him, yet, there was even then, more sterling honesty, more outspoken charity, and more readiness to help on the cause of God which his beloved wife so perseveringly espoused, than there is in some of us mealy-mouthed, hard-hearted, and covetous self-

worshipping parsons and people with which the churches are now so pestered.

Such a rending of the veil that is now spread over all flesh there will be some-day, and then many a crafty and covetous parson and deacon and professor will go tumbling down to hell, while millions of earnest, praying, and genuine repenting sinners, like George Baldwin, will fall at the dear Redeemer's feet,

"And crown Him Lord of all."

Well, I said, I wondered if Jesus would save me. I saw "the exceeding riches of His grace," in saving poor Baldwin; but would He save "The Village Preacher," was then the question in my soul. Ah! it was, and yet, on that very day, I had preached three times, and in the morning of the day, my soul had been happy in the Lord, and nothing had occurred to distress or hurt me, but the recital of the death of her husband by Mrs. Baldwin, while it magnified Jesus' grace, it seemed, for the time, to becloud my soul. I hope soon to give a full account of all this, and of my message in Bergholt, but now I must close. God Almighty grant you and me, dear reader, to find mercy meeting us ere across the stream we go, so prays your little friend

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

HOW OLD ART THOU?

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I am reminded this morning that this day is the anniversary of my birth, which suggests to me the question, "How old art thou?" Well, I find my days are telling up, and the youngest of our family, I am now no longer young Samuel, but if the question is put, "How old in knowledge?" I must confess that my knowledge is very shallow, indicating still the stage of infancy, yet the cry often ascends from my heart, "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." I want to behold the glorious beauty of our Immanuel, of His immeasurable love, of His rich

grace ; of His complete salvation, of His power, love, and truth in my soul ; and should my God still permit me to live longer on this earth, it may be for the glory of His cause, though so mean an instrument ; this I know will be the case, if He is pleased still to say to me, " Work in my vineyard." I have thought much of you, and your proposed tabernacle and schools, and when I say my heart rejoices in the prospect of its completion and of my much loved brother being the minister to labour there, I speak that I do feel, and trust the Spirit will enable me to present many sincere and fervent prayers, that you may be richly blessed in, and greatly strengthened for such a labour, and that God may yet spare you many years to be a faithful preacher of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God ; so that you may finish your course with joy, and then hear your Lord and Master saying to you, " Come up hither, and I will show thee things which must be hereafter." My heart's desire is that you may lift up your voice like a trumpet, and show the people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins.

It would, indeed, give me much pleasure to be at your meeting on Monday next, but that cannot be. I do pray the presence of Jesus may be richly felt in your midst, and that God—even your own God—may bless you and all present.

I should like to do something of a practical nature towards the building. I will try, though the result may be small ; and as you say in your circular, " every one can do something"—I hope not to be an exception to that statement.

That all may be prosperously completed, and that the temple built for God may be the birth place of thousands of precious souls is the ardent desire of your loving brother

SAMUEL.

[This is from my youngest brother, who is pastor of the Baptist Church at Banbridge, Ireland ; and a very loving and sincere brother he is. I can but feel deeply grateful to find all those who know me best, are persuaded that this work is of God, and that it will be crowned with success.]

THE WIMBLEDON PASTOR.

All are indebted much to THEE;
But I far more than all;
From many a deadly snare set free,
And raised from many a fall.
Overwhelm me, from above—
Daily with thy boundless love.

IF you could have seen our brother Luke Snow (the pastor of the Wimbledon church) standing on the platform of our meeting last Monday evening, in Squirries street, you would not soon forget him. He is one of the prettiest looking men I ever saw. His face is as round as a noble-looking red and white apple; and all the lineaments of his countenance beam with rays of peace, happiness, contentment, and holy love. There he stood that evening, and expressed himself so warmly in behalf of our New Tabernacle, that all the people rejoiced. Since then he has sent me a note; and because it expresses the prayerful desire of my heart, I give it. The Lord will give us many such real friends, I hope. He says:

"DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I do hope the Lord will stir up the Churches and *Vessel* readers, who love you for your work's sake, and they will be determined you shall have your New Tabernacle in a year's time roof-high; then that mighty man of God, James Wells, and his loving people, will—as he said at your meeting—put their shoulder to your wheel: and they are a mighty people—I believe the most mighty upon God's earth, and will continue to be, because the mighty God of Israel is in their midst. You have much to encourage you to go forward. God Almighty bless you, and all who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity, is the desire of your's in the love of the Gospel, "LUKE SNOW."

"THE VILLAGE PREACHER'S" TABERNACLE.

ON Monday, April 16th, two services were held in Squirries street chapel, in furtherance of this object. The place was crowded with friends. In the afternoon, three addresses were

delivered ; a large company took tea ; and in the evening a public meeting was held, at which a number of ministers spoke. The Secretary gave a statement of the origin of the movement, and how they were progressing. From that statement it appeared a good number of friends had taken an interest in the building ; a number of collecting cards had been sent out—several to readers of *CHEERING WORDS*—and the prospect was certainly very cheering. The friends connected with the place then brought in their collecting cards, and the result was beyond expectation, and showed that they intended setting a good example. At the end of the meeting the amount brought in during the evening was announced as £65 5s. 10d. In cash and promises we have upwards of £200 towards the building. This is most encouraging, and far beyond our expectation.

In about three months, we hope to hold another meeting : will all *CHEERING WORDS* readers give us their aid ? Let each send for a collecting card, and gather us a little. We do not ask large sums. Any friend willing to take a card, will have one by return of post by addressing a line to Mr. R. Banks, Crane court, Fleet street, London.

Those of our friends who will give us a donation, our Treasurer will be happy to receive the same ; address, Mr. William Mace, Old Ford, Bow, London.

Friends, we ask your individual aid for "The Village Preacher's" New Tabernacle and Schools."

A list of all subscriptions received up to March 22nd, is published in *The Earthen Vessel* for May.

WHAT SATAN CANNOT DO—WHAT HE CAN DO.

¶ In his sermon on "making shipwreck of faith," the Rev. Capel Molyneux says :—

A WORD or two about the REMEDY for this. There is a tremendous remedy for it. "I have delivered them to Satan." There is no distinction absolutely drawn here, as to

whether this applies to believers or not. Simon Peter was a believer, and yet he certainly fell into the hands of Satan. Christ said to him, "Simon, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat." And he certainly did. So that believers are not free from his power, but quite the contrary. "He goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." He cannot slay us; he cannot induce us to apostatize, but he may make us dishonour Christ, and make us lead others to blaspheme. That is what is presented to us here. But, apart from Satanic influence, my brethren, I do beseech you to believe that God may, and will, punish us if we walk not according to His laws. He will punish us, though His lovingkindness shall not fail. We are safe if we are true believers, but we may be called upon to endure much suffering. Deep may be the waters of tribulation, and terrible the trials and darkness that we may be called upon to pass through. Oh! how many a soul has gone on for weeks and months and years in weakness of faith, and bitterness of feeling, because of transgression.

But now there is a preventive to this: let us consider it for one moment. You see it depends upon there being a good conscience, and upon that good conscience being kept. Listen to this: If you want to keep a good conscience, as believers, get a thorough understanding of its value. The most precious thing in the world is a conscience purged from all transgression—to have a conscience, therefore, perfectly void of offence in the sight of God, not only in regard to the sincerity of purpose to serve Him, but in the thorough experience of this fact—"There is no one between me and God, but all is bright and clear," so that there is nothing resting on the conscience to prevent the light of His countenance from shining into the soul. And, remember, that is the result of the application of the blood of Jesus. It is that which cleanses from all past transgression. Get, then, I say, a thorough belief of that, that it depends upon what your conscience may be, that you cannot serve the living God until it be kept, and, therefore, that it is of the utmost importance to keep it in a perfect and purified state. And hence, the moment when transgression has occurred, let nothing.

prevent you from going back to Christ, who is ready to receive you. A just man, though he fall seven times a day, shall yet rise again. What a blessed promise that is! The Lord is ever ready to receive such a one. I say to you, be perpetually applying to the blood of Jesus in order that your conscience may be kept clear.

Then remember that this is the work of the Holy Ghost, through whom alone we can come to know Jesus. Hence we must carefully watch against grieving the Holy Spirit of God. That is a most important word—Watch against grieving the Holy Spirit. If we grieve Him, all goes wrong. He alone shews us of the things of God; He alone reveals the beauty and the all-sufficiency of Christ; He alone gives us the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, “Abba, Father!” He alone gives us the blessed foretaste of the inheritance of which we are to have possession. Therefore flee temptation. Thoroughly know yourself. Discover the evils to which you are naturally prone. I do not encourage men and women to look back upon their past transgressions in the way in which certain books suggest, but, I say, in the remembrance of those sins which do most easily beset us, let us endeavour to keep out of them. If you would have a conscience void of offence—if you would enjoy the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, if you would save yourself from the shipwreck of faith, above all things, keep clear of temptation, and especially of temptation in regard to those sins to which you are most naturally exposed.

GORDELIER'S UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.

I SELDOM hear a text announced from the Epistle to the Ephesians, or attempt to speak from one in this portion of God's word, but what I feel something like when one is approaching the extensive grounds of some baronial residence. The surrounding scenery, the beautiful park, the splendid trees, the majestic pile of buildings, the magnificent suite of rooms into which one is conducted, the gorgeous furniture, its paintings,

library, and the abundance of everything there is to supply human desires and taste, all combine to overwhelm one with a profound sense of the riches and greatness of the noble owner—that is, as to his worldly possessions; and, on the other hand, one equally feels the poverty and nothingness of one's own position.

HOPEFUL PROSPECTS.

WE cannot forget the work which presses so heavily upon the hearts and hands of the Building Committee for the erection of a New Tabernacle and Schools for the districts eastward of Bethnal Green; and therefore venture to call attention to two meetings to be holden in May—if the Lord permit.

On Friday, May 18th, Mr. Cracknell, of Cheltenham, has kindly offered to preach a sermon in Squirries street chapel, in the evening at 7.30. A few friends will meet Mr. Cracknell that afternoon in Squirries street, and take tea at 5; after which a meeting for special prayer will be holden; and will be continued until the time Mr. Cracknell enters the pulpit to preach. These meetings are especially to seek Divine direction—and the further assistance of friends in order to make the beginning in the erection. To our tea, prayer and preaching meetings on Friday, May 18th, in Squirries street chapel, we solicit the company of all who are sincere to their friendship toward us.

OUR HOME AND OUR HEAVEN.

THREE happy, holy, honourable day!

Let lowly prayer with lofty praise ascend,
Let every heart its ardent homage pay,
And every knee in adoration bend.

Better and dearer far than thousand days
Of wild lone wandering in the wilderness,
Is one day's walk along the pleasant ways
And quiet paths of peace and righteousness.

ALWAYS TO PRAY.

AH, when the sorrows come—painful and fast,
When we seem far from home—and blown by the blast;
When not a sunbeam falls over our way,
Kindly the precept calls, "Always to pray."

When we hear conscience speak, telling of guilt;
When it seems vain to seek blood that was spilt;
Sin with its frightful powers drives peace away,
Yet is the precept ours, "Always to pray."

When the long-cherish'd hope vanisheth quite,
And we look sadly up into God's light,
Knowing that all is well, yet asking Why?
This is the soothing spell, "Always to pray."

When a kind pardon rolls down from the skies
Into our troubled souls, how the joys rise!
Then as at Jesu's feet, weeping we lay,
Then it is passing sweet "Always to pray."

Jesus, Thy strength we need, else we shall faint,
Thou hast our praise decreed, thou our complaint;
Thou hast the precept given - give too each day,
Unto the loved of heaven, "Always to pray."

When on to yonder beach, washed by death's wave,
When the fond arms outstretched, clasp him we crave
Up to the Father's throne, glad we will spring,
There of His love alone always to sing.

Stanford-le-Hope, Essex.

MRS. T. CHAPLIN.

TO "CHEERING WORDS" FRIENDS.

 Friends to "CHEERING WORDS" will please to notice, that fifty copies of different numbers of "CHEERING WORDS" are done up in packets for Sixpence, and can be had through any bookseller, as they are published at J. Paul's, in Chapter House Court, St. Paul's. Poor aged Christians might sell the fifty copies at one halfpenny each. Almost everybody would purchase a little book like this for a halfpenny; and then a poor man, or woman, or child, might clear one shilling and sixpence for themselves. The volumes of "CHEERING WORDS" are neat little books, suited for cottage presents or Sunday school rewards.

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Chaeving Words.

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No. 176.

A NEW LEAF IN MY LIFE.

"I WAIT FOR THE LORD."

I WILL try to keep up a little record of all things connected with the effort to erect our New Tabernacle; because if the hand of God is in it, His voice will be heard, "This is the way, walk ye in it." If His hand is in this movement, He will make the path clear, although clouds and darkness sometimes oppress, overwhelm, and cast down our spirits. His word to the ancient prophets, concerning their building the second temple was, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." And I see this building of ours will not be erected by either the moral or the commercial power of man; but as the Lord the Spirit shall constrain and enable His saints to surrender their mites, shall it be done, as a universal thank-offering for all His goodness unto them. But now one word as to our movements.

During the month of May a few favourable signs have been seen. We had a few friends to tea in Squirries street, on Friday, May 18th; after that, we had a meeting for prayer; brethren Collins, of Plymouth; Thomas Steed, of London; T. J. Messer, Thomas Stringer, J. Flory, and others united in the service, and Mr. Cracknell preached a sermon from the words "Mighty to save," and a good assembly closed the services by singing praises to God: all the hymns being read by our deacon brother John Mumford, whose whole heart and soul is in the truth and honour of the Lord His God. £2 9s. 6d. was collected at this meeting.

On Tuesday, May, 22nd, we were favoured to assemble together
ONE HALF-PENNY.

in brother Cornwell's Mount Zion, St. Matthias road, Stoke Newington. Brother Cornwell is a real hearty friend; his address, and the speeches of brethren Collins, Pegg, Miss, Robert Banks, and Ogborne, of St. Albans, all were more encouraging than I can describe. Brother Ogborne promised £5, and the friends collected a little, and again I praised the Lord, and hoped all was under His sanction.

On Thursday, May 24th, I preached twice for brother C. Turner, at Ripley, in Surrey. He and his friends require a chapel bad enough, and if I was as rich as some of our professing people, he should soon have one; but we hope to build him a Tabernacle immediately after our own is finished. At Ripley, I saw Mr. Daws, a large farmer and brick maker, and as he favours the righteous cause, I felt moved to ask him if he would give us a few bricks towards our building. He did not say either yea or nay. I hope the Lord will constrain him to give us as many as will build one wall, which will be a help. On returning home from Ripley late on Thursday night, May 24th, I heard my chapel in Squirries street was in the hands of the painters, and that we could not worship there the next Sunday. No notice had been given. No provision had been made. The people must be disappointed, and scattered, unless some place was provided, and I must be silent for a Sabbath. This was a new leaf in my life indeed. On the Friday morning I felt inly persuaded to try and procure some tent or Tabernacle where we might assemble. I had never in my life been left before to have to run about to hire a place to preach in, and I had a most terrible conflict in my soul respecting it: one moment I would say to myself, "I will not try to get a place; I never have done such a thing, I ought not to do it now." Then again I turned—stood still—and said, "Well, Sunday morning will come, the children will come to their school, cannot get in, yet cannot tell why. The teachers will come, cannot get in, cannot tell why. The Church and congregation will come to worship, cannot get in, and will feel hurt and insulted, because proper notice should have been given to them. All these considerations weighed heavily upon me. I walked the streets, I paused, I

prayed, I hesitated, I tried for this place, and that place; but no, all seemed in vain. At length, Stepney Temperance Hall!" came to my mind. "Go there," said some one in my heart. I went. I engaged to have it. Then I walked to brother Stringer; asked him to preach in afternoon; he cheerfully agreed. I had bills and circulars printed, sent them round as far and as fast as I could; and although I condemned myself for all the pains I took, and although I knew some persons would sneer at me for my toil, still, I could not stop. On I went, and as soon as ever I had completed the arrangement, into my soul there came such a beautiful text of Scripture; which, even while I walked the street, opened up to my view so clearly, that it was as though the Lord said to me, "All is well, there is one text for you, and a good Gospel sermon too. Go on, I will be with thee." Bless the Lord; while others can neglect poor Zion; and indulge in ways unbecoming their profession; and while in all outward things, I have been a martyr to my own efforts to advance the cause of Divine truth for years; while almost every one pointeth at me with the finger of scorn, and thousands try to cast me down; the Word of the Lord is my comfort, it quickens, it edifies, it upholds me.

Sunday morning came: to the hall I went. Mr. Morgan, our good precentor, read the hymns, brother John Mumford, read the word, and prayed, and I spoke from the words of Paul, "That in the ages to come he might shew the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us by Jesus Christ:" all was so far well. In the afternoon brother Stringer preached a sermon on the righteousness of God, with great liberty and faithfulness. In the evening our hall was full. Friends rallied round; and I was really quite at home. My given text was this, "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." I know the Gospel was preached. I pray good may come out of it; and while the Lord thus leads me on, the readers of CHERRING WORDS shall still hear something of his goodness toward

"THE VILLAGE PREACHER."

FORGIVENESS,

FROM J. DENHAM SMITH'S "LIFE TRUTHS."

WE first see the blood of Jesus Christ has made an end of sin upon the cross; and then an end of it here (in the heart) as to its condemning, damning power. "Ye are complete," thus, as having no more conscience of sin.

Take a simple illustration—that of a servant who had robbed her mistress, and who did not like to go into the presence of her mistress. At first she did not mind going into her presence. And why? Because she believed that her mistress did not know that she had robbed her. But the moment she found out that her mistress knew it, she got conscience of sin; like one about to die, when he knows that he is going into the presence of God, he has conscience of sin, and dreads to go into God's presence because he feels that God knows and will judge him for his sin. So with the poor servant. She did not like to go into the presence of her mistress; she avoided her, and sent, in her stead, her fellow-servant again and again. The mistress said to that servant, Why does she not come in? But no one could tell. At last she sent for her, and said, "I know what it is that troubles you. I know what you have done, and it may well trouble you, trouble your conscience; but I want to tell you that it is now gone from my own mind, and let it be gone from yours." These words (for such is the power of grace) melted her heart, and she now goes in and out before her mistress freely. She has, and ever will have, a deep consciousness of her sin. Yet is there no more conscience, but a forsaking of her sin. How blessed is it when God shows me that my sin is completely gone from His mind, completely cast behind His back, completely gone from His memory. Then it is I am complete in forgiveness, and have no more conscience of sin. And so I may go on to show how that, having Christ, he being revealed to us by the Spirit through the truth as it is in Jesus, we are complete in everything else.

MESSIAH'S FIVE-FOLD NAME.

"Oh I love unparalleled, I long to lose myself in thee."

I WILL tell the readers of CHEERING WORDS, this little tale just as it occurred, or as near to the very truth as possible, and leave every one to receive or reject it, as may seem best to him. We have a plain, Paul-like, sort of brother in Christ, named William Palmer, who has erected a house for the worship of the Triune God, at a place called Plaistow; once a most desolate and barren place, but now inhabited; buildings rising on all hands; people increasing everywhere; and in the midst of them stands "Mount Zion," the tabernacle where William Palmer preaches the Gospel to many people; and where the Lord honours him greatly. He invited me to speak on the occasion of his anniversary on the words—"The mighty God." Other brethren were to speak upon "Wonderful," "Counsellor," "The Everlasting Father," and "The Prince of Peace."

As I walked into the City that morning, my little mind began with a train of thought I would never forget. No, neither in this world, nor in that which is to come, if I could help it. Just by the Bank of England, the first thought came up; and after it followed a succession as fast as I could receive them. The following is a thread or two out of the skein. To myself I said:—

The contemplation of the Deity is the grandest enterprise, the largest and most blessed employment the mind of man can enter upon. The subject itself is great, it is the study of Almighty God; and who can by searching find out God? Fully, we never can. Still there is a certain amount of knowledge which may be attained, even of the Holy, Just and Sacred Three. For this end, the Bible is given; for this end, the Gospel is preached; for this end, the Holy Ghost descends and dwells in man's soul; that poor sinful man might know the Lord, "Whom to know is life eternal." As I mused upon this holy theme the words came, "And his name shall be called." "Ah," said I, "it is not 'Names,' but His Name. Here are five distinct yet conjoint features of His One Name. His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." How

delightful to my soul was this precious view of the Redeemer's name, person, character, and relationship! I do well know there is nothing so pure, so full of internal joy and comfort, pleasure and bliss, as when the heart is buried in its meditations upon the fountain head of the Church's eternal salvation!

How I longed to speak of Him! When the evening came I was there; Mr. Thomas Stringer went at it first. Oh! dear me, what a wonderful report he brought in of Christ, to be sure! Hathrow all the strength, all the life, all the love, all the mind, all the knowledge, and all the faith he had into the subject, and to exalt a Wonderful Saviour he spared no pains.

I will give a line or two of mine; words can never express the amazing weight of glory which in the Son of God doth dwell: but my readers may try and follow out the following six letters of His one name; and I hope their souls, like the chariots of Amminadab, will mount upward far, far, beyond the reach of these uncertain things.

A soul there was on this earth once, who sailed to glory through the streams of a broken, bleeding, heart, and that saint being once favoured, broke out like this,

"Give me leave, my dear Friendly, to express the faint rapture of my mind, and pardon the little improprieties that may appear therein. Oh! how is Christ's face filled with beauty, his head with wisdom, his eyes with majesty, his countenance with gracefulness, his lips with loveliness, his hands with blessings, his heart with love, his looks with glory, to engage thee, O my soul, to love him as the chiefest among ten thousand; to delight in him in a superlative manner; to adore him in thy thoughts, to know him in thy understanding, to love him in thy affections, to submit to him in thy will, and to rejoice in him with joy unspeakable and full of glory! Dear Jesus, is this the end and design of thy love! O! it has won my heart and took it! captivated my affections, subdued my will, and mastered all the powers of my soul! I am now no longer my own, sweet Jesus, but thine! bought with thy blood, overcome with thy love! I feel the sacred flame inspire my soul to acts of gratitude and joy! O! that the Heaven, and the Heaven of Heavens was paper, and the mountains of the earth pens of brass,

and that all the angels in glory, and the saints around the throne, the church militant, and every thing that hath breath in heaven and earth were employed to write within and without, the majesty of thy person, the glories of thy name, the riches of thy grace, the surpassing sweetness of thy presence. Alas! time and eternity would fail them to tell what thou art in thyself, and what thou art to my soul, as the sum of all my joy, and fountain of felicity."

But I want just to try and spell this precious name, as secretly it was opened up in my heart, as I pushed away through Cheapside, scarcely knowing where I was, or whither going.

First, then, his name shall be called "Wonderful." This word "wonderful" in the more ancient rendering is called "the Secret Miracle." It pointeth to the mysterious existence and character of the Son of God. "His name shall be called"—here is a pause, as though, even the blessed Spirit, when referring to the incomprehensibility (by man) of the Eternity, and co-equality of the Sonship of the Christ of God; and as though the Prophet Isaiah, and all the translators, stood amazed; and, after some contemplation, found vent in this almost inexplicable word "wonderful." I cannot find any form of speech by which to describe the inward apprehensions of my soul touching the distinct personality and the ancient originality of this all-glorious Son of God. The word "wonderful" implies much more than it expresses. That God Almighty should have a Son, in every sense, as far as Revelation teaches us equal to His Father, and that He should "give Him up for us all," that this darling and dearly beloved Son of the Father should enter into covenant with his Father; and that this wonderful Emanuel should so love the church the Father gave unto Him, as to engage to leave His throne in glory, to leave His Father's bosom, to leave the realms of light and purity, bliss and joy, and to come down into the deeps of darkness and into the sorrows of death, that His church might rise up into those holy and happy regions of glory, the most distant conception of which, man as man, here can never reach. Ah! Solomon was astonished at the inward views and thoughts, the heavenly shinnings and breakings forth of some of the sparks of glory centred in this Son of God,

when he demanded "What is His name? and what is his Son's name? if thou canst tell." [It is Saturday night; and no more space must be occupied this month on this theme; but if I fail to proceed with this choicest of all things in heaven or on earth, I shall no more be worthy the name of

A VILLAGE PREACHER.]

WHAT GOD HATH DONE.

WHAT God hath done is rightly done,
 Full deep His understanding;
 Where'er He leadeth I will run,
 And halt at His commanding.
 He is my God, and e'en his rod
 He wisely wields to guide me;
 A father's care to me he'll bear,
 To Him then I'll confide me.

What God hath done is kindly done;
 My Father can't forget me;
 His heart beats for his earthly son,
 He knows the cares that fret me.
 For weal or woe, full well I know,
 E'en while His face He hideth,
 His goodness comes, how great the sums,
 And then He never chideth.

What God hath done is fully done,
 No good thing He denies me:
 He shines as the eternal sun,
 With light and life supplies me.
 The cloud that seems to hide His beams,
 Is doubt and fear, and coldness,
 His face He shews, and from Him flows,
 That grace that moves to boldness.

What God hath done is safely done;
 Upon this rock I'll plant me;
 The world, flesh, devils, too, may come,
 But none of these shall daunt me;
 For Christ, my Head, has kindly said,
 I, I have overcome them;
 Then Christian souls, if God upholds,
 Rejoicing will become them.

Oxford, May 1st, 1866.

WILLIAM MAYO.

WORDS OF CAUTION AND COMFORT.

JESUS is well acquainted with the weakness of His people; hence He kindly tells us, "without me ye can do nothing." This assertion should not be abused by the saints as a plea for idleness, but used as Christ intended it should be, as an argument why they should abide in Him, and attempt nothing without Him; and also to teach them that whatever is done by them, the glory of it belongs unto Christ. But it is the saints' weakness to withstand temptation we have to treat of, and certainly, in this respect, as Gurnal say, "the strongest believer is like a glass without a foot." We may seem to stand very well amidst things which are no temptation to us, and even amidst things that are, before the hour or crisis of temptation arrives; but when this hour arrives, and lust and temptation, desire and opportunity meet, we fall, unless upheld. "He," says Dr. Owen, "that promises himself that his frame will be the same under temptation as it was before, will be woefully mistaken." Yet let us ever bear in mind the sin is ours, for we are not left unless we first leave, as the cases of Hezekiah and Peter prove. The Spirit ceases not to work unless we grieve him; and God withdraws not his promised aid unless we despise or neglect those means by and in which it is enjoyed. Thus Peter wept and repented; he did not accuse his Lord, or his foresight—plead his own weakness—shelter himself behind necessity—or comfort himself with thoughts upon the good that might result from it;—oh no! neither must we; our weakness is sinful weakness, as Samson's was, when "he met the Philistines, to his cost;" it is, as I before said, the consequence of our neglecting the means by which our strength would be increased; Isa. xl. 31.

But what a wonder of mercy is it that Christ, with a perfect view of all this, should take our part, and even embark his own interest with such cowardly and impotent allies! This He has done, blessed be His name; and of this His saints should boast, and in it comfort themselves, Christ knew the worst of every one of his people before he took them in hand. But let it be remembered that we can only have the comfort of this in returning to Him, not in departing from Him.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE RANSOMED.

Oh! who can tell the grandeur,
The glory of that day
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Shall take His Church away?
When she shall rise triumphant
O'er sorrow, death, and sin,
And to the New Jerusalem
With joy be ushered in.

He gave His life to save her;
He died upon the tree;
That she might share His glory—
That she with Him might be.
He loved her—oh! He loved her
As none beside could love;
And soon, to share His happiness,
He'll take her home above.

She's waiting—oh! she's waiting
His welcome voice to hear;
She's done with every sorrow,
She casts away each fear:
Her heart beats high to meet Him;
He cometh from afar—
The Sun of Righteousness divine,
The bright, the Morning Star.

Oh! quickly come Lord Jesus,
Dear source of every joy;
Each fruitful cause of evil,
With vengeance swift, destroy
Hail! Great Deliv'rer mighty!
All power to Thee be given,
To reign as Lord and Master
In earth as well as heaven.

FAITH, in the Rainbow.

ANGELS WELCOME US TO HEAVEN.

ANGELS welcome us into Heaven, and present us before Christ in his throne.

Helmont, in his vision of the soul, tells, that in the year 1610, after a long weariness of contemplation, that he might acquire some gradual knowledge of his own mind, fallen by chance into a calm sleep, and rapt beyond the limits of reason, he seemed to be in a hall sufficiently obscure; on his left hand was a table, and on it a fair large vial wherein was a small quantity of liquor, and a voice from that liquor spake unto him, Wilt thou have honour and riches? At this unwonted voice he became surprised with extreme amazement; and by and by on his right hand, appeared a chink in the wall, through which a light invaded his eyes with unwonted splendour, which made him wholly forgetful of the liquor, voice, and former council. Presently he awakened, but his ancient intense desire of knowing the nature of his soul, in which he had panted uncessantly for thirteen years together, constantly remained with him. At length amid the anxious afflictions of various fortunes, when yet he hoped a Sabbath of tranquillity, he had in a vision the sight of his soul. It was a transcendent light, in the figure of a man, whose whole was homogeneous, actually discerning a substance spiritual, cristalline and lucent by its own native splendour. And then it was revealed to him that this light was the same which he had a glimpse of before. If the demand be, what becomes of this light after its separation from the body? Dr. Charleton, who translated the book of Helmont, gave it in this posie; *Lumen de lumine*: light of light, and light to light. The angels of light take these luminous substances, or substantial lights, and present them before the uncreated light, the Lord of glory.

Carry your good things to Christ, he will keep them; carry your bad things, he will cure them; whatever your frame be, let nothing separate you from your beloved.

THE FLOWER AND THE JEWEL AS SYMBOLS.

(From the "Rainbow.")

"**A**RE there to be no flowers in heaven?" inquired a lady-friend, whose esthetic tastes naturally led her to delight in those pure and lovely ornaments of our fallen world. "Why do you ask?" was the reply. "Because in the Bible, and especially in the last chapters of Revelation, nothing is said about them. St. John speaks of gold, and jasper, and pearls; he describes the foundations of the New Jerusalem as a very blaze of jewels; but the beautiful flowers are never mentioned."

My answer was, in substance, as follows:—"The flower fades, the jewel never does. The flower—lovely but perishable—is the most touchingly beautiful natural relic of man's Paradise lost in the past: the jewel—splendid and unfading—is the most precious natural earnest of man's Paradise promised in the future. Hence, in the sublime description of the everlasting home of God's saints at the close of the book of Revelation, it is a significant fact, as you observed, that while we read of streets of gold, and walls of jasper, and gates of pearl—flowers, even the amaranths of the poet, are never once mentioned."

"*The flower fades,*" and because it fades it is a most appropriate symbol of the glory of a world, the fashion whereof passeth away; and so we find the inspired writers again and again employing it. "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth *as a flower*, and is cut down." (Job xiv. 1, 2.) "As for man, his days are as grass: *as a flower of the field*, so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more." (Ps. ciii. 15, 16.) "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted; but the rich in that he is made low, because, *as the flower of the grass*, he shall pass away. For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth, so also shall the rich man fade away in his ways." (James i. 9-11.) "For all flesh is as grass, and *all the glory of man as the flower of grass*. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away."

But the very same characteristic which renders the flower so

appropriate a type of the glory of this passing world—its perishableness—renders it at the same time altogether inappropriate as a symbol of the glory of the world to come, where nothing fades, and into which death cannot enter.

The Jewel is Imperishable. Hence it is never used by the inspired writers to represent the transitory glory of this world, but most appropriately reserved to adumbrate the enduring and unchangeable glory of the world to come. "Behold!" says the Lord, speaking of Israel's coming glory, "I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones." (Isa. liv. 11, 12). Yet this glory shall be but the reflection of the Jerusalem above—"the city with the foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Of her it is written: "And the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the city was of pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl, and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass." (Rev. xxi. 18-21). Well may the poet sing:—

"Jerusalem, my Home,
 I see thy walls arise;
 Their jasper clear and sardine stone
 Flash radiance through the skies.
 In clouds of heaven descending,
 With angel train attending,
 Thy gates of glistening pearl unfold
 On streets of glassy gold.
 Nought fadeth there—there is no night;
 But of sevenfold splendours bright,
 Thy Temple is the LIGHT OF LIGHT,
 Jerusalem, my home!" W. MAUDE.

CURE BEFORE COMFORT.

OUR article last month, headed, "Are you quite sure your soul will go to Christ?" has excited a singular sensation. We inserted it, because we know thousands will easily take comfort, and possess a confidence which is not well grounded. Besides, a thorough heart-searching, with God's blessing, will always result in sound heart-rejoicing. We insert the following note, because it contains several excellent sentiments which cannot fail of instructing, and even cheering, the true believer.

"DEAR SIR,—I trust that my having a sincere regard for the welfare of the people of God, will be sufficient apology for my addressing you.

"A dear Christian friend having put into my hand this month's **CHEERING WORDS**, requesting me to read the piece entitled, "Are you sure, quite sure, that your soul will go to Christ," as it had caused her many cogitations of mind, I did so, and could not help feeling "How opposite to the title of the book." I own that self-examination is very needful, and a good thing; and no doubt putting a piece of that description in print may do good, inasmuch as it may lead to self-examination before God; but, on the other hand, I cannot feel it right, and this is why I have written.

"I cannot help thinking that Mr. Nangle has committed the error which, at the commencement of his narrative, he condemns—that of judging character, the prerogative of God; for, as he admits, he has not seen the subject of his remarks for some years, and he believes her still living. Who can tell but what she may be brought as a lost sheep back to the fold with rejoicing? And if she is a partaker of Divine grace she will be, even if it is not until the eleventh hour. Who would have thought that so favoured a disciple as Peter—he whom Jesus chose as one of his closest followers—he who was with him on the mount of transfiguration, and saw his Lord's agony in the garden—would *curse and swear* that he knew not the man? But so it was. It is, however, but for Jesus to give the poor sinner one look and the stubborn heart is broken, and he goes out and weeps bitterly; and if this

poor woman has ever felt the love of God in her heart it can never go out.

"I trust you, as well as "The Village Preacher," will take these remarks in the spirit in which they are written, namely, for the good and well-being of the followers of Jesus. And, in conclusion, I would only suggest whether it would not be better for "The Village Preacher" to withhold such things until he knows the issue. With every wish for the welfare of CHEERING WORDS, whether from the pen of "The Village Preacher," or any other, I beg to subscribe myself one who is jealous for the honour and glory of God,

"BENONI EXCELL."

"5, Ivory place, Brighton, 19th May, 1866."

In the present times, Christianity walks on silver, and breathes ambrosial air. People make their livelihood of Christianity. Others get on in the world by it. Others get into good society by their religion. They would be ruined were Christianity to go out of fashion! What a contrast between the ancient martyr and the modern fashionable Christian! One encountered the fire; the other groans over a harmless laugh, or a good-humoured nickname. We talk of "persecutions," which the martyrs would have looked upon as jests. We writhe upon a distorted rose-leaf, while they lay unshrinking upon a bed of fire.

"George Baldwin."—We give no more this month, because his widow has written a faithful memorial of his last days; and it will be published in a little book, which thousands may read, and receive such a sight of mercy's marvellous triumphs as cannot every day be witnessed.

If there had been no sinner for God to save, God must have dealt with sin on its own account; God, on the ground of His own character, could not let sin go unpunished. And so we behold the Lamb of God upon the cross! with the dark, dark load of sin upon him; gathered by the hand of justice upon his devoted head. "He appeared once in the end of the world to put away sin, by the sacrifice of himself." He will die no more.

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow,
Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.

No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain.
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joy of heaven,
I am one of the angel band:
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

"THE GOD OF JACOB"

O, Jacob's God arise!
Gather thy scattered flock;
Let every sheep of Israel say
"O God, thou art my rock!"

Far from the Father's house,
Thy sons by sin are driven;
O Jacob's God, arise, and say
"Thy sins are all forgiven."

Weary they lay them down,
'Neath night's wide canopy;
O God of Jacob, give them rest,
And point them to the sky.

Onward they wend their way
Thro' paths they have not trod,
Guide them, O Father, lest they
stray,
Oh, still be Jacob's God!

ADA.

TO "CHEERING WORDS" FRIENDS.

 Friends to "CHEERING WORDS" will please to notice, that fifty copies of different numbers of "CHEERING WORDS" are done up in packets for Sixpence, and can be had through any bookseller, as they are published at J. Paul's, in Chapter House Court, St. Paul's. Poor aged Christians might sell the fifty copies at one halfpenny each. Almost everybody would purchase a little book like this for a halfpenny; and then a poor man, or woman, or child, might clear one shilling and sixpence for themselves. The volumes of "CHEERING WORDS" are neat little books, suited for cottage presents or Sunday school rewards.

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Cheering Words.

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JULY, 1866.

No. 177.

THE VICTORY IS OURS EVEN WHILE THE WAR IS RAGING.

I THINK if ever CHEERING WORDS were needed by God's people it is now. Our Queen's throne has been shaken; our Government and Parliament cannot work quietly on; bread and meat, and all things get so dear; the banks have been stopping—people rich one day, in supposition, but sunk in the deepest poverty the next day in stern fact. Everybody asks, "What next? Who will go to ruin next?" Then the war on the continent. How lamentable! Prussia and Austria—and I know not who—all marching their armies on to the bloody field, where bodies die and souls do fly;—but where? one hardly dares to say.

Well, well; all this is sad enough. But here comes Capel Molyneux, a reverend and devout man of God, and he shouts out "VICTORY OVER DEATH!" Then he reads Paul's words—"So, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in Victory."

Let us listen to him for one moment. He says:—How admirable, how triumphant, and appropriate is the apostrophe that follows this verse: "O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Giveth us, you see, the victory,

ONE HALF-PENNY.

but *through* our Lord Jesus Christ—all *through* Him ; all in Him and through Him. We have the victory in its effect ; He has the victory in its cause and glory. No victory has been gained by us ; all victory has been gained by Him. He met the adversary in the field ; He foiled and completely vanquished him. He did the whole work, and then He rose triumphant over death and the grave. Let all honour, praise, majesty, might, and dominion in time and eternity be ascribed to Him. Let no other name be named here or elsewhere throughout the whole universe as deserving of praise but the name of our Lord and Saviour. We have the victory in its effects—grace in time, and glory throughout eternity ; and we are made conquerors ourselves, as the Scripture saith, “ more than conquerors,” now, over all opposition. We are positively called to triumph everywhere, ‘in all places, under all circumstances, at all times. Moreover, He says, “ To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me on my throne.” Remember the epistles to the Seven Churches. In every one the promise is made to the conqueror. We must be conquerors by reason of Him who has conquered for us. To us is committed now in a certain sense, and we are to represent Him and show His power—the power of the resurrection life, that power which He obtained for us when he rose from the dead, whereby we are now made conquerors, and are, by and bye, to reign with Him on His throne throughout all eternity. Brethren, this is a subject which ought to be present to our minds this day—this day of triumph and rejoicing. Recollect that the victory has been already gained. It was gained at the cross, when the Lord Jesus said, “ It is finished.” Let us never forget that. Don’t let us confound the work in the one case with the triumph in the other. Christ has no more work to do. In that sense He is at rest. That work is done, and done for ever. The battle was really fought and won on Calvary when He met His enemies and overthrew them, and led captivity captive. To-day is the proclamation of this. The fact was on this day recognised before all heaven and throughout the universe—to-day Christ was proclaimed to be the Son of God, and therefore I say we have already the victory.—[The sermon can be had at J. Paul’s.]

THE CONFESSIONAL IN A GOSPEL PULPIT.

THERE are but few ministers who will make an open breast of it as regards their own experiences and exercises. They say,—“We preach Christ crucified”—and that is their work, beyond all question; and I have often thought such men most holy, devout, pure, and of a perfectly heavenly mind. Afterwards I have seen some of these pulpit-pious preachers in parlours; and then I have had other thoughts: and I come to the conclusion, after thinking over the varied experiences of the Church in the Psalms and in the Canticles; and after comparing the testimonies of the prophets respecting their conflicts and comforts—and after reading Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and his other letters; and after considering the great benefit arising from the published experiences of Huntington and others, I cannot but believe, that, as every true servant of God, who has Christ revealed in him, is, in some measure, a crucified, and a deeply exercised man, so, it is useful for a man to allow the troubles and triumphs of his soul so to mingle in and run out with the thoughts and talkings of his brain, as to make up a ministry full of fire, and life, and power. Here is one part of Mr. James Wells's success. When he enters the field of the ministry he calls up all the armies under command—body, soul, spirit, conscience, observations made, temptations endured, joys realized, words applied, darknesses travelled through, and prospects anticipated, all are led forth under the two-fold generalship of his master-mind, and of the natural eloquence, with which God has endowed him, and hence, with such a vast and varied army, he takes full possession of the field—the fight commences—the people's hearts are taken captive—and the conquest is invariably on the side of the Great Captain of our Salvation: his servant James is rewarded; the saints rejoice; and all goes well. Three things must be thrown wide open into a Gospel sermon to make it good—an open covenant—an open Bible—and an open heart. At the end of that sermon, by Mr. Wells, headed “Happy Destiny,” I find the following leaf taken out of his own soul. It is so

sacred, I give it here for "Cheering Words" readers. He said:—

"I wish to speak with great care, for the doctrine of preterition, as we call it, by way of softness, though it is in reality reprobation—I mean that of some being lost—is a doctrine that has rested on my mind very much lately. There is something so frightful, something so terrible, in being one of those characters described in the 9th of Romans, and which by nature we all are. Oh, it is such an infinite mercy to have a feeling towards God, to have a desire towards the Lord Jesus Christ, and to feel that we are spoiled for every thing short of him. Hell is hidden from us; the judgments of God are hidden from us, except in so far as they are shadowed forth in the Bible; the sufferings of the lost are hidden from us; and we are so wrapped up in this life that we have no fear, no dread, no concern; we live as though we could smile at the damnation of the soul; I mean while we are in a state of nature. And even when brought, as I trust most of you are, to know the truth as it is in Jesus, oh, how much hardness of heart there is! I am really half ashamed to confess it, but I am really glad myself sometimes when anything pertaining to the destiny of my soul, so stirs up my mind as at all to solemnize it, and to lead me to search into my own standing, and to lead me in solemn prayer to God for clearer evidences of interest in him; for really I seem such a poor destitute creature, and nothing but the richest grace and mercy of Christ can save me. I just feel as the apostle saith, "I was with you in weakness, in fear, and in much trembling." Ministers preach, and we think they are all just what they appear to be. Perhaps very few of them preach out many of their inward trials, castings down, and darkness. And, paradoxical as it may seem, these are the very experiences that ultimately endear the Lord Jesus Christ. I can this morning say, in the presence of this assembly, that my objection to those gospels that I do not believe in is free from all prejudice against any party or any man whatever. I can truly say that my reason, as far as my feelings are concerned, is that such gospels are not of the slightest use to me. You might just as well tell me to create a world as to tell

me to come to Christ. You might just as well tell me to annihilate the globe as to bring my soul into fellowship with God. And as to telling me to take the promise, you might as well tell me to take one of the mightiest planets of the universe, and run away with it on my shoulders."

I call that a good confession—open, frank, and for the benefit of all who may be favoured to hear or read such unwrought sermons as good James Wells doth often preach.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GREAT PRIVILEGE.

By C. H. SPURGEON.

WE now turn to THE GREAT PRIVILEGE which is said in the text to be given to those who trust in the Son of God.

"But as many as received him, to them gave he *power* to become the sons of God." The word "*power*" here may be translated "*privilege*," and one of the old commentators and translators renders it "*honour*:" "to them gave he the *honour* to become the sons of God." Now, what is it to be a son of God? This theme demands a seraph to discourse upon it; yea, even an archangel might fail to describe what it is to be a son of God! Certainly it is a point of dignity beyond what any angel ever attained. "Unto which of the angels said he at any time, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee?" But every man, woman, and child that believes in Jesus Christ is thenceforth a child of God. You know what it is to be the son of a good man and true, and some of you would not willingly renounce your birthright. You claim from your father a child's privileges; you expect that, being a son, you shall inherit certain rights, and those rights you will duly receive. If I could stand here to-night and say I were a king's son, many would be wonderfully envious; but what say you to this—I claim to be one of the sons of God? Does no man's heart aspire to this felicity? Are there no spirits which pine for this dignity? Oh the stolid baseness which does not rise to a desire after this glory! Do not suppose that when

we say "son of God," we merely use a metaphor without meaning; no, every person who believes in Christ Jesus is entitled to all rights and privileges which go with sonship in any case, but which emphatically go with sonship in the case of a son of God. What, then, are we entitled to, and what do we receive? A complete list I cannot attempt to make out for you, but as my mind suggests the boons of adoption, they shall come before you.

If we are the sons of God, *we are dearly beloved of God*. Did you ever try to get that thought into your mind, *that God loves you*? I can understand that God *pities* me; that is a feeling which so vastly superior a being might well feel to so inferior an existence; but that he *loves* me is scarcely conceivable, although it is most sure and certain. Who can drink this well dry? Who can bear home this fruitful sheaf of delights, this purple cluster of Eschol? Sons of God are loved of their Father with a love surpassing thought.

They are, indeed, *intimately related* as well as dearly loved. There is a union between God and his sons. There is the same nature in the son as there is in the Father, for we become "partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." These are no words of mine, but of the Holy Spirit; one would not have dared to have uttered them if inspiration had not made them ready to our hand. We are most near and dear to the blessed God who filleth all in all.

Being sons *we are graciously treated*. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "He spareth them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." Goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life, and we shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Being sons, again, *we are wisely educated*. Parents do not think they have done their duty unless they bring their children up to understand knowledge, and to be fitted to take their part with full grown men. We are trained in the school of God. We receive chastisement, and are made to smart under his rod; we read in the illuminated book of his grace, and are "made meet,"

when fully educated, "to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." There is no school like that in which love is the head master.

As children *we are admitted to a familiarity which servants cannot know.* A child may say and do to his father what no stranger could. He manifests himself to us as he doth not unto the world. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant. *We have access to God at all hours,* the Father's door is never locked against his much-loved children. Our cry he knows even as a father knows his child's cry, from every other sound. *All our wants are provided for, and our Father's loving heart watches over all our wanderings, and forgives all our offences.*

Remember that *a father's relationship is one which cannot be suspended.* I know the old proverb says, "A father's a father till he gets a new wife;" which implies that he is not afterwards, but that only means as to his actions; for *he must be* a father always; he cannot break off that relationship; he must cease to be before he can cease to be a father so long as his children live. When I have heard people say that you may be a child of God one day, and a child of the devil the next, I have felt inclined to buy them a dictionary, so that they might know the meaning of the word "father." What a solecism! What a misuse of words do they commit! If I am my Father's child I am so, and there is no power, human or divine—I speak with reverence—that can unchild me. Adoption might cease to operate but birth never. *I must be* the child of him that begat me; and so, if I be a child of God, begotten unto God by the incorruptible seed of His Word, there is no power, infernal or divine, that can possibly rob me as a child of God of this privilege: a child I am, and a child I *must* be.

So then, we have honourable standing, safe-abiding, blessed inheritance, and perfected education, all belonging—to whom? Why, to as many as receive Christ, that is to as many as trust Him. Poor trembling soul, why should not you be in that number?—From *Metropolitan Pulpit*, No. 669.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

"WHY WEEPEST THOU?"

Why dost thou weep?—say, can it be,
Because for ever blest, and free
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain,
Thy child shall never weep again—
Shall never feel, shall never know
E'en half thy little load of woe?

What was thy prayer, when his first smile
Did thy fond mother-heart beguile?
When his first cry was in thine ear,
And on thy cheek his first warm tear?
And to thy heart at first were press'd
The throbbings of his little breast?

What was thy prayer? Canst thou not now
See in his bright cherubic brow—
Hear in his soft seraphic strain,
So full of joy, so free from pain—
An answer (as if God did speak)
To all thy love had dared to seek?

Why therefore weep, when all the cares
The doubts, the troubles, and the snares—
The threatening clouds, the falling tears,
Childhood's wild hopes, and manhood's fears,
That might have been for him—for thee,
Have pass'd away, and ne'er shall be?

A child of thine, a child of bliss!
Why therefore weep for joy like this?

A VISION OF PEACE,
AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF WEeping.

BY AN ITALIAN CONVERT TO THE TRUE FAITH.

SEVERAL years since I was sent for by a retired and sorrow-
ful looking lady to print a little book for her—which I did—
but which I fear never reached any very large circulation, simply

because, as I believe, it was not much known : for books, like men and women too, are often buried, because there is no thorough introduction of them to public notice. This conclusion may be controverted, but it cannot be overthrown.

The other day my study was removed from a nice little back parlour up to the top back attic; any place is good enough for a poor editor, and for a little "Village Preacher;" so, as I always pray to be enabled to bring my mind into my circumstances, I sit down as comfortable in this little back attic, as I could in the most splendid library. My books being well turned over and heaved about, I saw one purple-bound, with floral and gilt-lettering—reading thus :—

"PROPHECY

"OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

The title invited me to look inside; and as I passed on from page to page, I was impressed with the thought that some account of this prophecy, and some extracts from the writer's experience might be very useful; for it is descriptive of a translation—or, of being carried out of the body, and away from the earth, and of sights and scenes there beholden, which were neither false nor fabulous; but of things really befalling the anti-Christian, and the true Christian Churches in the times through which we are passing.

The writer says—"It was a vision of peace, beatitude and glory, which I beheld after twenty-five years of weeping, terrors and pain, and this vision appeared to me towards the middle of the nineteenth century; when I had no more tears to shed over my misfortunes." This vision of peace, is no more than what is promised by God Himself unto all His faithful children; therefore, I will endeavour to give my readers a little of this in each month's CHEERING WORDS until we reach the end. But, the first thing which so knit my soul to the book was the "Dedication"—which I will here insert as likely to secure the attention of my kind readers to the further contents of the book. The Dedication reads as follows :—

To Thee,

To whom I prayed
When rest of earthly aid,
My human hopes had smiled and departed;
When man
I found to fail,
And poverty's dark veil,
Hid friendly glances from the broken-hearted.

To Thee,

Who did'st descend,
Oh! holiest, kindest Friend,
Filling the weary void within my breast—
On Life's
Sad desert-way
Casting a quenchless ray,
To guide me when I knew nor home nor rest.

To Thee,

With humblest zeal,
All that I think and feel,
Of love—of wisdom—I would dedicate;
My soul,
And my soul's song,
Alike To Thee belong—
My King,—My Triune God! all good—all great.

Such is Rossette's Dedication. Read it over and over again;
may it be the language of all our hearts, and as, in future num-
bers we pursue the vision, may we find peace, so prays the
VILLAGE PREACHER.

Let a man profess what he will, if his thoughts are generally
conversant about earthly and worldly things, he has an earthly
and worldly mind; and if his thoughts are conversant about
sensual things, he has a sensual and carnal mind; for whatever
he may outwardly say, "as he thinks, so is he;" there is the image
and likeness of the soul.—Owen.

MESSIAH'S FIVE-FOLD NAME.

CHAPTER II.

Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my Almighty Friend;
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

Thy Name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from Thee! 'tis death—'tis more—
'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!

Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thy eye,
For life—eternal life is Thine.

VERY abruptly, last month, I left my reader with a few words on that first letter of the Great Redeemer's Name—"Wonderful," and in coming to write a line or two more I am arrested by that beautiful word of Paul's in 2 Cor. viii. 9, "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though He was rich, for your sakes became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

This text is brought in by Paul as an example, to stir the Corinthian churches up to liberality. Please to notice three things:—

1. There existed a great necessity.
2. Paul introduces some examples to stimulate the Corinthians to meet that necessity.
3. Paul crowns the whole by pleading for the doctrine of a double equality: the abundance of the rich men in temporals was to supply the poverty of the poor in temporals; that so the abundance of the rich in spirituals might supply the want of those who were rich in temporals but poor in spirituals.

The necessity of the Church at Jerusalem was very great.

The examples were the Macedonian churches and Titus, and above all the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

The doctrine was, not one become a burden to another, but of their abundance they were to administer to each other.

In many cases this good spirit is exercised and manifested. I wish it was more than it is.

Let us try and look right into this 9th verse, for it is full of Gospel. Look at it in this way:—

1. "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ."
2. The benefits resulting from that grace.
3. The knowledge we have, and the use we should make, of this knowledge.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is expressed in this way—"Though He was rich, for your sakes He became poor."

Christ was rich—As God, as the Son of God, as the Covenant Head of the Church, as the Creator of all things, as the originator of all the dispensations, and as the glorious Governor of them all. He was rich in the purity of His humanity, and rich in the boundless love of His heart.

Rich in His Divinity—in His eternal power and Godhead.

Read the 8th of Proverbs for His Divinity and the eternity of His Sonship; and the 9th. of Proverbs to see what He hath done—"Wisdom hath builded her house," &c.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ takes in His original, essential, and eternal standing in the Trinity, in the Godhead, and in the Covenant; and it takes in also His journey from the high throne of His Father to the Virgin's womb, to the manger in Bethlehem; and all the travail of His life and of His soul, from the moment the angels proclaimed His birth, until in the silent tomb He lay. Herein was grace indeed.

The riches of Jesus Christ are in Scripture, at least, fourfold:—

1. The essential and incommunicable riches of His Person, as in Ps. xlv., Cant., and Daniel; His antiquity, purity, glory, and power.

The Church speaks from what she could see of Him; some things are *definite*, some *comparative*.

She gets clear and definite knowledge of some things,—“My Beloved is *White* and *Ruddy*.”

White is *unmixed*—so is Christ in His Deity.

White is perfect innocence—so is Christ in His Deity.

White is ancient and original—so is Christ in His Deity.

To be ruddy is expressive of youth, health, vigour, strength, freedom, and dignity; ever conquering, never conquered—so was Christ in His Deity.

Some of these things belong to His *Name*, and express the deep mystery of it; but a line at a time to think over is enough.

THE THORN AND THE FIR-TREE.

“**H**UMILITY before honour,” is the title of a sermon in “Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit,” No. 396, wherein you may read a faithful description of the falling down of a sinner under the sentence of death; and of the rising again, spiritually, of that self-same sinner through the powerful revelation and application of the Saviour’s Person and Work. This path of life, is I believe, of all things most important to be known. At the end of the sermon the following passage occurs:—

“I will just notice that beautiful scripture—the last verse of the 55th of Isaiah—upon Christ thus being the sign. ‘Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.’ Now there are four or five applications which those words are capable of, that will open up very nicely, I think, the way in which the Saviour is a sign. First, he there stands as the end of all our troubles. First, there is the thorn, and then the brier; and what are these but Jesus Christ himself? What! Jesus Christ a thorn? No. Jesus Christ a brier? No. Yet if I say yes, I am right. He took upon Him our thorny state. He was made in the likeness of sinful flesh, and was crowned with thorns and briers; He took our griefs and our sorrows. Oh, the thorny path through which He walked, the thorny scene through which He travelled! How was He pierced!—pierced again and again in His pure mind by the contradiction of sinners, as well as pierced at the last in His body. But now He has got rid of the thorn; He has got

rid of the brier; now He appears as the fir-tree and he saith in perfection, 'I am like a green fir-tree; from Me is thy fruit found.' Now He appears as the myrtle tree, giving fragrance to heaven itself; giving fragrance to all the Church of the blessed God.

"So, then, instead of his being now a man of sorrows, he is a man of joys; instead of dying, he lives; instead of enduring the plagues of sin, he now has the pleasures of heaven at God's right hand for evermore. Second, he is also the sign of what we are to be. The thorn and the brier represent our sinnership; Christ has put an end to our sinnership, and holds us now as paradisaical trees; not as thorns nigh unto the cursing, and whose end is to be burned; but there shall be no more curse. Now we are held as fir trees and myrtle trees of the Lord's right-hand planting; now we are reconciled to God—to become enemies to him no more—for ever. Third, it represents the new state of things. If we were left under the law we should have had to be taught by the thorns and briers of hell to all eternity. Gideon taught the men of Succoth with thorns and briers, and so we must have been taught to eternity with the thorns and briers, the threatenings of the blessed God. But Jesus Christ hath delivered us from all these threats, not one threatening is left; and he has brought us into that land where all is paradisaical, that gospel land where there is not one sign of thorn or brier. And then, fourthly, it means the people of God themselves, delivered from all trouble, not a thorn left, not a brier remaining."

"OFFER IT TO ALL."

I WAS in Herefordshire the other day, preaching in a beautiful little hamlet, in the midst of orchards and hop-gardens.

"All by alone

Near the White-stone,"

stands God's sanctuary, where for many years the Gospel has been preached, and souls have been divinely blest. On this occasion the chapel was filled with the odours of the garlands, and the poseys, so plentifully decorating the chapel; a large company of friends from districts all around took tea; and then the

"Village Preacher" delivered a sermon to the people on the sweet-smelling savour flowing from the Person, Work, and Gospel of Jesus Christ. I thought it was a sermon so full of Jesus, that none could find fault. However, there was a restless spirit in the minds of some, and they flew out. The great bulk remained until the closing hymn was sung; and then an elderly gentleman, I think they said he was a miller, came up to the preacher, and said,—“Well, you are a better man than I thought you was: I have heard you well, but you are not free enough, you should offer it to all.”

I said to myself, surely this talk about offering it to all is dead nonsense—it is a false notion; if the Holy Ghost give me a Scripture, and open my mind to understand it, open my heart to love and realise it, open my mouth to declare it, I can then preach Jesus Christ to all, at least to all I can get within the reach of; and I wish I could preach Him effectually to tens, and to hundreds of thousands; but, to “OFFER” JESUS CHRIST promiscuously is surely a thing as full of deceit and blasphemy, as anything that can be found even in the Church of Rome. I have not CHRIST to give, nor to offer, nor to bestow upon men; and unless I possess more of CHRIST than I want myself; and unless I have power to communicate the blessings of salvation, surely the attempt, the pretence, the mere talk of offering a boon so immensely rich, is unbecoming a sinful worm. If any man can teach me different I ask him to write to

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

THE NEW TABERNACLE.

WE have had in this the last week of June two interesting meetings in Squirries-street Chapel, a Church meeting and a baptizing service. Mr. Alsop baptised three, and the “Village Preacher,” four. It was a season for sacred devotion. Everybody said, “It is quite time you had the New Tabernacle;” and the feeling in my breast is growing stronger and stronger. An angel told Philip to go into the desert. I feel many angels are thrusting me out of my present position; I will work on as hard as I can, and by God’s grace, conquer or die.

"I SHALL MY SAVIOUR SEE."

THAT there is a Saviour is a mercy large and wonderful indeed. That any poor sinner in this time-state can truly say, "He is my Saviour" is something most precious; but to be assured the day will come when I shall see Him is a prospect beyond the powers of my mind to express. Take a little in these lines.

My life's my shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord is Life. He'll raise
My dust again, e'en mine.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones, till that sweet day
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

My Lord his angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound,
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise
And with these eyes,
My Saviour see.

I said sometimes with tears,
Ah me! I'm loth to die!
Lord, silence thou these fears;
My life's with thee on high.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death?
My life and I shan't part,
Though I resign my breath.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

Then welcome, harmless grave;
By thee to heaven I'll go:
My Lord his death shall save
Me from the flames below.
Sweet truth to me;
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

Friends to "CHEERING WORDS" will please to notice, that fifty copies of different numbers of "CHEERING WORDS" are done up in packets for Sixpence, and can be had through any bookseller, as they are published at J. Paul's, in Chapter House Court, St. Paul's.

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BETWEEN BIRMINGHAM AND OXFORD.

TUESDAY, JULY 10TH, 1866.

I HAVE been into the Black Country, as they call the Bilston and Walsall districts, and I am now snugly rolling over the Great Western Rails; and as I can never be idle, I will (if we are safely preserved) make a note or two of this journey for CHEERING WORDS. Warwick County Jail is on my right, and the dark, dismal, dreadful sight of it makes me desire to praise the Lord for all the mercies He has extended to me. I rode from London to Willenhall last Saturday afternoon, through Oxford and Birmingham, and was happy to find on the Willenhall station, my friend, Mr. Isaac Pegg, a good brother minister—a fellow editor—and a co-worker in the heavenly kingdom. We walked together through the crowds of Willenhall working people, who on Saturday nights crowd the Market streets of that old town. I was glad enough to sit down in brother Pegg's parsonage, and to enjoy a little innocent and happy converse with him, while his loving wife provided for us food so convenient and acceptable. After a night's rest in Mr. Forster's mansion, I arose, and begged for grace and strength to go through the day if spared. Little London Baptist chapel is a commodious, and most respectable sanctuary; its galleries, pews, family parlours, vestries, school-rooms, pulpit, music, singing, and people, all appeared to welcome me with a calm and cheerful aspect. We commenced singing:—

"Come let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne," &c.

ONE HALF-PENNY.

They asked me to give out the hymns? and I did not feel desirous of having any melancholy dirge. It is true, there is enough in the past history of that place to make any one's heart ache; but we are saved by hope, as Paul says, and so I hope the best days for Little London are yet to come. May the Lord arise, and have mercy upon Zion; and may He soon say, "The time, the set time to favour her is come.

"His kingdom shall be exalted,"

was the text that morning. Short sentence! sweet words! that word "His" kingdom, made me think of the Church of Christ as

The gift the Father gave His Son,
Ere time its trying course begun;
A gift which brought Him from above,
To shew the richness of His love.

Yes, the Church is His kingdom. The Gospel dispensation is His peculiar season, in which He uses that pretty word "My" with such gracious efficacy.

"My sister spouse, My dove, He cries,
Thy face is comely in my eyes.
My sheep though carried far away,
Shall reign with Me in endless day."

The eternal perfection of His mediatorial character and work form a solid basis—a sure foundation; and "upon this rock" said He, "I will build MY CHURCH; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

I tried to survey the kingdom itself; but the glance and distant view I had, was very imperfect indeed. Some in that kingdom I said were only "like doves in the valley, each one mourning for his iniquity;" others have obtained "like precious faith," and their hearts and hopes are in the Lord alone. It is not easy faithfully to describe that kingdom. It is to be exalted. "In His days shall the righteous flourish;" and then there is to be abundance of peace. Not so now. I desire to be cheerful in the prospect of that time

When names and parties all shall cease,
And Christ be all in all.

The Willenhall friends were kind to me ; and in peace I left them ; and walked to Bilston, where Sunday school anniversary services were being holden ; and although I had preached these sermons only twelve months since, and rather lamely too ; yet, they kindly asked me to preach the afternoon sermon, which request I accepted, because I had actually a text given to me on the previous Friday for the occasion, although I had not the slightest idea of going to Bilston, nor of having any other place to preach in besides Willenhall and Birmingham. "To do good, and to communicate, forget not ; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." These words fell on my mind in the City of London, Friday ; and, I thought upon the injunction, "Do good, and communicate ;" then the implication, man is prone to forget this ; he will say he has no time ; he has no will ; he has no power ; he has no opportunity ; but, unto the man of God, methinks good Paul would say, "If thou art a golden pipe ; if thou art vitally a branch of the golden candlestick ; if thou art full of the golden oil—then, empty out that golden oil into some poor empty vessels ; and thou shalt find as Elisha did, that as fast as thou dost empty out this golden oil, so shall the pipe be filled again ; until not another empty vessel can be found." Therefore, FORGET NOT.

The encouraging information, "With such sacrifices God is well pleased"—is a cheering finale to this wholesome exhortation. I felt hopeful that the Lord gave me the word for the Bilston friends ; therefore He opened the way ; and I carried my little message to them ; and as good Christian people they received both me and my message ; and then in the most honourable manner, they saw me off to Birmingham.

I must add one word more of Bilston. I think a scene more cheerful could not be witnessed than Bilston chapel that afternoon presented. In front of the pulpit, on a gradually rising range of gallery like seats, sat some sixty pretty little girls, all in white and blue ; and when they sang their hymns, it was enough to make us thankful that friends could be found so successfully teaching them the grandest of all the sciences—celebrating the praises of Almighty God. The Bilston pastor, Mr.

D. Lodge, I could nowhere find. I had hoped to lodge in his lodge for a few moments; but I was in this doomed to disappointment; so, as brother Isaac Pegg had begun these anniversary services, I left him to finish them, while I fled off to Birmingham; and now to work my little mind did go, in praying and thinking for the anniversary on Constitution Hill, in the great metropolis of the coal and iron districts.

No work can be compared,
To working for the Lord;
You shall His promise realize,
And loud proclaim His Word.

I am cheerful and thankful for this—that the Lord opens His Word in me, then opens doors for me, carries me carefully into these doors of opportunity, and never does forsake me. I am not moved therefore, although against me men do conspire.

As yet I onward urge my way,
I sometimes faint—I sometimes pray—
May I upon Himself depend—
May He to me His Spirit send;
May He my bruised heel defend;
And keep me faithful to the end,
Then see His face with joy.

A SOLEMN LETTER FROM "THE LONDON."

MR. G. J. KNIGHT, of Cambridge house, Bethnal green, has sent me the following copy of a letter written on board the Steam Ship "London," on the 10th of January, 1866, thrown into the boat at the time of leaving, and brought on shore by one of the survivors to a relative at Ipswich.

"Steam Ship London."

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Before your eyes will look on this, your brother Frederick and I will be engulfed in the depths of the sea. We left Plymouth on the 6th. The weather was then stormy, but not such as to render any fear of danger. However, as we proceeded, the gale increased; and while I am penning these few lines, the awful rocking of the vessel is such

that it is with the utmost difficulty I can hold my pen. I cannot describe to you the state of agitation which is written on every countenance; some waiting with the utmost composure their fate, others so alarmed at the prospect of death, that their shrieks are truly heart-rending. But, amidst it all, I am resigned to my fate. Blessed be God I am resting on the Rock. I know in whom I have believed. Christ is precious to me. I do not know whether by any means you will receive this. Oh, that I could see all those with whom I have been acquainted. I mourn now over my indifference towards their spiritual welfare; and now, with death staring me in the face, I feel that I could do anything, if, by any means I might save some. Tell Sarah not to neglect the salvation of her soul. I want to meet all in heaven. And now, my dear brother, farewell. Many have been the happy meetings we have had together on earth; our next meeting will be I trust, where not a wave of trouble shall roll over us. I cannot say any more. God bless you and keep you. Your affectionate brother,

GEORGE THOMPSON."

EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF
MRS. MARY WINSLOW.

THE doctrine of our Lord's resurrection maintained a strong hold upon her faith and Christian feelings. It might also be said to be *the* truth which the Holy Spirit revealed to her mind. She saw, as with the keen eye of the acutest theologian, the intimate and essential relation of this single truth to the whole of the Christian scheme. This one fact of the Gospel verified, she knew that all other doctrines were true. Her whole Christian life was a constant dealing with the life of Jesus. In the grace that sanctified her, she was a constant witness of the fact that *Jesus was alive*. She was never known to linger at his empty grave. Often has she been seen to weep at His cross, never at his tomb. The sufferings of Christ have been known to dissolve her whole soul into penitence; the resurrection of Christ to fill it with the sublimest joy. And who with any spiritual

apprehension of this truth will charge her with exaggerating either its importance or its preciousness? The resurrection of Christ is the resurrection-life of the believer. A living Christ in him—a living Christ dwells in him—a living Christ upholds, guards, shields, and comforts him; and when Christ *who is our life*, shall appear, then we also shall appear with Him in glory.

From her Diary.—"I experienced much comfort this morning in meditating on the resurrection of Christ. I felt that he was really risen; that my best and dearest friend was truly alive and in heaven for me, there seated at the right hand of God, loving and watching over me and mine, and that I was safe in His hands, come life, come death. I fell upon my knees, and poured out my soul in adoring gratitude, praise, and thanksgiving. I long for another fresh token of His love in the conversation of all dear to me. I thought of the stone rolled from the door of the sepulchre, while Mary was pondering in her mind how it could be accomplished. The Lord, who can do all things, can remove the stone that lieth upon the dead, and the dead shall live to praise and bless His name, "The only way which a good and gracious God has pointed out to us in the Scriptures, in which we may be enabled to go on our heavenly way is by LOOKING UNTO Jesus, not only when we first commence, but all our journey through. In the first place we ought to be well assured that we have been really and truly reconciled to God through the precious peace-speaking blood of His dear Son. If we have sought him with our whole heart and have found Him, we must know that all our sins are freely forgiven for His sake. *Ye shall find me when ye seek me with your whole heart.* This is true, for God who cannot lie, says it."

When one of the ancient martyrs was very much threatened by his persecutors, he replied, There is nothing of things visible, nothing of things invisible, that I fear. I will stand to my profession of the name of Christ, and 'contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints,' Jude 3, come on it what will.—From "Apples of Gold," now publishing weekly in *The Gospel Guide*.

"THE LORD IS ON MY SIDE."

[The following piece of soul-travail and of heart-experience is from the Editor of "*The Christian Dial*"—Mr. Isaac Pegg—and is inserted in his July number, which is a most respectable monthly testimony in favor of the truth.—Ed.]

IN every government it is almost a necessity that there should be cabinet councils and state secrets. To bring all state secrets into broad daylight, and lay them open to the universal gaze, would be the exposition of too many dark spots upon the national escutcheon, and, by laying bare a people's weakest points, the gift of power to every foe. And this is no less true of that kingdom which is set up in all believers' hearts—the kingdom of God's grace (Luke xvii. 21). Expose all that takes place therein, the saint could not, would not, dare not: for he finds it to be the seat of desperate wickedness, and Alma Mater of deceit (Jer. xvii. 9). The many "secret sins" existing there are, in the privacy of a hallowed communion, matter only for the ear of the adored Sovereign, Jesus Christ, before whom they are confessed, mourned, and prayed over.

Invariably believers, as the Church of old, will find, when they leave the populous "city" the "streets" and the "broadways" (Cant. iii. 2—4), that this King is found in the closet. And it was a past experience of the comfort derived from such private interviews, which induced me, on Friday, June 1, when nearly all the world beside, exhausted, had dropped into the arms of slumber, to seek by faith to "hold the King in the galleries" (Cant. vii. 5). But my mind was in too much tumult to fix upon any single object; everything seemed to have a magnetic influence, excepting the most important of all things, its eternal interests. The state of God's Zion at large; the state of those six poor Churches who are crying continually to the Lord for under-shepherds, who might lead them, ministerially, into covenant pastures, whose letters, from inability to help, lay by me unanswered; the claims of my (I suppose, at least) 2,000 monthly readers; the wants of my pastoral charge; and, most of all, my want of a sub-

ject, from which to preach to the friends at Shrewsbury, who had secured my services for the approaching Lord's-day—these, and many other things, rushed into my heart, and, amid much confusion, robbed me of my peace—robbed me so much, that my poverty was felt, and, beggar-like, I cried out—

“At anchor laid, remote from home,
Tolling, I cry, Sweet Spirit, come;
Celestial breeze no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.”

Well, I thought, it has been many times the case, and must be still, that poor worthless *I* must starve, while I seek, find, and carry, like Elijah's ravens, plenty of food to another. But, blessed be His name for ever, the Lord's thoughts are not our thoughts; for I had no sooner opened the Bible, than the words which head this article took possession of my soul, and were an abundant feast; while the people to whom I ministered on the following Lord's-day were otherwise supplied.

“The Lord is on my side.” Although the verb “is” is of the present tense, yet it has a relation to the past and the future. To the past, because, *as God can have no new thoughts* (Psalm xxxiii. 11), what God's relationship was to David when he penned this Psalm, that it must have been from everlasting: there might be, and was, many ways of manifestation; but an unchangeable relationship, an everlasting covenant union, God's thoughts could not alter—hence the character of his deeds could not change. Then it points to the future; for if God once allies Himself to, and makes common cause with, any poor soul, we are not to believe circumstances will make Him a deserter. Hidden sometimes He may be—and is; but present He *ever* will be, and that in a way of mercy too. His promise runs thus: “I will bring the blind by a way they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and *not forsake them*” (Isa. xlii. 16)—in which promise we behold God working for a people who could not see Him work; and pledging Himself to act where they could not; and revealing what they saw not, sealing His work with a pledge of eternal union: “I will

not forsake them." God takes His people "for better, for worse;" their sins, afflictions, ignorance, and ugliness prove His love, but cannot destroy it. And where eternal love is, there, and there alone, is a foundation for abiding trust. Our text, then, is a Gospel guide-post which directs Faith back to the love of God from eternity, and on to the love of God to eternity. It is the centre of a stream whose source is found in the heart of God, and the end of which is found—ah! where? When the bounds of eternity are measured, we will say; when the songs of the redeemed are silenced, we will say; but never will it terminate till Christ's love is exhausted. By this are we led to claim the work of a Triune Jehovah; the Father's having willed it, the Son's now pleading it, and the Spirit's having engaged to perfect it.

"The Lord is on my side." And this side was not always the sunny side, though invariably the mercy side. For we find by David's inquiry, "What can man do unto me?" (verse 6) that the world was against him. Personal and harrowing afflictions also made a major part of the entries in David's diary: "I called upon the Lord in *distress*; the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place" (verse 5). But the most bitter part of all bitter things is the believer's spiritual conflict, into the hottest part of which David often entered; thus, in verse 13, we hear him say, "Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall: but the Lord helped me." And last, though not least, David's sins and follies often brought into requisition the rod of an affectionate Father; hence he says, "The Lord hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death" (verse 18). Yet, nevertheless, in this bitter cup there were ingredients which not only rendered this mixture palatable, but even pleasant. Yea, David found little spots where the glad some noise of a thousand limpid streams filled the dismal wilderness with harmony: spots where the flowers of promise did bloom, though natives of a happier clime. For, we perceive in our text, David was viewed as a pardoned soul. While he was found in the relation of a criminal, God, as the representative of the Divine Law, was his enemy. "A God swift to mark iniquity;" "one that would by no means acquit the guilty." Still more: were David only a pardoned sinner, as Socinians suppose,

then would God not be his friend. "For without holiness," positive not negative holiness, "no man shall see God." Here, then, are three things required: pardon to free from the curse of the law; justification to free from its dominions; and holiness, that is, an active obedience to God's will, to qualify for heaven. Now where shall these be found? Found! why only in the work of a blessed Christ, who gives what He does to His people, because He did it for them, and because He needs it not for Himself. This David acknowledges, "The Lord is on my side;" that is, says Paul, "He is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." But here is also an expression of friendship—a friendship of such nature that there is an identity of interest. Ah, and when Faith can claim this union, God's honour is one with His people's interest.

"The weakest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way,"

because the defeat of the weakest saint would be a triumph over God's own dear Son, whose cause is one with His people's.

"THE LORD is on my side." It is a thorough renunciation of all other trust which David here makes, and an implicit dependence on this, in which he makes his boast. Here was defence; for if God be with His people, the war is as much against Him as them. And when believers, as the Psalmist here, get, as it were, behind God as their "strong tower of defence," all the artillery of hell will play against them in vain. God was on David's side also as a pleader: and, take the accusations of law, conscience, and the devil all into account, yet we hold the case of our Advocate is valid, and the verdict will be in favour of us, his clients. Says Paul, "It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again;" and that one fact proves a title clear to heaven. God was on his side to supply his wants. This triumphant song of David concludes with this glorious anthem, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he His good: for His mercy endureth for ever." It is a fountain; it can know no exhaustion. For ever will the whole Church be receiving hence invigorating, joy-creating draughts of love; while each recipient aims to sing its praises loudest.

Is the Lord on thy side? If so, what are thy proofs? Scripture evidence consists in this: to be brought from sin's side, Satan's side, self's side, pride's side, and the world's side, to the Lord's side. It consists in being led by faith to trust Him, love Him, and live upon Him. Reader, if God's will, I trust it may be thy lot to stand on the right side, the *right-hand* side; then will a precious Christ be very near thy heart for ever. Blessed God, be this my joy.

“LOOKING FOR THAT BLESSED HOPE.”

Oh! I have known that love of Christ is better
Than all the pleasures of mortality:
The fondest tie of earth is but a fetter!
Oh! 'twill be so sweet—so sweet for me to die!

There is no sorrow in the weak, faint, feeling,
But a sweet pleasure I can scarcely hide,
My heart e'en now across the stream is stealing,
And its companions are the glorified.

Loved ones look sadly on, and think me lonely,
But my thoughts wear no slightest tinge of woe,
For I am listening to Jesus only,
Thinking each day that I shall have to go.

Once when He came, and whispered of His favour
In tones more sweet than I had heard before,
I thought that I was going home for ever,
And looked expectant at the creaking door;

But 'twas to cheer me in the longer waiting;
And soon, oh Jesus, thou wilt let me come;
Thou wilt allay this thirst, so unabating,
For being with thee in thine own sweet home.

Stanford-le-Hope, Essex.

Mrs. T. CHAPLIN.

It was a great mercy for Christ to be with Paul on earth, but it was a greater mercy, and a more satisfying mercy, for Paul to be with Christ in heaven.

"HE WAS A DRUNKARD."

AS I walked from the chapel at Glemsford on Sunday evening, July 22nd, after preaching three times, and realizing some sweetness in my soul of the Heavenly treasures, I silently said:—

"Let man to man sweet pity show:
Let sins be all forgiven!
And pray as through this world we go—
Lord! land us safe in heaven!"

This was the feeling of my heart; but of that day's exercises, and services I will try to write a note or two next month; meantime, take the following Monday morning's portion from "*The Gospel Magazine*" for last month. The writer says:—

It was my privilege to visit, some years ago, when living in Kent, the dear man of God whose dying testimony, taken down at the time, I now send you. He was a drunkard before I knew him, and was converted through the death of two of his little children, in one week, by fever. He told me that he went up to the room where the corpses lay, in *one coffin*, and, as he stood beholding them, the thought came powerfully to his mind, "If you were there instead of those children, where would *you* now be?" "In hell," he said to himself; "in hell, sure enough." God's arrow had penetrated his heart; he went out and wept bitterly; but those tears were between God and himself: none *then* knew the cause of them. It was naturally supposed he was weeping for his little ones; but no, he was weeping for that of far greater importance—his sinful life. The little ones were safe with Jesus, and, could they have sent a message from on high, they would have said to all the family, "Weep not for us, but weep for yourselves." Ah! poor unconverted sinner, if you did but know the cause there is for weeping and wailing *now* over your state, you would not have to weep and wail *for ever* by-and-by. But to proceed. Fryer (for that was his name—and it seems well to give names where we *may* do so; the apostles always did), Fryer from that day was an altered man. He was silent, but he

acted; to the astonishment of his poor wife, who had suffered greatly from his drunkenness, she found he did not go to the public-house as usual; and, instead of being dirty and untidy, he cleaned himself on Sabbath morning, and went to a place of worship: in short, his little cottage wore a new aspect, through his earnings now being brought home to his industrious wife, instead of being spent in the beer-shop. Oh, ye men of England, read a tract called "The Fool's Pence," published by the Religious Tract Society, and you will see the effects there of drunkenness! how is it your money that helps to so decorate the houses of others, and they your enemies, while you at home have not sufficient comforts to keep you there.

When I visited Fryer, on his dying bed, it was many years after his conversion. I had been in the habit of seeing him when he was well, as he had worked for my husband, and many a nice conversation we had together. Hearing one day that he was kept away by illness, I went to see him, and found him in great agony of body, and terribly harassed by the enemy, doubting his interest in Christ, and groaning by reason of pain. The first words he said to me were, "This is very unbecoming, ma'am." "Jesus," I replied "knows your sufferings. 'The Spirit is willing, the flesh is weak.' " After awhile, he cried out, in an agony of soul, "Where am I going—to heaven or to hell?" His wife said, "To heaven, dear." But no influence but God's could prevail over that mighty enemy who was then assaulting him whom he could not destroy, and he cried out, in bitter anguish, "I'm lost—I'm lost!" But it was but momentary, for the Spirit rose above the billow, and said, "How can I sink, with such a prop? I cannot—no, I cannot." Again, partly in the deep, he said "Here I am, a helpless, hopeless, depraved, vile sinner!" "Not hopeless," I said. "Thank you, ma'am; that was not the right word. Oh, little faith—little faith—" We could not catch the other words, but I think they were, "wherefore do you doubt?" All of a sudden, he said to his wife, "Can't you help me sing?" "What shall I sing?" "The Lord's song in a *pleasant land*." After a pause, he said significantly, "You must *learn* that." I found myself saying, "How can we sing the Lord's song in a

strange land." "How indeed, ma'am!" he replied, with much energy.

"Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
Feed my poor soul with heavenly love."

"Yes, heavenly love," he said. Seeing him again much cast down and harassed by Satan, I opened my Bible on these words: "Behold the Lord God will help me; who is near that shall condemn me? He is near that justifieth me; who will contend with me?" (Isa. l. 9, 8); and I read also from Rom. viii. 33, 34, showing the oneness of Scripture promises to the Church. Before I spoke on it, he said, with a very solemn voice, "The Holy One of Israel." At another time, "Dearest Lord, what can I say?" "That he 'hath done *all* things well," I replied. "Yes, He hath done *all* things well. Yes, poor trembling sinner." Then, in much bitterness of soul he cried out, "What an awful to be in is this! . . . I want that peace which passeth all understanding—to rely on '*it is finished*.' My poor soul trembles, quivers, and shakes at the feet of Jesus. Prone to leave, I *feel* it—prone to wander from the God I love." He was then silent for some time, after which he said, "Shall there be perverseness in Israel?" I took up the subject, and answered, "'He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath He seen perverseness in Israel.' Christ has put it away." "Thanks be to His holy name," he replied. At another time, he said, "If any poor mortal was shut up as a bird in a cage, it is I to-day. . . . I am cut down, and raised up; the billows and the waves get fast hold upon me. Cleanse me from my *secret* sins, O Lord, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Speaking of his great bodily sufferings, Fryer said, "None too many; when I am bound up in the bundle of life for one day, I shall sing forth the praises of Jesus evening and morning."

While I was speaking to his daughter of the contrast that struck me when leaving his house—a dying saint here, and, a little further off, the devil triumphing—for it was clab day, the public-house full inside, and men playing at skittles without—Fryer overheard us, and said, "Anything for foolery." When he heard the band playing, he was quite upset, and observed, with

frowning features, "It's horrid—horrid! I could run, if I knew where to run to." At another time he said, "What shall I render for all Thy mercies?" Before I could leave the room, a clergyman came to see him—a very kind man, but not one that Fryer could have heard preach. He looked rather frowningly at him, and said, "I am in the land of the *living*," and glanced at me as much as to say, he won't understand that. Mr. — said, "I hope you are convinced of sin." He replied, very shortly, "I hope so." On his saying he must look to Jesus, and must do this, that and the other, Fryer replied, "I've no power." "But you ought to trust in God, and He will give you power." Fryer with great emphasis, said, "Yes, *we ought!*" Before leaving, Mr. — drew out a book for prayer, and Fryer, for the first time turning his eyes upon him, said, "The book's of no use." Mr. — answered, "What has been piously written may be piously used." So he knelt down and read a prayer, after which he said "Good-bye; I hope God will have mercy on you.

(To be continued in our next.)

OUR NEW TABERNACLE."

IN the *Earthen Vessel* for August, we have published a long list of Subscriptions received by our worthy Treasurer. In a note to us he says, "Every day brings me two or three letters, with donations and encouraging words." We want all the CHEERING WORD readers to help us. Read the following note just to hand:—

"DEAR SIR,—Will you please accept five shillings towards the New Tabernacle. It is but a "poor pittance" but it comes from a poor woman who is lame, deaf, and otherwise afflicted, and a lover of CHEERING WORDS, &c.—Respectfully, E. S."

Who will not help us? Let every reader get a collecting Card that cannot send us a Subscription. We are progressing: and all we ask is united effort. Remember, every little helps.

ROBERT BANKS, Hon. Sec.,

4, Crane Court, Fleet-street, E.C., London.

THE WAY TO THE CITY.

I WANT to find the city, where He I love is gone,
 Oh leave me not to wander in this dark world alone;
 My heart is often weary, my spirit oft complaineth:
 Oh lead me to the city where joy for ever reigneth.

I know I'm in the pathway, for here and there I find
 Footprints of other pilgrims, who left the world behind;
 And here and there more precious than pilgrim feet to me,
 Are blood-stained prints of Jesus' feet as he went from Calvary.

And He is king in heaven, that city for which I pine;
 The place where His foot treadeth, is surely right for mine
 And when I lose the footprints He cometh to my side,
 And deigneth for a little while to be my present guide.

Sometimes the way is lonely, and darkness gathers round;
 But then I trip the faster o'er this dark desert ground;
 For I see not half the dangers which the sunlight would unfold,
 When daylight comes I am nearer that city of changeless gold.

My eye of faith is fixed upon the eye of God,
 Which shines from out the city to cheer me on the road;
 And while the two are blending I know the way is right,
 And glory that 'tis mine to walk by faith and not by sight.

Dear Jesus, I adore Thee, for Thou hast ransomed me,
 Thou knowest oft my sorrow because of grieving thee;
 Oh lead me to the city where love no more complaineth.
 And this shall be my highest joy, Jesus for ever reigneth.

M. A. MEARS.

Friends to "CHEERING WORDS" will please to notice, that fifty copies of different numbers of "CHEERING WORDS" are done up in packets for Sixpence, and can be had through any bookseller, as they are published at J. Paul's, in Chapter House Court, St. Paul's.

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No. 179.

A SOFT, BUT SOLEMN WORD FROM HEAVEN.

ALL have heard how many thousands have been afflicted with Cholera in the eastern part of London, where I labour. For some Sundays, my mind has been instructed in the contemplation of the visitations of the Almighty; and for seven successive nights we have had special services for prayer and speaking in the Lord's name. Thousands of pounds have been sent into the rich coffers to assist the bereaved; but for my poor afflicted friends we could obtain no relief. I hope some will come from some quarter. On Sunday morning August 19th, I said something like the following. It may be useful to others, if prayerfully read.

It is more than thirty years ago. I was standing in the vestry of King street chapel, in the city of Canterbury, one Sunday morning, and was about to enter the pulpit, (as I was then supplying for my pastor who was sick,) when some one came and said he was dead. He was gone home. Poor William Matthews was no more here. As I stood thinking on this serious calamity to the church, the words came—"Be still, and know that I am God. I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob will be a refuge for us."

During the thirty years which have rolled over my head since then, I have been anything but still. I have been drawn closer to the Lord at times; and I have been driven hither and

ONE HALF-PENNY.

thither in sorrows and in services ; but have never yet been altogether forsaken. There is one sense in which I have been still, that is, in faith, looking to the Lord for help and for salvation. I have seen Him exalted in the faith and affections of very many. The Lord of Hosts has been with me ; and He has been my refuge. Let us consider these words a little this morning.

The church, in this Psalm, under Divine teaching, anticipates great commotions, earth removing, mountains carried into the midst of the sea, waters troubled, and high places shaken, all of which has, partially, been realized ; though not fully, as in the great tribulation it may be. The church not only anticipates troubles ; but she expresses her strong faith in God, " Therefore will not we fear."

My text may be said to contain,—

I. AN EXHORTATION.—" Be still and know that I am God.

II. It contains a PROPHETIC DECLARATION which reaches through all the Gospel dispensation, and unto the end of it, even to the Personal Reign of Jesus on the earth. Then,

III. Lastly, you have THE ASSURANCE and the CONFIDENCE OF THE CHURCH AS REGARDS HER PRESENT SAFETY, AND HER FUTURE GLORY. 1. " The Lord is with us" now, and will be until the end of this tribulation ; and, as regards the future, " the God of Jacob will be a high place for us," so the margin renders it.

First, The exhortation, " Be still." To myself, with all that has been of a perplexing character, I would say, be still. To you as a church, to so many of you as are sincerely with me, and are really united to the Lord, and to each other, I would say, be still. To such as have been afflicted, bereaved, or distressed, I would say, be still. Let no sense of danger, let no over-anxious fears, shatter your nerves, and distress your souls ; " our God is in the heavens ; and He hath done whatsoever it hath pleased Him."

But, what is really intended by this word, " Be still?" and what is there to induce and strengthen such a frame of mind?

1. To be still, means "steadfastness of purpose and pursuit." It

is said, "Abraham journeyed, going on still toward the south." He built his altar, called upon the name of the Lord, and went on still toward the south, he had an object in view; and he had the Lord's promise; so on he went. Let us our journey still pursue. Then, this "be still" means patient waiting. When Ruth came back to Naomi, with the six measures of barley Boaz had given to her, Naomi said, Sit still, my daughter until thou know how the matter will fall, for the man will not be in rest until he have finished the thing this day. Perseverance in a good thing, is noted in the Psalms by this word *still*.

A THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

THE last month has been a fearful time for thousands of families where the Cholera has raged; and certainly it has been a fatal visitor in Bethnal Green, and all round the eastern parts of London. We held special meetings for prayer every evening, all one week, from Monday evening right up till the following Sunday evening; and certainly I think the prayers were answered; for some of our beloved friends who were seized with the calamitous disease, were preserved even when death appeared close at hand.

One brother was, as it were, in the agonies of death, while we were at chapel; tidings came to us during the service; and most fervent prayers ascended on his behalf. His daughter died; but the father was spared. On Thursday evening, August 23, 1866, we held a little thanksgiving service. Many came together. The seventeenth of John was read with much pleasure and reviving of faith. The sermon was from 1 Chronicles xvi. 10, 11, "Glory ye in His holy name! let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord and His strength, seek His face continually." The preacher said, thanksgiving might be said to have five different, yet consecutive phases. 1. There was man's NECESSITY. All through the history of the Bible, and all through the ages of the church, you see man in necessity, like Israel

encamped in front of the Red Sea, like David in the horrible pit, like Jeremiah in the dungeon, like the prodigal, "he began to be in want." And when the cholera comes and cuts off father and mother, and leaves the children orphans, they are in a temporal state of necessity. Man here is a poor, distressed, and a ruined thing. Then

2. Connected with thanksgiving, there is on the other side, **BENEVOLENCE**. God, in the person of His Son, toward His people, is all benevolence. He loves, He saves, He calls, He pities, He pardons, He preserves, He blesses, He lands them safe in glory. Jesus Christ is called by a host of beautiful names, all of which bespeak His benevolence.

3. There is **BENEVOLENCE MEETING MAN IN HIS NECESSITIES**, as the good Samaritan met the man who had fallen among the thieves; or as Melchizedeck met Abraham with bread and wine; or as Jesus came to John when banished in the desolate isle of Patmos. What a meeting is that when Jesus comes down to the poor guilty one; and saith unto him, "live." I have been thinking of that beautiful morning, when first He came to me, and awakened and called me; and made me pray and praise Him too.

4. Then there is the holy joy of **PRAISING HIM**; a grateful heart, a heart that can love and praise the Saviour, is a happy heart indeed. Poor Mary! How the sense of sin forgiven, and the sight of Jesus as revealed in her soul, made her hot and holy tears to flow! Oh! for such a baptism of sacred weeping!

Oh that I could with Jesus walk!
Oh that my soul might hear Him talk,
Of all His grace and glory.

There is 5. the Divine condescension on the part of the Lord in receiving our thanksgiving. He loves to hear our praise; and while His happy saints are pouring forth their praises, and thereby glorying in His holy name, He pours in streams of heavenly consolation, and kindles within such sacred flames of fire, as almost compels us to say, "Master! it is good to be here!"

Whatever may be before us, we know not; but such happy times at Bethnal Green we never knew before.

Help for our new Tabernacle still comes in; although but slowly. On Monday October 8th, we hold another public meeting; and all who have cards will please then to bring them in. All who have not should send for a collecting card, at once to Mr. Robert Banks, the Secretary.

A LIVING CHILD OF GOD,

BY THE LATE G. D. DOUDNEY.

“**L**ET us inquire for moment, Do we thus love Him? Can we say, ‘Him whom *my* soul loveth?’ There was a time when you did not love Him, when you were dead in sin. ‘Well,’ says some child of God, ‘I cannot remember the time when I did not desire the pardon of my sin.’ Bless the Lord for it! It is a great blessing to a child of God to be thus early made a partaker of spiritual life, though he may not be able to point to the exact time when the change took place. Others, again, can point to the spot of land where the Lord began with them. Like Paul, when he was suddenly hurled to the ground, and the Lord said to him, ‘Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?’ (Acts ix. 4). I can myself point to the corner of a pew in a certain chapel in London, where the Lord broke into my little young heart, when I was about *eight* years old, and made me happy in a moment. But then it did not last long; I was very soon shut up in darkness and misery. Satan came in like a flood, and I was carried away into sin. But I was ever looking for the return again of that sweet moment.

“I remember, when quite a little child, I was sitting up, attempting to play a tune upon a pianoforte. As I was playing out the tune with my little finger, I was trying to sing—

“‘My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this.’

In a moment the sweet power of the love of Christ came down into my heart; my eyes began to overflow with tears; I felt ‘I was a living child of God; I felt it was true what I was trying to sing—

“My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.”

Ah, here is the secret of his sweet teaching, especially as it regards the “George and Mary” family. He *himself* had divine life breathed into him when a little child. Ah, who can tell how little? It was this that made him able to speak a word in season to such. I am quite sure, my dear brothers and sisters who are cast down at times because you are not able to point to the exact time divine life was given you, you will be ready to thank God for such a teacher.

“HE WAS A DRUNKARD.”

AH, how little did he think that he was come to teach one who knew more than himself! It was striking to witness the different reception he gave to the doctor, who succeeded the clergyman, though he was by no means a converted man. Fryer instantly put out his hand, saying, “Well, my poor fellow-mortal.” The doctor, feeling his stomach, asked if he felt very full. “No, very empty,” he quickly and emphatically said. I explained that he meant that spiritually.

I took my leave, and the next time of visiting him he was full of joy. I said, “Well, Fryer, you can feel what a good man once said, ‘What a mercy it is, when we come to die, to have nothing to do but to die.’” “Through grace, and thanks be to His holy and great name, I can say I have nothing to do but to die. Oh, what should I do with this agony of body and weakness, if I now had dying grace to find?” I read to him 2 Cor. v. Coming to the eleventh verse, he said, “‘*Persuade* men?’ Paul comes down very low here, ma’am, though he was so high; he knew men were not to be drove.” He repeated, very solemnly, “‘All must appear before the judgment seat of Christ.’ ‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’” This part of the chapter appeared to have arrested his attention very solemnly, for the next day, on taking

leave of his family, which was two or three days before his death, he urged them to seek the Lord, and addressed each one by name. Alluding to the judgment day, he said, "Mother [meaning his wife] you must be there. Betsy, and *you* must be there. What! *you* there? Yes, you must be there. Mary Ann, you must be there. Maria, you must be there—you *must* be there. Joseph—what! you there? Yes, you must be there. Samuel—what! you, little Samuel? Yes, you must be there, and all there; hat will be a day when all *must* be there. The day of judgment—the day of wonders! The Lord have mercy on me, an unworthy sinner."

Seeing his son Joseph cry, and making some remark, he said, "I am not crying, father, as those without hope." He replied, "And a bright one, too; we did not come together, and we cannot all go together. The Lord's time is the best time." His son said, "We have a hope of meeting." "A hope that will never fade," he replied. Before he passed away, his birthday came round, when he was fifty-five years of age. The family were awoke by his praying aloud, and to his wife he said, "Oh, mother, had I but breath, I would tell you of the riches and mercies of the Lord; I would throw up my window as Daniel did, and make Dunk's Green [the place where he lived] echo again with my voice. I never had such light thrown over my mind as I had last night, of the promise that is sure. My feet are firm on the Rock." "Then you don't doubt, father?" said his daughter. "No, I can't doubt; it's too clear." His daughter told me, that between three and four o'clock in the morning they were awoke by hearing him pray aloud for his family and his wife. His daughter Ellen, hearing him go on so, said, "Father, you will make your head so bad." "I can't help it—I can't really help it! Had the Lord opened your eyes and your heart, for you to experience what I have this night, you could not help speaking of the goodness and mercy that the Lord has showed to me. You ought to be thankful you have a dying father so near to heaven; had I but breath, I would tell you something of what I have seen; 'tis beautiful—oh, 'tis beautiful! But I am done up—no breath." After a while, he said, "Ellen, my dear Ellen, put your trust in

the Lord, and He will help you through all your difficulties, and it will not be long before we meet. Don't fret, dear." "I can't help it," she said. "Ah, you have a much richer Father than I am. I can do little for you—[alluding to earthly things]—but He can do everything; trust Him, and He will help you." He asked her then to leave the room, and supposing she had done so, she heard him pouring out his heart for her and the rest of them till he was quite exhausted; when she came forward, saying, "You are very weak, father." "No, strong in faith." "I mean in body, father." "I know what you mean." Seeing her weep again at his sufferings, he said, "Don't fret so, dear." "I can't help it, father, to see such an affectionate, kind father suffer so." "It's the Lord's will, and He won't lay more on me than I am able to bear. He has promised this." "You don't seem to fret, father, at leaving us." "Me fret! when I am so near heaven? It's where I've long wished to be." "Where would you like to be buried? I hope you won't be alarmed at my asking." "Alarmed, child! Why, I know I am dying. I don't care where my body is, so long as my soul is at rest, which I know it will be, for my sins are washed out in the blood of Jesus."

Another day when the doctor came again, he said, "Well, doctor, I'm a dying sinner, and you are a sinner, and a dying one, too." He told his wife to give him plenty of nourishment. Fryer said, quickly, "I've got plenty," meaning the bread of life. On seeing him again, I told him of a remark Mr. Mote made in his sermon the previous evening, when speaking of Jacob's ladder being a type of Christ in His incarnation; that the first step up the ladder was, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" the second step, "I will in no wise cast out;" then the sinner's foot was off earth, and he was on his way heavenward. Fryer seemed to enjoy this, saying, "It is beautiful; I have been at the bottom of the ladder, and shall soon reach to the top, with faith, hope, and love." A neighbour came in to see him, and he said, "Ah, my dear neighbour, you see the Lord has laid me on a sick bed, and He could you, if it pleased Him. Put your trust in the Lord." "I will," she replied; and, when she was gone, he said, "Ah, what is that without the grace of God? Many say they will, but

don't put it in practice." His daughter told me that her father said, after the conflict he had had, "I can carry my cross now, for I see the crown is laid up for me." Alluding to his sudden illness, he said, "Man is cut down as the grass, and, like the flower, withereth away." "*The body*," I remarked. "Yes," he smilingly answered, as though rejoicing in the certainty that the life which was in the body could not die.

The last words that were told me he said were to his wife, as she was adjusting the pillows: "Oh, mother, Jesus can make a dying bed soft as downy pillows are." And, towards the close, "I'm sinking lower and lower, and shall sink right into the grave; but then I shall rise higher, higher, and higher, till I am before the throne of God in heaven."

1866 AND 1867.—The months of this 1866, so popular in the writings of modern prophetic writers, are fast rolling away. What its end will be, or, who its end will see, I cannot tell, but, this I know,

The time will come, when the King in state,
Shall reign for a people's weal,
When the true in heart, the only great,
Shall cease in despair to kneel

At the feet of this world's trying form,
Kept there by a giant power;
When the saints no more shall heed the storm,
Which blights their every flower!

Let us, then, onward in hope and in prayer, until the end shall come. I am thinking of preparing for the closing of this volume of CHERRING WORDS, which, prettily bound, if I should live, shall be ready early in December. Will my readers commence to canvass for orders for this volume. It will make a neat, cheap, little Christmas present for schools, or cottages, or, even for those in higher circles still. CHERRING WORDS, for 1867, shall make a better appearance, if the way is clear.

“IT WILL NOT BE LONG.”

That Mr. James Wells is a singular interpreter of Scripture as ever I read in my life. In his No. 404, he heads his sermon—“Satan’s Seven Kings,” (Rev. xvii. 10), and he makes them all speak comfort to God’s people. No one can well blame him for that. The following paragraph may form a nice little pillow for weary tempted saints:—

WHAT will shortly take place with you? Death. The king of terrors, and often, as we say, a terror to kings, is not come to you yet, but he will come, and that will complete the work. So that the child of God will not leave the world with a very good impression concerning Satan. He will say, Ah, Satan has thus brought me down; but the blessed Jesus hath redeemed me from this last enemy, this last king. Death is not the completion of Satan’s work with the sinner—alas! no; but it is all he can do with the saints. He can kill the body, but after that there is no more that he can do. Thus, then, I understand the king that is yet to come; and when he comes in that shape and form he must continue a short space. In a future world the lost are always dying, and can never die; there they seek death, and the more they seek death the farther it is from them; there Satan’s tyranny is a tyranny without end. But when the Christian comes to die, he says, Ah, the last king has come; this is Satan’s last display of his power; his work will soon be done. And how many a child of God, when he is dying, and Satan has come in upon him on his death-bed like a flood, and tried to hurt him to the last degree, the Lord begins to show a little light, and the believer has said, It will soon be over; a few hours more, and after that there will be no more enemies. Satan cannot touch us after death. As he could not touch the Saviour, after the Saviour died and rose from the dead, so he cannot touch the believer after the believer leaves the body. So, then, when death shall set in it will not be long; the enemy will not be suffered to touch thee very long.

"SAIL WITH ME, JESUS, THROUGH THE DEEP."

THE following lines are found at the end of the August part of "Clifton Sermons," by Septimus Sears. We cannot always express our inward desires so well as others can express them for us. Mr. Sears, as a preacher, and as a poet, is often choice and savoury. We think the stanzas annexed, will be found to breathe forth the heaving longings of living Christian spirits. Nothing could better suit us.—Ed.

A ship at sea for heaven bound,
With countless dangers all around,
My helpless bark with billows tost,
Left to myself is surely lost.
Sail with me, Jesus, through the deep,
From ev'ry threat'ning danger keep.

A traveller bent that land to gain,
Where all are freed from sin and pain,
A howling waste I travel round,
Where savage beasts of prey abound;
Blest guide, whose eye can never sleep,
From ev'ry threat'ning danger keep.

A stranger in a world of snares,
Where mammon shows her tempting wares,
Pain would persuade my foolish heart
For painted toys with pearls to part;
Lest, sowing winds I whirlwinds reap,
Jesus, from threat'ning dangers keep.

Stand, blessed Jesus, at my side,
Keep me from self, the world, and pride;
From deadness, darkness, guilt, and sin,
From foes without, from worse within;
By day, by night, awake, asleep,
Jesus, from threat'ning dangers keep.

Oh, keep me to my dying bed!
Shield thou my heart, protect my head,
When vast eternity draws nigh,
And time indeed's but vanity;
Oh, when I ford death's solemn deep,
Jesus, death's conqueror, oh, keep!

WORDS WORTH MORE THAN ALL THE WORLD.

THOMAS BROOKS'S "Privy Key of Heaven" is such a key as should be commended everywhere. I have a heart heaving with great emotions to possess this key myself, and to be the instrument of giving it to hundreds of thousands. Oh! that the Almighty would help me. Here is one morsel of it:—

The Jews divided the day into three parts:

The first, to prayer;

The second, for the reading of the law;

And the third, for the works of their lawful callings.

As bad as the Jews were, yet they every every day set a part of the day apart for religious exercises. Certainly they are worse than Jews that spend all their time about their particular callings, and shut closet prayer quite out of doors. Certainly that man's soul is in a very ill case, who is so entangled with the encumbrances of the world, that he can spare no time for private prayer. If God be the Lord of thy mercies, the Lord of thy time, and the Lord of thy soul, how canst thou, with any equity or honour, put off his service under a pretence of much business? That man is lost, that man is cursed, who can find time for anything, but none to meet with God in his closet. That man is doubtless upon the brink of ruin, whose worldly business eats up all thoughts of God, of Christ, of heaven, of eternity, of his soul, and of his soul concernsments. But,

Eighthly, and lastly, I answer, *The more worldly business lies upon thy hand, the more need hast thou to keep close to thy closet.* Much business lays a man open to many sins, and to many snares, and to many temptations. Now, the more sins, snares, and temptations a man's business lays him open to, the more need that man hath to be much in private prayer, that his soul may be kept pure from sin, and that his foot may not be taken in the devil's trap, and that he may stand fast in the hour of temptation. Private prayer is so far from being a hindrance to a man's business, that it is the way of ways to bring down a blessing from heaven upon a man's business, Ps. i. 2, 3; cxxvii. 1, 2;

cxviii. 1, 2; as the first-fruits that God's people gave to him brought down a blessing from heaven upon all the rest, Deut. xxvi. 10, 11. What is no let; prayer and provender never hinders a journey. Private prayer is like to Jacob, that brought down a blessing from heaven upon all that Laban had, Gen. xxx. 27, 30. Private prayer gives a man sanctified use, both of all his earthly comforts, and of all his earthly business; and this David and Daniel found by experience: and therefore it was not their great public employments that could take them off from their private duties. Time spent in heavenly employments, is no time lost from worldly business, Deut. xxviii. 1—8. Private prayer makes all we take in hand successful. Closet-prayer hath made many rich, but it never made any man poor or beggarly in this world. No man on earth knows what may be the emergencies, or the occurrences of a day: Prov. xxvii. 1, 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.' Every day is as it were a great-bellied day; every day is as it were with child of something, but what it will bring forth, whether a cross or a comfort, no man can tell; as whilst a woman is with child, no man can tell what kind of birth it will be. No man knows what mercies a day may bring forth, no man knows what miseries a day may bring forth; no man knows what good a day may bring forth, no man knows what evil a day may bring forth; no man knows what afflictions a day may bring forth, no man knows what temptations a day may bring forth; no man knows what liberty a day may bring forth, no man knows what bonds a day may bring forth; no man knows what good success a day may bring forth, no man knows what bad success a day may bring forth; and therefore, a man had need be every day in his closet with God, that he may be prepared and fitted to entertain and improve all the occurrences, successes, and emergencies that may attend him in the course of his life.

 Friends to "CHEERING WORDS" will please to notice, that fifty copies of different numbers of "CHEERING WORDS" are done up in packets for Sixpence, and can be had through any bookseller, as they are published at J. Paul's, in Chapter House Court, St. Paul's.

**"OH! THAT ENGLAND WOULD BOW BEFORE
HER GOD!"**

[The following paper by the Author of "FIRST FRUITS," is, we believe, a genuine appeal, founded upon a correct exposition of Scripture strikingly seasonable at this time. "FIRST FRUITS" is to be issued shortly; and will find its readers and friends in the circles of the retired and sanctified seekers after the glory of God.—Ed.]

THE THREE-FOLD VOICE.

"A VOICE of noise from the city,—a voice from the temple,—a voice of the Lord that rendereth recompense to his enemies." Isaiah, chap. lxi. verse 6. From a world full of rebellion arises a voice of pride, enmity, and derision against God, her Sovereign Creator. He gives His Sabbath, but she breaks it; He gave His law, and she despises it; He gave His Son, and Him she persecuted and slew. Was not this last act enough to drive mercy from the earth?

But wonder, O heavens! be joyful, O earth! The blood of God's Son speaketh better things than that of Abel's; the last called for judgment, but Jesus said, "Father, forgive them." His blood ever pleadeth for the salvation of His murderers.

Here then are the two first voices: the profane, cursing, God-dishonouring voice from the city; the patient, loving, soul-serving, God-glorifying voice from the temple.

As it was in the days of Noah, so it is now; there are but few who believe the report of God's servants, few who flee for refuge to the ark of mercy; there are many scoffers, many infidels, many sabbath-breakers, many murderers, many slaves of Satan, who are fast earning the wages of sin, which is death. What then awaits those souls who will not hearken to that voice of pardon and everlasting salvation? "A voice of the Lord that rendereth recompense to His enemies." As sure as the flood came, God's wrath on these impenitent souls will come suddenly and overwhelmingly, so that there shall be no escape.

Our favoured country, where the Gospel is carried to every corner where people can be found to hear it,—how great a cry of iniquity she sendeth up to God's throne! Never were a people so enlightened, yet so full of darkness. God has spoken to them long in the person of mercy, but the hour is come that mercy must give place to judgment. God sendeth His rod by the cholera sweeping off hundreds of sinful, careless souls into an eternity of woe. Gently He began by afflicting the cattle, but none gave Him glory; now He cometh into our chambers, and His hand will be yet heavier on all who defy His power.

Oh! that England would bow before her God, and acknowledge Him in this plague, beseeching him to remove his sword. Oh! that Christians would listen to this voice of anger and separate themselves from the daughters of Babylon! Oh! that Zion would cry unto her King to sanctify this plague to the good of souls! Oh! that sinful children of earth would consider where they stand, and, seeing their danger, flee to the riven side of Jesus! Dear reader, I have found safety there, and I humbly desire that this tract may be the means of bringing many fellow-sinners to seize the flowing skirts of mercy, and lay hold of God's salvation. Oh! dear reader, if ever you know Him as your Father and friend, how happy you will be; how high above the world you will stand; the sword, disease, death, and hell, will have no dominion over you; you will be a king and priest unto God, and live for ever.

Oh! if in your heart there is one desire after this happy state, one sigh of repentance struggling with pride and enmity, go to Jesus in earnest pleading for your own soul, and lie down at His dear feet who died to save you, and by His sacred word I declare He will "in no wise cast you out."

A STREET IN SMYRNA.

There is one street in Smyrna, with a stream running down, and with trees growing on each side, the houses being behind. Vines are trained over the doors, and fig-trees grow in the courts

or yards. This is beautifully figured in the Revelation. (xxii. 2.) While peace reigns, every man can sit under the shade of his vine "with great delight," and "eat of his vine and of his fig tree." (See Cant. ii. 3; 1 Kings iv. 25, and other places.) The people could well understand, therefore, the figures used by the King of Assyria. (2 Kings xviii. 31; Isa. xxxvi. 16.) He promised them peace and plenty; but his words were deceitful. The easterns have also summer-houses, which, as well as their houses, are often covered with vines and other creepers. The branches "run over the walls." See the figure in Gen. xlix. 22. The Psalmist also refers to this in Psalm cxxviii. 3. Some new streets are being built all of stone, and the Sultan requires them to be from five to six yards wide. I saw only one fountain here. The water was gushing out freely, and there was a bowl attached by a small chain. The people were fetching the water in large pitchers. Solomon had such fountains in view when he penned Ecc. xii. 6.

THERE IS NO STATE SO LOW, BUT A GOBLY MAN MAY HAVE A FREEDOM WITH GOD IN PRAYER.—Though a poor soul be in the mire, though he be but dust and ashes, yet he hath access to the throne of grace. Jonah cried unto God out of the belly of hell (chap. ii. 2.) That is, (as 'tis said, verse 1,) out of the fishes belly, which was to Jonah as a hell or grave, for there Jonah lay not only buried as the dead are in a grave, but tormented and troubled in spirit, as the damned are in hell. And certainly could we suppose a godly man thrown really into hell, he would pray there; let his condition be what it will, he will pray; prayer is the language and breath of the new creature, therefore let him be what and where he can be, he will be praying; the new creature must work out its self in the manifestation of holy desires and prayer.—*Caryl*.

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WEEPING OVER MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

A NEAT little book has fallen into our hands, bearing this title, "A Letter to Australia; a Brief Record of the Last Days of E. H. L." It is published by J. Paul, 1, Chapter House Court, price fourpence; and is exceedingly choice. It is from the pen of an orphan young lady—a Christian lady—an authoress—a poetess of no mean degree; a child of much mental power, bedewed with the loving spirit of the most blessed of all friends, THE FRIEND OF SINNERS!

In a short note, privately written, the writer of this "Letter to Australia" says,—

"I do wish the benefit of souls, and to honor my Lord. Yes! that is the supreme wish of my heart. In prayer about this little work, I received 'Cast thy bread on the waters.'"

She has cast her bread upon the waters, and with an extract or two we shall leave our readers to judge what kind of bread it is for themselves; but for sisters to give to brothers, or *vice versa*, we believe a sweeter little gift can hardly be bestowed.

Addressing her brother, who resides in Australia—the wide, deep sea dividing them, she says,—

"Thy dear orphan sister prays
God to guide in all thy ways.
Brother cleave to Him, to Him;
When the tears of anguish dim,
Or thy heart is filled with praise:
Honour Him through all life's days.

ONE HALFPENNY.

Soon from us its shades shall flee,
 And there shall be no more sea.
 Jesus is the truest Friend,
 Constant, faithful to the end.
 If my hand may never press,
 If my lips may never bless,
 Oh ! remember much I love,
 Bearing on my heart above
 This petition—Lord may we
 Meet in glory—meet in Thee,
 Pluck the fruit from life's fair tree,
 Where there shall be ' no more sea.' "

The "Letter," which forms the chief part of the book, is descriptive of the experience, painful and pleasant, of the father's dying days.

We all must die, except those believers who may be alive when the Lord shall come ; therefore sometimes to look at, and to listen to the voice of one in the swellings of Jordan, cannot be hurtful. The sight and sound of a dying man may be sanctified of God unto the good of thy soul, dear reader ; therefore come and think a little upon the scenes our orphan child unfolds of her father's conflicts and comforts while DEATH was preparing him to leave this world, and all connected with it.

Please to remember this is an orphan's book, and if the taste of its contents herein given are useful to thy soul, then help her to circulate this memento of her father's last days.

Before giving the exact words of the orphan-sister to her brother, let us say that the brother had been a sceptic. His sister hoped light had shone upon his soul. With loving Christian tenderness she addresses him ; after which she relates the circumstances which led to her father's dissolution. After a passing reference to a bed of affliction on which the authoress was laid, she says :—

"One evening, soon after I came down stairs, noticing his dejection, I burst into tears. My Bible was in my hand. I opened on the ninety-first Psalm, and read as audibly as my

grief would permit, 'Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.' He paused, listened. I whispered, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain Thee.' He bent over me, and asked me to repeat this last verse. I did so. Always reserved he said but little. He abhorred much outward profession, but it was plain a change was passing or had passed over him. He read the Scriptures daily, as he had been doing while I was ill. His repentance was no longer concealed; it was manifestly deep and genuine, not such as we sometimes see repented of with returning health. No, he never had trifled with holy things and I felt sure never would. Now he who had always been so gentle, so amiable, so thoroughly upright and unselfish, was the greatest sinner, yes, the very chief: so true are the words of the poet—

A sinner is a sacred thing,
The Holy Ghost hath made him so;
New light from God we must receive,
Before for sin we rightly grieve.

* * * * *

"The Spirit of God had illuminated his once dark heart, and what did our dearly-loved parent discover? Enmity. He not merely read it as the opinion of the inspired writer, but felt that 'the carnal mind is enmity against God.'—Rom. viii. 7. He said again and again, 'I have hated Him many years—hated Him without a cause!' He sought the Lord sorrowing, but not in vain. Some of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons were useful to him, especially one on the text, "They hated me without a cause." He said, 'I hope he will be a blessing to the working men of London.' But the spiritual mourner was to be comforted, and the light of redeeming love was to be poured into that poor contrite heart. He heard with faith's inward ear the blessed invitation of Jesus, 'Come unto Me.' 'Oh,' he said, 'I did not think it was so easy. I wanted to do something, but Jesus said Come, only come. Still for months I tried to merit something. Again He said, Come; and now He has shewn me that I can do nothing, and now I *come*, and He gives me rest, and I have no

sins. He has borne them all! taken them away for ever! There was peace in and around him. He would often look at me and say, 'Let *not* your heart be troubled,' as if to chide my anxious looks. I once asked, 'Shall I read or talk any more to you to night?' 'No,' solemnly; 'it is all settled. Mine is an unchangeable God.' However, 'the prey was not to be taken from the mighty' without a struggle. In an agony of mind he looked at me, and asked, 'Was it all true? Have I told you truth? I said, 'The enemy would have you doubt, but he was a liar from the beginning.' How could I doubt the genuineness of his peace and faith who had witnessed the reality of his contrition? After this cloud, light returned. I quoted, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' He repeated it slowly, and said, 'Of course, sin cannot exist in view of His redeeming blood. It absorbs and takes it quite away from the believer.' And then he wondered how any could live in unbelief. But it is not of man, God must graciously effect the divine work. * * * He was fading away. We had long known it, and we bade each other adieu very often. 'I saw him dead while yet arrayed in smiles.' Long months before I had a foreboding; in the orchard, in the warm sunshine, amid the blossoms, I saw him sinking. Then he perceived my grief, and understood it. Again and again, after the 'good night,' the shadow would come over me, and he always appeared sensible of it. It was a hard parting; very bitter to nature. He said, 'I should like you to get out of this place before I go. You will not like to stop here.' How beautiful was this sympathy! He knew how closely he was identified with everything around me. In such cases the poet truthfully says, 'Tis the survivor dies.' But he lived not to remove me from scenes so painful. * * * *

"We read the Kelso Tract—he liked 'The Water of Life' very much; Hart's and Kent's Hymns—this verse was the language of his grateful soul—

" Preserved in Jesus, when
My feet made haste to hell,
And there I should have been,
But *Thou* dost all things well.

Thy love was great, Thy mercy free,
That from the pit delivered me."

"Sometimes we were very happy. I would fain have detained him long in the prison-house of flesh; he had grown so dear by the sacred ties of Divine relationship. He had often heard me speak in defence of the doctrine of election, and I knew he had differed from me. I felt certain that Jehovah was teaching him, and had purposely refrained from doctrinal subjects, for he was himself a living illustration of God's precious truths. I had written a few short meditations, which we called sermons, expressly to tempt him to read others. I believe mine were the first he read, and led on, as I hoped, to better things. Without any previous remark from me he said, 'I see it now. I see it all now as I never did before. I used to think you were wrong, but here is election,' pointing to the words, '*ALL that the Father hath given me shall come unto me,*' John vi.

"He now looked for death, and often whispered, 'In such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.' After a season of great distress and suffering, he said, "*I am in Christ, and Christ is in me.*" * * * *

"Alone with him dying, my poor heart and eyes were lifted up to the Omnipotent. He saw my lips moving, and beckoned me to the bedside, for speech had nearly failed. I went and repeated my prayer—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me."

"His countenance revived, and he made me understand that he recollected the hymn which contains this verse, viz., 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' I must be brief here. 'God bless you, dear; God will bless you,' were nearly his last words. I often hear them; they fall on my spiritual ear when most oppressed—'God will bless you.' Oh, my dear J—, but a little while and we shall, I hope, rejoin him whom we love so tenderly, whose absence has left such a blank in my heart and life, that I feel (and perhaps it is well) that nothing but immortal bliss can ever chase

my sadness and satisfy my thirst for love—love absent yet so sacred that its faintest whisper is audible amid the din of this world. Adieu."

[Altogether, we must say, this is a most precious little work. May the Lord bless it to many; and may the Orphan child be helped to issue many of her pen-and-ink productions, for they are wholesome, spiritually elegant, and in every sense, good.]

"NO NIGHT THERE."

NEARLY the last words of our departed friend—Eliza Chaplin—were these, "There will be no night there." They have remained upon my mind almost from the moment her sister told me that she uttered them, a little before she ceased to have an existence in this sorrowful world.

The simple ideas which ran through my mind, as regards herself, were these:—First, they implied that it appeared all night, all darkness, with her in that fearful struggle through which she was passing. Secondly, the expression, "There shall be no night there," implied her unshaken faith in the reality of the heavenly state. Thirdly, the expression implied an anticipation of soon being there herself.

These three ideas might comprehend all I could profitably say of my departed friend's spiritual state. But before I come to those few things respecting her solemn and to me unexpected end, let us spend a moment in trying to gather out a few things from the text, and its connection. The words lead us,

First, *To consider the "There," or, the state of future glory.*

Secondly, *The term by which this present World is expressed—"night,"* and

Thirdly, *Out of the two comes up a question, How can I pass from this state where it is mostly night, to that state of which the text so emphatically speaks, "There shall be NO NIGHT THERE?"*

Heaven may be said to consist of a four-fold estate: First,—of the soul without the body, (see Rev. vi. 9): "souls under the

altar." John saw, 1, *their position*—under the altar. That altar is Christ, they are with Him: under His eye and near His feet: then, 2, There is *their work*: they join in the intercession of Christ, "How long, O Lord?" &c. 3, *Their purity*—"White robes were given unto every one of them." In heaven they are all alike—victorious, pure, holy, innocent, and happy! 4, *Their comfort*—they were to rest for a little season. There they rest in the Lord their God.

But, the second state or glory of heaven, will be at the Second Advent of Christ, and the resurrection of the bodies of the saints: "The dead in Christ shall rise first." (see Rev. xx. 4). Here John saw the souls again—but now on a throne, exalted high in the Saviour's kingdom and glory; and judgment is now given unto them: Take judgment to mean "knowledge," and a perfect right, clear deliverance; or rather, "a full salvation," both of body and of soul, of character and condition.

Then a third estate will be in the final judgment, to witness the full effects of election—in the book: redemption, justification, and likeness to Christ: and fourthly—The perfect and glorious entrance into, and full possession of the kingdom of Christ; in the kingdom of their FATHER, the saints shall then for ever dwell.

From the letters I have, and from many years knowledge of her, I will try and erect a little monument in "**CHEERING WORDS**," to the memory of our most sincere friend, ELIZA CHAPLIN. But I cannot do it now.

"IN A COTTAGE NEAR A WOOD."

I HAVE been favoured to preach the Gospel in the Forest of Dean, at the opening of a new chapel, built for brother Snaith, and those Sheep the Lord has given him there to feed. A band of warm-hearted friends I there found; and, blessed be the Lord, I did enjoy some freedom in telling out his truth. On the Monday, the parson and myself were invited to dine at the "Yew-tree Brake Lodge." It is a Government establishment;

the gentleman is one of the preservers of the property in the Forest, and his lady is the daughter of Mr. Moore, the Baptist Minister of Malvern, a brother beloved of the Lord, and by many of the Saviour's friends. The lady is a real lover of the Truth as it is in Jesus; and a believer in the Personal Reign of Our Lord in Manifested Glory.

Her Cottage in a wood doth stand,
Where neighbours none can see,
But she has faith in a happier land,
Whence sorrows ever flee.

Yes—in a wood, indeed, for facing the house, and behind the house, nothing can be seen but rows and regiments of good oak trees; for miles the Forest runs both back and front, and on the sides as well. True, there is a nice little farm-yard, and meadow, and flower-garden, and kitchen-garden; so that provisions are in plenty; but to be there, as it were, alone; only to have the little chicks to prattle to; and the prospect of the good husband in the evening, seemed so dull. I asked if from the wood she feared no foe? Did no wild beast—no serpent, snake, or adder, no untamed bird of prey, nor any phantom of the field, her peace disturb?

"No!" she cheerfully replied, "I like this seclusion from the world." And this she said so cheerfully, so confidently, so smilingly, that made me feel certain she was no monastic; but a living, loving, working, and joyful child of God, whose mind was in her lot, and that lot she knew to be one appropriated to her, and she fitted for it. In her merry mood, she said:—

"I can make bread, or butter, or cheese,
Or I can do anything else that you please."

Meaning that, having been a governess, with many accomplishments:—

She could prepare a dinner,
As she had done that day;
Then on the sweet harmonium
A happy tune would play.

Here I saw a cottage with contentment indeed; a Christian with cheerfulness, a believer with a warm heart, a benevolent hand, and a mind as full of discernment and decision, as it was of

intelligence and zeal; and when she sung and on her music played—

“A day’s march nearer home,”

I really felt my rocky heart to melt, and silent tears to flow; for, in communion with our brother Snaith, upon the Lord’s goodness to him, and then witnessing the quiet, yet steady and lively faith of this sister in Christ, I could not help, with Daniel Herbert, saying :—

“From everlasting God is love,
And will for ever be—
And those united to His Son,
He loves eternally.

O think, my soul, then think again,
Of love so full and free;
That Christ should seal this bond of love,
With blood upon a tree.

Herein was love surpassing thought,
Surpassing angel’s scan;
That Christ should pay down such a price,
For ruined, wretched, man.

O, Thy love’s sweet effects be felt,
By us while in this place,
That we may shouting go away,
‘Salvation’s all of grace!’”

We left “Yew-tree Brake Lodge” praising the Lord for His continued mercies; and after exploring the Forest, climbing the hills, and treading the valleys, we joined a beautiful company of Christian friends, who in the New Chapel met to partake of tea, and there to celebrate His praise. I must here subscribe myself,

A GRATEFUL WITNESS FOR GOD IN THE
FOREST OF DEAN.

WAIT UNTIL MORNING.

HOW many dark days we have had lately! How many mysteries there are in the working of the wheels! But, as I was jolted, jarred, jumbled, and tossed in a poney-cart one

morning, up hill and down dale, enough to shake one to atoms, I thought, the journey will soon be over. So Boooks says:—

The Rabbins in their comments upon Scripture, when they meet with hard knots that they cannot explicate, they salve all with this, *Elias cum venerit solvet omnia*, "When Elias comes, he will resolve all things." The best men are in the dark, and will be in the dark, till the Lord comes to shine forth upon them in more grace and glory. The best men on this side heaven are narrow vessels: they are able to receive and take in but little of God. The best men are so full of the world, and the vanities thereof, that they are able to take in but little of God. Here God gives his people some tastes, that they may not faint; and he gives them but a taste, that they may long to be at home, that that they may keep humble, that they may sit loose from things below, that they may not break and despise bruised reeds, and that heaven may be more sweet to them at last, &c.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE.

A SINNER may change from a reprobate to a hypocrite; that is no good. He may change from an Arminian to an Antinomian; that is no better. If God change him from being a presumptuous sinner to a praying seeker, it will be well.

I have read of one who, seeing in a vision many snares of Satan spread upon the earth, he sat down and mourned, and said with himself, "Who shall pass through these?" whereunto he heard a voice answering, "Humility shall pass through them." A proud heart is as easily conquered as tempted, vanquished as assaulted. But the humble soul, when tempted, says with that worthy convert, "I am not the man that I was." There was a time when my heart was proud and lifted up, and then thou couldst no sooner knock but I opened; no sooner call but I answered; no sooner tempt but I did assent. Oh! but now the Lord taught me to be humble; I can resist, though I cannot dispute; I can fight, but not yield.

LOW IN A LOW PLACE.

I DO not mean a dark place, such as Perdition, nor a *Despairing* place, such as lying in a Temptation—but Low under a sight of the cross, viewing the SAVIOUR there for me. Read this:—

Mistress Katherine Bretterge, an humble precious soul, being once in a great conflict with Satan, said thus to him, "Satan, reason not with me, I am but a weak woman; if thou hast anything to say, say it to my Christ; he is my advocate, my strength, and my redeemer, and he shall plead for me." An humble soul is good at turning Satan over to the Lord Jesus, and this increases Satan's hell. It is reported of Satan, that he should say thus of a learned man, *Tu me semper vincis*, thou dost always overcome me; when I would throw thee down, thou liftest up thyself in assurance of faith; and when I would exalt and promote thee, thou keepest thyself in humility; and so thou art too hard for me. The only way to avoid cannon-shot, as they say, is to fall down flat; no such way to be freed from temptations as to keep low.

THE TENDERNESS OF JESUS.

BOTH the Prophet and the Evangelist—both the Old Testament and the New, carry that delightful negative and positive—which has been realized, we hope, by millions. It is designed to encourage the bruised to try the Lord in their deepest troubles. Hence it is said:—

"A bruised reed shall he not break." The Jewish commentators carry it thus: he shall not tyrannise over, but nourish and cherish the poor, weak, feeble ones, that are wont to be oppressed by great ones. But men more spiritual carry it thus: Christ will not carry it roughly and rigorously towards poor weak tender souls, whose graces are as a bruised reed and as smoking flax. A reed is a contemptible thing, a tender thing, it will break sometimes before a man is aware; a bruised reed is more tender, it

will be broken with a touch, yet Christ will not break such a bruised reed, *i. e.* a soul weak in grace.

“Nor quench the smoking flax.” The wick of a candle is little worth, and yet less when it smokes, as yielding neither light nor heat, but rather smokes, and offends with an ill smell, which men cannot bear, but will tread it out. But the Lord Jesus Christ will not do so. Souls whose knowledge, love, faith, and zeal do as but smoke out, the Lord Jesus will not trample under foot; nay, he will cherish, nourish, and strengthen such to life eternal. Look, what tallow is to the wick, or oil is to the lamp, that will the Lord Jesus be to the graces of weak Christians.

“Till he shall bring forth judgment unto victory.” That is, until the sanctified frame of grace begun in their hearts be brought to that perfection that it prevaileth over all opposite corruption.

Thus you see how sweetly the Lord Jesus carries it to souls weak in grace; therefore let not those that bring forth a hundred-fold despise those that bring forth but thirty, nor those that have five talents despise those that have but two.

Once when I was obliged to go down-stairs I said, “I will send your mother up to sit with you.” He said, “No; don’t send her up yet. I should like to be alone;” and he requested me to shut the door. I did so, and stepped into an adjoining room, when I heard him distinctly in prayer. These were some of the words he uttered:—“O Almighty Jehovah, wilt Thou be pleased to have mercy upon me, one of the blackest rebels that ever lived. I know, Lord, I am very ill; and it seems I come to Thee when I can go nowhere else; but oh, wilt Thou, in Thy sovereign mercy, save my soul from the bottomless pit of hell, for Thy dear Son Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen.” He did not know that I heard him; but I found after this his mind gradually became calm. I read to him Psalm cxxx., and he seemed to drink in every word with joy. He often repeated verses of hymns. One was,

“O, to grace, how great a debtor.”

—From “*George Baldwin’s Memoir.*”

A NOTE.

I HAD purposed to write a few lines to friends inviting them to our Meeting on Monday, October 8th, 1866, in Squirries street Chapel; but during the whole of the month I have been "Village Preaching," travelling and working, so that I could not do it. Let me say this. On Monday morning, October 8th, at 12, Mr. James Wells will preach. I hope then to see a large number of friends present. I am in perfect peace respecting the New Tabernacle, and wish only the will of the Lord to be done.

THE NEW SURREY TABERNACLE

PRESENTED a good and grand sight on Tuesday, Sept. 18. The immense platform was thronged with ministers and gentlemen, while the Tabernacle was crowded with many hundreds of Christian friends. The minister, Mr. James Wells, delivered an address so full of Christian charity that many wept for joy, and all were highly pleased. He really was as mellow and as ripe in grace as though he was just going home, and yet as cheerful and strong as a young man of five and twenty. Before the Lord, and angels, and men, I do solemnly declare (whoever may be disposed to be sour, to say hard things of James Wells, and to condemn the "Village Preacher"), I do not think there are many men more highly honoured of God in this day, than is the pastor of the church in the New Surrey Tabernacle. Even good Thomas Jones; that fiery-flying cherubim, T. J. Messer, Thomas Pocock, and others, said the same thing in their speeches.

As to Mr. Pocock, although I suppose he is on the road toward 80, he seemed to anticipate the meeting next Good-Friday, and many meetings after that, with all the confidence of a man in his prime. I began to think that the minister, and deacons, and friends, all have grown younger since they have removed to their New Tabernacle; in fact, one beloved brother, who has been many, many years on the road, has just married again; and looks like one setting out afresh. Well, they are a

happy people. THE EARTHEN VESSEL contains a good report of their meeting. So I must say no more here; only that there were "CHEERING WORDS" by wholesale. I began to question whether the millennium had not really begun.

SAFE COUNSEL.

CAPEL MOLINEUX was once preaching on the words—"He swore by himself, because he could swear by no greater"—toward the end of his sermon he said:—

And thou believer, thou that art troubled, as some of you are going on in darkness, in sorrow, and doubt, and disquietude, here is a text for you. You may say indeed, "I do not know that I am a child of God;" but don't you know whether you have fled for refuge? Whatever your state of darkness may be, don't you know whether in your heart, as an honest man or as an honest woman, you have fled for refuge to Christ? My dear brethren, none of us can have any security if we are not to know ourselves. There is an end of the whole matter. How am I to know that I am a sinner or anything else? This is assumed in the Bible, and we do know these things. A man can tell whether he has gone to Christ for refuge as well as he can tell anything else in the world. If you feel that you have gone to Christ, that you are looking to Christ, take the full comfort of this text, and though you came into the house of God mourning, go out of it rejoicing. If you cannot realize it, take counsel with God, walk quietly and humbly with God in the path of holy obedience; wait on Jesus. There is something exceedingly satisfactory when the soul feels "I cannot comprehend light, then I will walk on in darkness. Though He slay me I will love Him." Only walk quietly on and say, "Now, my Lord, I will follow Thee to do Thy good pleasure. If Thou dost give me light, blessed be Thy name. If light does not come, I will still follow Thee. Give me grace only to keep close to Thee. I will put my hand out; take Thou my hand and lead me by Thy

loving Spirit at last into the land of life and joy." My dear brethren, follow Christ in this way. If you thus feel and thus walk in godly sincerity, you shall find yourself at last in the heaven where you would be, the city which hath no need of the sun neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it and the Lamb is the light thereof.

ANGELS OFTEN INSPIRE OUR SOULS WITH DIVINATION OR COMFORT.—A child of a Christian gentlewoman was so given to prayer from its infancy, that before it could well speak, it would use to get alone, and go to pray; and as it grew, it was more frequent in prayer; at last, when the child was but five years old, and whipping of his top, on a sudden he flung away his scourge, stick, and top, and ran to his mother, and with great joy said unto her, "Mother, I go to God, will you go with me?" She answered, "Dear child, I must go when God pleaseth; but why wilt thou not stay with me?" The child answered, "I will not stay, I must go to God." And the child did live about a month after; but never cried for play more, and then fell sick, always speaking that he must go to God, and died in that sickness.

GODLY sorrow is not an enemy, but a friend to holy joy. I have read of a holy man, who lying upon his sick-bed, and being asked which were his joyfullest days that ever he had, cried out, "Oh give me my mourning days, give me my mourning days again, for they were the joyfullest days that ever I had." The higher the springs of godly sorrow rise, the higher the tides of holy joy rise. His graces will flourish most, who evangelically mourns most. Grace always thrives best in that garden, that heart, that is watered most with the tears of godly sorrow. He that grieves most for sin, will rejoice most in God; and he that rejoices most in God, will grieve most in sin. Again, the more a man apprehends of the love of God, and of the love of Christ, and the more a man tastes and is assured of the love of the Father, and of the love of the Son, the more that person will grieve and mourn that he has offended, provoked, and grieved such a Father, and such a Son.

A FEW THOUGHTS.

I wish success to CHEERING WORDS,
God speed them on their way;
To young and old, and rich and
poor.

May they true life convey.

O may the truths that they contain,
The lessons wise and good;
Give light to many darksome
minds,

And to the hungry food.

May many Pharisees be led
Self-righteousness to loose;
And beg their neighbours all around
The better part to choose.

May they by gentle words and
deeds,

Show Christian charity,
And tell the tale of Jesus' love,
In all simplicity.

May readers of the CHEERING
WORDS,

Who worldly wealth possess;
Scatter their store among the poor,
To help them in distress.

God shall approve with loving
smile,
His favour they shall gain;

For he that lendeth to the Lord,
Shall be repaid again.

God bless the editor and friends,
O give them praying hearts,
And grace to overcome the world,
And Satan's fiery darts.

May brother Banks be oft refresh'd,
With streams of living wine.
Which flow to saints in every place,
From Christ the living vine.

And may this promise cheer his
heart,

When sinking in despair;
Still as thy day thy strength shall
be,

And numbered is your hair.

I'll perfect what my hand begins,
So don't give way to fear;
For when you think me far away,
I still am very near.

My saints shall soon be gathered in,
At most it won't be long.

Then they shall shout with joyful
voice,

And "grace" shall be the song.
E. W.

Friends to "CHEERING WORDS" will please to notice, that fifty copies of different numbers of "CHEERING WORDS" are done up in packets for Sixpence, and can be had through any bookseller, as they are published at J. Paul's, in Chapter House Court, St. Paul's.

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Cheering Words.

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HOW TO KNOW GOD IS YOUR PORTION.

THERE was an earnest intensity in the hearts of the Old Puritans to establish men in the faith, and on a firm persuasion of their safety in Christ. And in order to this they pressed upon them many spiritual labours, and urged home strong exhortations. They were healthy discourses. Let high-minded proud professors say what they will, words like the following from Brooks are useful.

Though this or that particular Christian may go to his grave without a satisfactory evidence in his own bosom that God is his portion, yet in an ordinary course, at first or last, God doth give his people some assurance that he is their portion, yea, rather than they shall always live or die without assurance of their salvation, and that he is their portion, he will work a miracle to assure them of his love.

I have both heard and read of a rare story of Mrs. Honeywood, a famous professor of the Gospel, and one that for many years together lay under the burden of a wounded spirit, and was much troubled in mind for want of assurance that God was her portion, and that she should be saved from wrath to come. At length there came a godly minister to her, who endeavoured to settle her faith and hope in Christ; and pressing many gospel promises upon her, she took it with a kind of indignation and anger that he should offer to present any promises to her, to whom, as she thought, they did not belong; and having a Venice-glass in her hand, she held it up, and said, Speak no more to me

ONE HALFPENNY.

of salvation, for I shall as surely be damned as this poor brittle glass shall be broke against the wall, throwing it with all her force to break it. But it so pleased God that, by a miraculous providence, the glass was preserved whole. The minister, beholding the miracle, took up the glass, and said unto her, "Behold, God must work a miracle before you, before you will believe." And for ever after that day she had very strong assurance of her salvation, and that God was her portion; and so lived and died in a sweet and comfortable sense of the love and favour of God.

Now, to provoke you to labour with all your might to attain to a clear, personal, satisfactory evidence in your own bosoms that God is your portion, do but seriously consider and lay to your heart the rare and singular advantages that will redound to your souls by this means. I shall only touch upon some, by which yourselves may guess at others.

First, By this means *your hearts will come to be fixed, settled, and established.* A man's soul never comes to be fixed and settled by knowing in the general that God is the saint's portion, but by a personal evidence and certainty of knowledge that he is his particular portion. Whilst a man's particular propriety is unsettled, all is unsettled in his soul; but when a man's particular propriety is settled, when he can say, "This God is my God, and the Lord is my portion," then all is settled, then all is at peace in the soul, Ps. lvii. 7, cviii. 1, cxii. 7. A man that hath God for his portion, if he do not know it, will still be like a ship at sea in the midst of a storm, tossed here and there, and now rolling on one side and then the other, and never quiet, never lying still; but a man that hath God for his portion, and knows it, he is like a ship in a good harbour, that lies quiet and still; yea, he is like Mount Zion, that cannot be removed. But,

Secondly, A clear, personal evidence that God is a man's portion, will *rid his soul of all sinful doubts.* O Christians! now your hearts are as full of doubts as hell is full of darkness. One day you doubt whether your graces are true, and another day you doubt whether your comforts are true. Now, you doubt of your saintship, and anon of your sonship, and then of your heirship. Sometimes you doubt of your communion with God, sometimes you

doubt of your acquaintance with God, and sometimes you doubt of your acceptance with God. One hour you doubt of the favour of God, and the next hour you doubt of your access to God. And as it is thus with you, so it will be thus till you come to have some clear satisfaction in your own spirits that God is your portion. O Christians! had you but once a personal evidence in your own bosoms that God is your portion, all those doubts that are bred and fed by ignorance and unbelief, and that rob the soul of all joy, comfort, and content, and that render men babes in Christianity, and that cast reproach upon God, Christ, and the promises, &c., and that do most gratify and advantage Satan to tempt and try your souls, would vanish and disperse as the clouds do before the sun when it shines in its brightness. Till a Christian's eyes be open to see God to be his portion, his heart will be full of doubts and perplexities. Though Mary Magdalene was very near to Christ, yet she stands sighing, mourning, and complaining, that "they had stolen away her Lord," John xx. 13—16. A Christian may have God for his portion, yet till he comes to see God to be his portion, he will spend his days in sighing, mourning, and complaining. O Christians! till you come to see God to be your portion, your doubts will lie down with you and rise with you, they will talk with you and walk with you, till they make your lives a very hell. It was an excellent speech of Luther, "The whole Scripture," saith he, "doth principally aim at this thing, that we should not doubt, but that we should hope, trust, and believe that God is a merciful, bountiful, and gracious God to his people." And what will bring a man's heart over to answer to this blessed aim of the Scripture? Certainly nothing below an assurance that God is his portion. It was a noble resolution of blessed Bradford, who, in one of his epistles, saith thus: "O Lord, sometimes methinks I feel it so with me, as if there were no difference between my heart and the hearts of the wicked. My mind is as blind as theirs, and my will as stout, stubborn, and rebellious as theirs; and my affections are as much disordered as theirs, and my conscience as much benumbed and stupefied as theirs, and my heart as hard and flinty as theirs, &c.; shall I

therefore conclude that thou art not my Father? Nay, I will reason otherwise," saith he; "I do believe thou art my Father; I will come unto thee, that thou mayest enlighten this blind mind of mine, and bend and bow this stout and stubborn will of mine; and that thou mayest put order into these disordered affections of mine, and that thou mayest put life and quickness into this stupefied and benumbed conscience of mine, and that thou mayest put softness and tenderness into this hard and flinty heart of mine." And thus he nobly reasoned himself, and believed himself, out of all his fears and doubts. There is no such way for a man to be rid of all his fears and doubts, as to live in the sight and faith of this truth, that God is his portion.

COMFORT IN A CAVE.

GLOOMY-MINDED people are often tormented by the temptations that all their friends are either dead or that they are turned away from them. Sometimes this is really the case, and a trying case it is. I have had a good share of this sort of experience; but it is not worthy of notice. I have something better than this to speak of.—That is a mercy. The last Sunday in the month of September I was engaged to preach the evening anniversary sermon at "Cave-Adullam," Stepney, once the scene of the labours of that steady old friend of mine, WILLIAM ALLEN; now, the field in which that fine, cheerful, thorough Englishman-looking Christian—JOHN WEBSTER—laboured: and in that Cave-Adullam pulpit that evening I found comfort. On the Wednesday night previous, while I was trying to pray, four thoughts flashed across my mind, and these thoughts were turned into prayers. I prayed,

1. To be upheld by the Greatness of the Divine Power.
2. To enjoy THE PRESENCE OF GOD.
3. To realise the Greatness of His Promise.
4. To be cheered and encouraged by the blessedness of the Heavenly Prospects of a full salvation.

As soon as I arose, a whisper said inside—"You have four

sermons to preach between this and next Sunday evening: here are four solemn subjects—The Greatness of the Divine Power; The Blessedness of the Divine Presence; The Happiness of the Divine Promises when realised; and, The Glory of the Prospects when opened up in the future.” This suggestion became a fact. I began on the Thursday evening with the Power, and was carried comfortably through them all, closing up in the Cave with the Master’s precious words: “IF I GO AND PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU, I WILL COME AGAIN, AND RECEIVE YOU UNTO MYSELF, THAT WHERE I AM THERE YE MAY BE ALSO.”

I cannot say one word about these sermons now; but when I had done and was leaving the Cave, a Christian friend hailed me with great warmth, and put into my hand a letter with 10s. 6d. in it; and I give the letter, because it expresses that sincere Christ-like spirit which in so many cases has been manifested towards me since my friends commenced to raise a fund for the erection of a New Tabernacle.

I cannot say anything of our meeting this month; but I gratefully acknowledge and insert the following sweet little note.

“SEPTEMBER 30, 1866.

“DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS,—Will you kindly accept 10s. 6d. towards the Bethnal Green Tabernacle and Schools, out of Christian love to you? We felt we should like to put a brick or two in the walls of your Tabernacle, and, if it be the will of God, we hope you may be spared to see it raised, and God grant that the sound of no other gospel but what you have hitherto preached may ever be heard within its walls. May the peace of our Covenant Jehovah greatly rest upon you and yours. Trusting you will ever hear His voice—*This is the way, walk ye in it.*” We shall be delighted to see you with a comfortable, commodious place of worship, where you can feel liberty and enjoy Gospel unity and community among your people. You have been sadly muddled about for some years; we trust, now your captivity is turned, and that God will give you a people in whose hearts and affections you will dwell, and who will ever bear you, under the Spirit’s influence, at a throne of grace: where this is not the

case, you may depend there is no effectual or lasting good. May your ministry reach and sink deeply into the hearts of your hearers, so that they may have to exclaim, 'Surely God has spoken through him; for no soul but myself knew it!' This will create a spring for prayer for the minister, and liberty for praise. It will also weave the mantle of love over all apparent short-comings and infirmities. Oh that our God would pour out His blessed Spirit upon his churches, so that more power might be felt in preaching and hearing! We have known you for many years, and have always found you zealous for the honour of God and His truth; and I have often thought you were indeed the Gospel ox, a labourer in the cause, not an idler by the way. This is an unspeakable mercy to be kept faithful, fearless of friend or foe. 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace,' so pray thou brands plucked from the burning, E. & J. PRARLEY."

The reading of many such "Cheering Words" has made me ashamed of the little I do for the Lord's glory, and of the imperfect way in which I do that little; but I pray for more grace.

CHEERFUL ANTICIPATIONS.

FROM one of our warm-hearted friends I received the following, a day or two after the meeting. It is the flowing forth of a soul gladdened with hope. All who can appreciate a spiritual note, will read it with some profit, I hope. The writer says:—

"MY BELOVED FRIEND IN JESUS,—Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! How good the Lord was to us yesterday! Oh! my friend, is not that dark cloud passing away? Our gracious Maker is comforting you. Truly, they are happy who endure the chastening of the Lord. He never forgets them. Those who sorrow most, rejoice most; those who sow liberally, shall reap a full reward. How blest you are, dear friend, in the love of many of the Lord's dear

children. It was indeed a holy Christlike spirit that influenced the dear brethren who spoke. There were no sharp-shooters, nor fulsome flatterers! but faithful, earnest, encouraging words from men who rejoiced with brotherly tenderness over one whom God delighteth to honour. Has He not honoured you, dear friend? Is He not doing great things for you? I speak not of the Tabernacle that is to be; but of those spiritual blessings wherewith He has blessed you. Truly God has enabled you to 'prepare thy work without, and to make it fit for thee in the field,' and now He bids thee 'build thine house.' Long have you laboured in the wide field; over many, many acres have you sown the incorruptible seed; thousands are longing for your fatherly help and guidance in Gospel work; hearts prepared instrumentally by your devoted teaching, are longing to be under your more immediate care, and to go forth with you in every good work. Oh! yes, in the mission house; in the school; in the lecture hall, there will be an overflowing company of workers; ah! and the tabernacle too shall be full of seeking souls: souls that angels shall rejoice over; and your fervent labouring spirit shall be satisfied with. But as one of our dear brethren said, (Mr. Baugh, I think), 'It is by the earnest prayers of the church that ingathering of souls is effected.' You must travail ere sinners can be born again. So I believe there is nothing lacking on your part, dear pastor. It is us that are straitened in ourselves, we are not straitened in you; we had need begin to think of this. How little, how feebly we pray for the conversion of those who are dead! Oh! let us now begin in real earnest, to wrestle with the God of Jacob. Prayer, why should we shrink from that? Why should it be unlawful for any one to pray? What, is there a disciple so hard, so un-Christlike that he would place the gag in the mouths of every Christian? Did Christ ever bid a woman that cried after Him, to hold her peace. Oh! let men and women together thrive for the blessing." Amen.

ADA.

Could the spirit of this note be fully carried out—could we travail in painful prayer to God for souls, for salvation, for pardon, for

preserving and persevering grace—could we faithfully and devotedly give ourselves unto the LORD, there would be no fear; good would result, God would be glorified, Christ would be revealed by the Holy Ghost, and seeking sinners and serving saints would rejoice together. Oh! that I could in every feeling say—

“Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount,
The power of language to recount,
From morning, dawn, and setting sun,
Sees not my work of praise begun.
The mercies ah, my moments bring,
Ask as eternity to sing,—
What thanks those mercies can suffice,
Which through eternity shall rise?”

FOUR THINGS WHICH MAKE A CHRISTIAN HAPPY HERE.

I HAD been to see a noble Christian gentleman, for whom I am printing a large work on the Typical and Antitypical parts of the Word of God; and was returning to my business, when I felt inclined to take a silent, and lonely walk through Kensington Park. It was Saturday morning, September 1, 1866. The air was sweet; the sun shone warmly; all nature smiled, and was delightful to look upon; and as I walked beneath the shady trees, the following words came quietly into my soul,—“A PRINCE AND A SAVIOUR; to give repentance unto Israel, and the forgiveness of sins.” A little train of thought followed; my own soul concerns and exercises gave rise to a consideration of what will tend to make a true believer happy in this life.

I sat me down beneath the branches of a tree, and I pencilled down these four lines:—

First.—Before any Christian man can enjoy true peace, there must be *the conquest and the crucifixion* of the flesh.

Secondly.—There must be a penitential, prayerful, and believing heart and eye fixed on the Cross, and sacrifice of the LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Thirdly.—There must be the pledge and power of the Holy Spirit revealing and sealing home the merits and mercies of the beloved Son of God. And,

Lastly.—There must be a heart, lip, and life devotion to, and communion with, the Lord of Life and Glory. Where these things are realized in the soul—in the conscience, and in the daily course of conflict, there will be, in some sense, an answer to Paul's prayers, when to the Philippians he wrote—"The peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus" (so the American version reads it); and again, that most comprehensive and significant prayer in 1 Thess. v. 23: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"How richly blest indeed,
Must such a sinner be;
His heart sometimes may bleed;
Still,—he'll to Jesus flee.
And as he flies,
For mercy cries,
Lord! save a wretch like me!"

And until this full and entire salvation is seen, and known to be entirely IN JESUS: to be received and rested upon by faith, he will—as I know I have sometimes—secretly sighed for a manifested *sense* of

"The *purging* Eye of God,
With *pardon* from Christ's blood,
A *purifying* breath,
To keep the soul from death,
And great *preserving* power,
From sin's most fatal hour,
To hold us near the Lord."

For all this must be truly known in a divine experience, or a genuine happiness in the Lord cannot be reached.

The Sunday evening following this, I spoke from the words—"Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance unto Israel; and the forgiveness of sins."

The exaltation of the Saviour, and the characters He sustained;

the ends to be accomplished, were themes on which I dwelt with more than usual warmth and liberty. I do at times inwardly desire to realize more of the glory and blessedness of the Saviour's exaltation in our midst. But alas ! It is not as we could wish ; still, goodness and mercy follows us still. C. W. B.

A DECIDED PROOF.

"When free grace awoke me,
By light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me,
I trembled to die ;

"Nor refuge, nor safety,
In self could I see,
Jehovah Tsidkenu
My Saviour must be."

IF you want to know whether this work is genuine in your case (because the tempter will tell you it is all delusion), take this token as a decided proof, viz., *divine calling will always be accompanied with deep repentance, with simple, yet earnest, faith in Jesus as your Saviour.* As the apostle has it, "Repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." I know that the enemy will say, "Well, then if you are an elect vessel of mercy, it does not matter how you live ; you may just go on sinning as you like, it will make no difference." But, mark me, the child of God who has received God's grace, as a *free gift*, is just the one that *cannot* live as he lists. For, "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh ; but they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit." And, depend upon it, the first fruits of regeneration will be a *genuine repentance towards God.* Hence it is written, "Jesus Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance ;" and wherever this is sincere, there will be a coming to God for mercy, desiring grace, and the quickening influence of the Spirit ; and the uppermost desire will be that you may be kept walking humbly, and manifesting a holy life before Him. If then, dear reader, you have felt a godly sorrow on account of sin, take it as a certain pledge that God has called you by His grace, that the Holy Spirit is at work in your soul, and that the Lord has placed you among His living children, never to be lost sight of, but to be "kept for the kingdom."

Nor must we overlook that other sure sign of the new birth, namely, "like precious faith." It will not be strong faith, but little faith. But lowly and weak as it may be, if it be only as a grain of mustard seed, it will, nevertheless, be "*the faith of God's elect*," and it will manifest itself, at all events, in two ways; first, in taking God at His word; secondly, in panting to be fed by that word. Under legal convictions, there was a head full of scruples, and conditions, and calculations, but now it is a simple dealing with God's word, as it is found with the cry, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief." And then there is certain to be a thirsting for the ministry of that word, a looking out for "the sincere milk." Legal preaching will no longer do; nothing now will satisfy but the pure Gospel of peace.

When you have realized all this, do not think it will be all smooth sailing to heaven. Be not cast down if Satan be permitted to try your young faith; it is genuine, and therefore it will come out the brighter for the trial; or do not think God's mercy is clean gone, because a cloud may come over your mind; clouds alter not the character of the sun, and your Jesus is the same behind the cloud, as our wayside song has it—

"The bright and heart-reviving

[sun

Is an unchanging sphere,
It undergoes no varied form,
Nor change of atmosphere.

"And so thy Jesus is the same,
Though sorrow may enshroud,
He loves thee with undying love,
Although behind the cloud."

TRY ONCE MORE.

WHEN I was in the Forest of Dean, a good Christian brother lent me the third volume of Daniel Herbert's hymns and poems; and the friends there thought if I could issue these very experimental pieces of Poetical Christianity, they would be very acceptable. I am considering how it can be best effected. Meanwhile, I will give a specimen of the genuine and truly original character of these poems. Here is one on Jonah's words: "I will look again towards thy holy temple." Daniel writes as follows:—

Where shall I lay my grievous load?

I'll go to mercy's door;

O may he grant my soul one smile,

Well, I will try once more.

What tho' my case is desperate,

I miserably poor;

I know there's no where else to look,

As such I'll try once more.

And will he turn my soul away,

And frown me from his door?

I'll say, Lord look upon my shield,

I'll go and try once more.

But when did Jesus turn away

A beggar from his door?

As I have never heard of one,

I'll go and try once more.

And since I have Jehovah's "Come,"

I will his help implore,

And till he hears my sad complaint

I will not leave his door.

And though I've sinned against my God

A thousand times before,

Yet though I'm now enwrapp'd in doubt,

I'll look and try once more.

And as poor Jonah looked and lived

God brought him safe on shore;

I know my God can save my soul,

Therefore, I'll try once more.

And if I die—I'll be the first

That died at mercy's door,

Tho' hell, and earth, and sin oppose,

I'll look and try once more.

HOW TO SECURE SUCCESS.

THIS one grave thought has crossed my mind, nothing can more fully prove any work is NOT OF GOD, than when men begin it and proceed on with it, without wrestling and earnestly pleading with God. To myself I say, "If Jesus Christ could not go to His work without (it may be) years of prayer—days, nights, months, and years were spent by Him in prayer; and if the Son of God could not do without it—if all the apostles traded largely by it, let us be assured nothing good without it can be done. Hence, good old William Hooke, in his most precious book, the following lines did write:—

Oh sirs! There is a great service to be done for Christ by prayers, during the opportunity of our intercession, which dieth together with us. What great things have been, and still are done by prayers? By these was the church delivered out of Babylon, and Peter out of prison. By these was Zion built. By these is the Gospel upheld, the enemies thereby bridled, and liberty obtained, &c. And when God will do great and wonderful things, he will gather his praying saints together, and pour out a mighty spirit of prayer upon them.

Sixth, "Comfort the feeble-minded, and support the weak. Speak a word in due season to the weary." For sometimes you shall meet with such as want it, and who walk in darkness and see no light, and are ready to complain like Heman, Psa. lxxxviii. at large. In such cases, "Strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees, and say to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong, fear not." And this (it seems) was Job's practice. "He strengthened the weak, and his words upheld him that was falling." And if they were in affliction, the moving of his lips assuaged their grief. For, "Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop, but a good word maketh it glad." And this favoureth sweetly of the Spirit of Christ, who would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. The words are diminutive, for the meaning is, he would strengthen the bruised reed, and blow up the smoking flax. For he carries his lambs

in his bosom, that is, he tenders them, and lays them near his heart.

As when the church was in affliction, and sick of love, he stays her with flagons, and comforts her with apples: his left hand is under her head, and his right hand embraceth her. Not his right hand under her head, and his left hand embraceth her; for that is not next the heart of Christ. "He is our High Priest, who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and hath compassion on us in just proportion." He speaks to the heart of the trembling Hæmorrhoids, when she fell down at his feet, and saith unto her, "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole, go in peace." And he takes part with that broken-hearted sinner that sat behind him at his feet, weeping, and washing, and wiping, and kissing them, and rebukes censorious Simon; and saith to her "Thy sins are forgiven, thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace." Oh the sweet spirit of Christ! "Let the same mind then be in you which was in him. And comfort them that are in trouble, with the comforts wherewith you yourselves have been comforted of God; and be kindly affectioned one toward another in brotherly love." And when the case requires it, shew yourself a son of consolation.

THE SCENES OF SILENT SORROW.

I HAVE this month of October been once more to Woodland Green. It is seventeen years since first I visited that spot. Then my brother John Dillistone was alive. He was apparently a fine, hearty, healthy, happy, honest, cheerful, confident, and very decided young Christian man. He sent for me to go down to Keddington, to preach at the opening of their then newly-built chapel. I remember the first time I visited Mr. John Dillistone's house at Woodland Green, I thought he looked coolly upon me; and he told me afterwards he thought, at first sight, I was not good for much. However, we began to open our hearts one to another; and by conversation, by preaching, by praying, and above all by God's blessing, a spiritual union was established which was perpetuated until his death, which took place last

December; and which stroke has been a sore grief to me—to his friends universally, but more especially to his beloved widow, and her sorrowing bereaved family. For the seventeenth time I have been to Woodland Green, this October. I travelled from Widow Baldwin's cottage, at East Bergholt, to Widow John Dillistone's cottage at Woodland Green. I walked to Manningtree, rode from thence to Mark's Tey, from thence to Birdbrook; and from Birdbrook I walked to Sturmer, and from Sturmer to Woodland Green. How pretty that cottage looked! It stands on a rising eminence; there is no turnpike road near it. No yards, nor tenements; no other cots, nor anything to mar the rustic and the retired scene. It stands surrounded by a garden and nursery-grounds; by fruit trees, flowers, shrubs, and pretty plantations of every kind. You approach it by passing up some meadows, which rise gently for nearly half a mile from Sturmer's lovely village, and its still more pretty nurseries. As I walked across the meadows between the trees I caught a glimpse of my friend's late dwelling. "Ah!" I said, "how many times have I seen him standing in the pretty doorway! He would wait to bid me welcome; then he would smile, and in calm and quiet converse talk of his mercies and his sorrows; the Lord's goodness to him; the Lord's blessing on their Zion, and a thousand things would lead us to be glad we had once more together met." But, now, as I peeped through the trees, I only saw the cot, and the gardens surrounding it. "Where," I said, "where is my brother?" Ah, he is far away from these scenes of sorrow and toil. His heavy frame doth in the grave dissolve to dust, his soul is wrapped up in the glories of that Holy Redeemer, of whom John Dillistone did delight to sing and speak. His death was in the most perfect peace; but of my journey this time, and of some things therewith connected, I will write a little another month, if the Lord will spare the

VILLAGE PREACHER.

It was the saying of Socrates, that every man in his life had need of a faithful friend and a bitter enemy; the one to advise him, and the other to make him look about him; and this Hezekiah found by experience.—*Brooks*.

THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.

No doubt, earth's night had often chill'd the dear departed one,
 Few who wear mortal flesh can bear its darkness when alone;
 And hence the preciousness amid'st that list of blessings fair,
 Which come not to this lower world: "There shall be no night there."

Darkness that may be felt, is here, and longer nights than days,
There, not an evening shadow palls their life-light's brilliant rays;
 Day after day, year after year, never a thought of care,
 Oh, sweeter than the sweetest song: "There shall be no night there."

Bright hopes to die upon, the soul was needing something strong,
 For earth if it had been all day, would not avail it long.
 The summons to the other world was whispered in her ear,
 And whispering back, she simply said, "There shall be no night there."

And so she died, or rather, left this darkened world of ours
 To revel in the love of Him who gave e'en earth its flowers;
 And oh, *our* God, if life's deep woe or death's dread pain we fear,
 Give us more more patience, since we know, "There shall be no night there."

Standford-le-hope.

MRS. T. CHAPLIN.

TO "CHEERING WORDS" READERS.

With the December Number will be ready, in a pretty coloured cover, the Volume of

CHEERING WORDS FOR 1866.

We hope our friends will order the volume in good time, as the number will be limited.

.....
 Friends to "CHEERING WORDS" will please to notice, that fifty copies of different numbers of "CHEERING WORDS" are done up in packets for Sixpence, and can be had through any bookseller, as they are published at J. Paul's, in Chapter House Court, St. Paul's.

Preparing for publication,

THE BAPTIST ALMANACK for 1867.

London: Printed by ROBERT BANKS, 9, Crane-court, Fleet-street, E.C.
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Cheering Words.

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DECEMBER, 1866.

No. 182.

THE HEAVY FEARS AND THE HAPPY FAITH OF A DYING SAINT.

A SOUL who dreadfully fears it shall be lost, endures more agony and distress than can ever be described. See how the Old Testament saints, in the Psalms, cry out unto God for their sentence to come forth from His mouth! "Say unto my soul, I AM THY SALVATION." So, on the other hand, how great the peace when the Lord reveals Himself in Jesus—in mercy—and in pardoning love; in that very most precious book, *The Gospel Magazine*, I have just read the following. Dear reader, if you know any poor souls in hospitals, or in their chambers of sorrow, go and carry this to them—read it—and pray over it. May God bless it, so prays your friend, the Editor. The Correspondent of *The Gospel Magazine*, says:—

"God must have a great many fearing ones in the world, or there never would be so many '*fear nots*' in the Scriptures." So said a poor trembler in Israel, who yet, unsuspectingly, picked up this small crumb of comfort, despite many fears.

The sovereignty of God is practically displayed in His dealings with His people. Some are brought to peace and liberty at an early period of their spiritual existence, while others are left to grope for the wall, as the blind, many years, and go mourning without the light of the Sun. They honestly confess their state, and admit the fact that they have not got beyond a sense of sinnership, which, if the work of the Spirit, is the bud of blessing, and, however bitter in its beginning, is the pledge of all the

ONE HALF PENNY.

sweets that must surely follow. But there are others who have received the truth in the judgment, and, to a certain extent, into the heart, but their knowledge is ahead of their experience. These are in bondage, though they talk much of liberty; they have fears, but they will not confess it; and they are fighting with the Light that shows them their darkness. They have no union with the children of God, walking in Gospel liberty, but who are the subjects of all the variations of feeling that accompany a living religion. They denounce changes as legal, and deal with fear as a crime; and this because they are ill-taught, and follow where others lead. Now such (believing them to be the people of God) must not proceed to the end in this state; God will rip up their religion, and show them where they stand: the lofty looks of man must be brought down, and the haughtiness of man must be humbled. Their religion must be weighed in the balance of the sanctuary; they must be shown how much of it is from God, and what measure is from man. They must be brought to such spots, that they shall use up all the faith that is of God, and all that is of man shall be consumed; there shall not be left "a sherd to take fire from the earth, or to take water withal out of the pit." And here they learn their lesson experimentally. "Without me ye can do nothing."

A case recently witnessed we adduce as proof that God's poor shall not always be forgotten—that His living ones shall be brought into liberty, however long delayed, and the Scripture fulfilled, which saith, "the heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips."

A well-educated female, interesting in appearance, and left an orphan at an early age, fell into ill-health through over exertion as a daily governess. Before long, consumptive symptoms appeared, and, after some months of struggle with disease, she became a permanent invalid.

Early instructed by a godly father, she was well informed in the leading truths of the Gospel, and, when scarcely out of her teens, she was brought under deep soul-anxiety, which led her to feel the importance of the ways of God. Months and years rolled by, and she got no farther than this, an abiding sense of her sin-

nership. At last, wearied of waiting, and hopeless of relief, she began to dip into the world in some of its "harmless pleasures" as they are called. Her spare time was devoted to dress and worldly associations; and the only link to a profession of religion was attendance at a week-day service in a place well established for Gospel truth. Even this was on the eve of being renounced, when sickness laid her low, which for four years, less or more, tried her. By a slender thread of circumstances, not necessary to name, she was brought under the notice of a friend who had slightly known her in former days. Unable to rise from her sofa, and breathing with great difficulty, she yet expressed great pleasure at seeing one whom she believed to be a Christian. On being asked where she stood as to soul concerns, she exclaimed,

"Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

"Those who seek shall find," was replied in answer. "No," she said, despondingly, "I don't seek rightly, or I should have found long ago." "There is a set time to favour Zion, and you cannot hurry that," it was observed. "But that don't apply to my case," she said, "I have waited so long, and am now near my end; besides, I have been a rebellious creature—gone back into the world." "That may be all true, and much more, but have you been brought out of it?" "My illness has separated me from the world," she replied, "and I only care now to see the people of God." "That looks well, so far as it goes. Now what of the people who came to see you?" "Well," she said, hesitatingly, "they don't comfort me, though they are very kind, and mean it; they tell me I dishonour God by not taking Him at His word, that I ought to believe; that the Gospel is full of invitations for sinners to come to Jesus, and that I am only increasing my own condemnation by giving place to doubts and fears." "And do you call this the Gospel?" was asked. Reluctantly she replied, "Well, they are very good people, and they seem very happy, and they all speak as though they could do it." "Then why don't you, if it is so easy?" "Oh, I wish I could," said the poor

girl, vehemently; "I wish I could; but I can't; I long, I pray, I groan, I cry, but I get no answer. I have had one text upon my mind for months, and that is the only gleam of comfort I have, 'I will not suffer my faithfulness to fail.'" "Oh, that is excellent," said the visitor; "that one word is worth a world, and with that word God will knock all creature-power to pieces. God has shown you your sins, and He must show you salvation; and He says, 'This is the work of God, that ye believe.'" The poor thing looked pleased for a moment, but the expression soon faded away. "Whose faithfulness is meant in that verse?" was asked. "Christ's," she replied. "I am at a point about that. The Church of God shall have the blessing; but where I fail is in laying hold of it. I want to feel the comfort of it; but I suppose my sins and backslidings keep me out of it, if I am a child of God." It was answered, "God will bring sin to remembrance, both before and after a sense of pardon is sealed on the heart; but sin cannot keep a child out of the grace of liberty, any more than out of the gift of life. If God were hindered by man's sins, no child of Adam would be saved. All the blessings of the covenant belong to the saints, and, when the time decreed time is come, they must possess them." "But don't I dishonour God by not believing?" she enquired. "You can have no more faith than God gives you; for Christ said, 'This is the work of God, that ye believe.'" "Oh, that is a very listless sort of religion," she rejoined; "shouldn't I get too easy about my state if I were so persuaded?" "God will see to that," replied her friend; "all those whom He troubles about their state by the Spirit of God, will never rest till they find peace." "But many tell me faith is an easy thing," she answered; "the simplest thing in the world—just to believe what God has said." "And do you find it easy?" "No, that I don't," she exclaimed with energy. "I'd give the world to believe and be happy, but I can't; it is not for want of will, I assure you." "No, it is want of power," replied the friend; "and God keeps that power in His own hand, to dispense, by the Holy Spirit, when, where, and how He pleases, according to His own Will which He manifests to His trembling people." "But is it not said, 'the fearful and unbelieving shall be cast

into the lake of fire'?" "That doesn't mean God's fearing, trembling people; it means the cowardly, the apostate, who deny Christ, prove they never knew Him and loved Him." "But, then, is it not said, 'your sins have separated between you and your God?' So have mine." "Now this was said nationally, to Israel. God gave them their land on the condition of obedience, and He cast them out for their sins, as we see to this day; but the covenant of grace, 'ordered in all things, and sure,' is not based on the obedience of the creature, but upon the obedience of Christ." "Then don't you think God chastens for sin?" "Yes, certainly: you are under discipline now in your feelings, and God is making use of this gap between life and liberty to bring sins to your remembrance. But when the set time appointed by Him is come, your sin will not hinder the display of His grace. The children of God suffer loss in their feelings through sin, and get the rod in many ways, but they can never lose a covenant blessing, nor alter God's purpose of love and grace concerning them."

After this interview, a few brief visits were made, but there appeared no favourable change in her mind. She used to say, "I do not wish to be a spiritual thief, and take that which is not given me."

From circumstances, these visits were wholly discontinued for months; but, calling one day to inquire how she was, the servant said she had a message from the sick one to say, "*She was very happy now, and all right.*" When opportunity offered, she was visited again, and then the change was indeed conspicuous. She said, without the application of any particular portion of Scripture, the whole scope of salvation by grace was presented to her, with a full and clear sense of her interest in it; and, from that time, she had been unspeakably happy. She said, "I can't now say, '*Tis a point I long to know*'—I am persuaded of it. The Lord has told me I am His child, and my salvation rests on this, 'I will not suffer *my* faithfulness to fail.'"

She continued more than two months in the body after this, and gave full proof that she was in the enjoyment of peace. She had those changes in feeling that belong to God's living family, but it was well with her to the end, and her last testimony was,

that a covenant God had done all for her, and in her, to the praise of the glory of His grace.—L.

What wonderful sentences! "The Lord has told me I am His child;" "My salvation rests on this;" "I will not suffer my faithfulness to fail!"

Oh, my dear readers, see how long a soul may be tried! See how gently, at last, the Lord comes in, and then how certain is the assurance. It is "His gentleness which doth make thee great."

MEETING AN OLD FRIEND.

ONE sun-shiny Monday morning this autumn, I left home to preach at Bedmond, in Hertfordshire. It is a pretty little village near King's Langley; and my Christian Brother, Henry Hutchinson, has a pretty little chapel there. As you stand in the pulpit, you can see nothing in the front but beautiful trees. All looks so rural. The air smells so sweet. The friends are so kind. Everything there appears so Gospel-like, that I always seem happy when on the top of the Bedmond Hill I stand and see the sober and truthful saints which there and then I meet.

My ministering brother Henry Hutchinson, some time back, lost his dear wife, and a very great loss to him it was; for she helped him (in the rugged pathway of life) over many a stile. But in peace she departed; leaving her husband and her darling children to mourn and weep, and then to say—"The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; and blessed be the name of the Lord."

Oh Death!—in thyself how dreadful thou art! How cruel! How severe! Yet, when thou art but a *messenger* sent by the Master to fetch home one of the jewels belonging to the Saviour's diadem, then thou art unto that soul a friend indeed, although, in unloosening the prison doors, there may be much rough work, and many things to nature hard to bear!

On the morning to which I have referred, Brother Hutchinson met me at the station, and as we passed the burying ground he

said, "There is the grave containing the dust of my poor wife!" Ah! how true is that gentle poetic exhortation

"Mortals! cease from toil and sorrow—
God provideth for the morrow."

He takes away one, but he can soon raise up another. And this truth I saw most pleasingly verified when to my brother's home I came.

As I walked on with him, I thought to myself—"Poor brother Henry! how lonely sometimes thy heart must feel! When thy hard day's work is done, and when in thy lonely room thou reatest—although the Lord is thy portion, and His word thy treasure; still, "It is not good for man to be alone." And this text we know to be true; this text the Lord God preacheth practically, in ten thousand instances, by not suffering His own dear servants to be alone, even when bereft of those nearest and dearest to their keenest sympathies.

On reaching the parsonage, I was kindly introduced to a Christian sister of a most excellent make and mind; and whose heart the Lord inclined to become the bosom companion of our good brother. One who loved the Lord; one who was beloved by all the Lord's people; and one whom all the Church and congregation were delighted to receive as their own dear minister's wife. Oh! how surprised I was! Instead of finding dear Henry in his lonely home—and what is a home without a fond and faithful wife—without a tender, loving mother! Ah! home, indeed. It is like a garden without a flower; like a grate without a fire; like a cupboard without any meat—a home without a wife is incomplete. So the Lord thought in the garden of Eden; so Henry Hutchinson thought in his widowhood. So his present beloved one said—"I WILL." The knot was tied, and never in my life was I happier in a little domestic circle away from home than when that day I sat at the table, and of God's goodness did partake; and of His mercies talked. So here we may sing with the writer in *Our Own Fireside*—

In drearest wastes
Sweet flowers have their birth;
To bring in the stars,
The night curtains the earth;

CHILLING WORDS.

And all exquisite tones
That ear ever heard,
Are but the deep groans
That the Spirit hath stirred.

No oft must we inly cry,
Lama Sabachthani,
If we would crucify,
Tread down our sense:
Oft we must inly know
Sentences of bitter woe,
Hear Spirit voices, low,
Chilling us hence.

In "Two Waters" (where the large paper mills, and card-
board mills (turns) are) up to Redmond, is a pleasant ride on a
road. But during the long winter-time when brother Hutch-
inson, through hail, rain, snow, and blow, it cannot
be a pleasure to nature, as our ride was, when we held
a sabbath school there this last autumn. It is astonishing
how few of our good brethren walk on Sunday morn-
ing, and many in evening and returning from, their different
places of labour. To be "A Village Preacher" all the
week, is a great deal to man's poor nature; but in that
work, with his own perseverance; and are instru-
ments in the hands of the sheep of Christ. And such
was Hutchinson, the pastor of the Redmond

I was left alone a few
days. I was sitting in a cottage
with my Bible. I opened on 1 John,
the new, precious old friend of mine,
which was in the city of Canterbury,
when the Lord called me
in my soul—"Awake,
and Christ shall give
and had proved most
And Christ shall
in prayer, with
this that I have

heard and experienced this morning, has, indeed, come from thyself, then, do be pleased to confirm it by another word. As I walked and prayed (a New Testament was in my hand) I opened, as I have said, upon those marvellous words—

“WHOSOEVER

“BELIEVETH THAT JESUS IS THE CHRIST,
IS BORN OF GOD.”

I said, “Lord! I do believe that Jesus is the anointed Messiah, standing between God and man, to give eternal life to as many as believe on Him; and, therefore, I do believe I am born of God.”

Connected with my conversion to God, there was a fourfold application of the Word of God to my heart! and at Bedmond, this last autumn, all the mercies of the Lord toward me, came fresh before me; and with this little bedewing on my soul, I went into the pulpit. After they had sung I read the fifth chapter of John's first epistle and my mind was so enlightened, my heart so warmed, my spirit so free, and my mouth so opened, that for a long time I read and spoke out of that blessed chapter until really I had neither time nor feeling to preach; and although for a little while I tried to preach, my whole heart had been so absorbed in the chapter, I could not get on very well: and the time was gone; the tea was ready; and we closed our afternoon service. Some things, arising out of that chapter that afternoon, I would never forget.

As we sat at tea, an aged Christian brother came to me and gave me one half-sovereign from his daughter, and one half sovereign for himself, toward our New Tabernacle; for which I was, and am heartily grateful. I preached in the evening, then walked two miles or so to the station; and reached home safely. Thus endeth another little chapter in the history of

“THE VILLAGE PREACHER.”

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

BY WILLIAM STOKES, OF MANCHESTER, AUTHOR OF "THE OLIVE BRANCH."

Away, far away, in the land of the blest,
Where skies never darken, there, there is my rest;
On earth but a pilgrim, and destined to roam,
I hail with delight that sweet land as my home.

Ye visions of glory, ye bowers of bliss,
Your songs are unknown in a region like this;
In gross darkness shrouded, the melodies cloy,
And nature shrinks back from that "fulness of joy."

No; earth cannot listen to music like yours,
But sunk in deep folly wild discord endures;
And man in his blindness, by sinning oppress,
Heeds not the pure songs in that land of the blest.

Sweet land of the faithful, oh! when shall we be,
At home in thy glory, from sin ever free?
Oh! when shall we spread the glad wing and arise,
To enter the mansions prepared in the skies?

Yet, Saviour, we wait all Thy service below,
Nor haste to depart from this region of woe;
Thy service is heaven wherever we be,
But, Lord our *full* heaven is dwelling with Thee.

Away then, away to the glory above,
Away to the home of the Saviour we love;
By no sin polluted, by no pain distressed,
Away then, away to the land of the blest.

THE END OF ANOTHER VOLUME.

SIXTEEN years have nearly passed away, since this very small serial called CHERRING WORDS, made its appearance. Hundreds of thousands of these CHERRING WORDS, have gone out into the wide world; and not a few have declared the Lord has made them a blessing unto their souls; and seeing this small service has been rendered useful, I desire to praise the Lord;

and still to persevere, so long as life, and health, and means, are continued.

We have many volumes of this year's issue; and a quantity of the different monthly numbers done up in sixpenny packets. I shall be both honoured and helped, if my friends will obtain a few volumes, or packets, and circulate them in their different connections. And if the Lord is pleased to spare us to see the beginning of another year, I hope CHEERING WORDS in 1867, may be better than ever. But my purposes have so often fallen to the ground; my promises have so constantly been broken; my prospects have so many times been blighted that it is best to move on quietly, leaving the future to be managed by Him, who only knoweth what is good.

Let us then, in closing up this volume, with Berridge, sing,

No cross or bliss, no loss or gain,
No health or sickness, ease or pain,
Can give themselves a birth;
The Lord so rules by His command,
Nor good nor ill, can stir a hand,
Unless He send them forth.

Since thou so kind and watchful art,
To guard my head and guard my heart,
And guard my very hair,
Teach me with child-like mind to sit,
And sing at the dear Saviour's feet,
Without distrust or fear.

So, like a pilgrim let me wait,
Contented well in every state,
Till all my warfare ends;
Live in a calm and cheerful mood,
And find that all things work for good,
Which Jesus kindly sends.

Kind reader, whatever thy prejudice or thought of this little messenger may be, my prayer now before God is, "Lord, by the instrumentality of these CHEERING WORDS convince some of Thy redeemed, confirm some of Thy wavering children, comfort some of Thy mourning saints, and, may we find through Jesus'

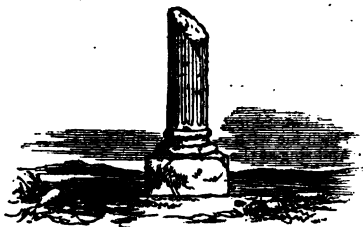
precious and powerful mediation, eternal life in the realms of the blessed."

"Then loudest of the crowd I'd sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sovereign grace."

These few lines in prayer and faith are written in the retirement of my study, where no eye but God's can see; and to whom I look for health and help yet to labour for His people; earnestly imploring for myself, for my family, for my church, for my readers, and for the whole of the redeemed family, pardon and peace through the blood of the Lamb; while again I subscribe myself the church's willing servant,

C. W. B.

1, Portland Terrace, Victoria Park Road, Hackney,
November 16th, 1866.



Price 8d. In a pretty coloured cover, the Volume of

CHEERING WORDS FOR 1866.

We hope our friends will order the volume in good time, as the number will be limited.

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